MAY 1982

$2.00

APR 26 1982

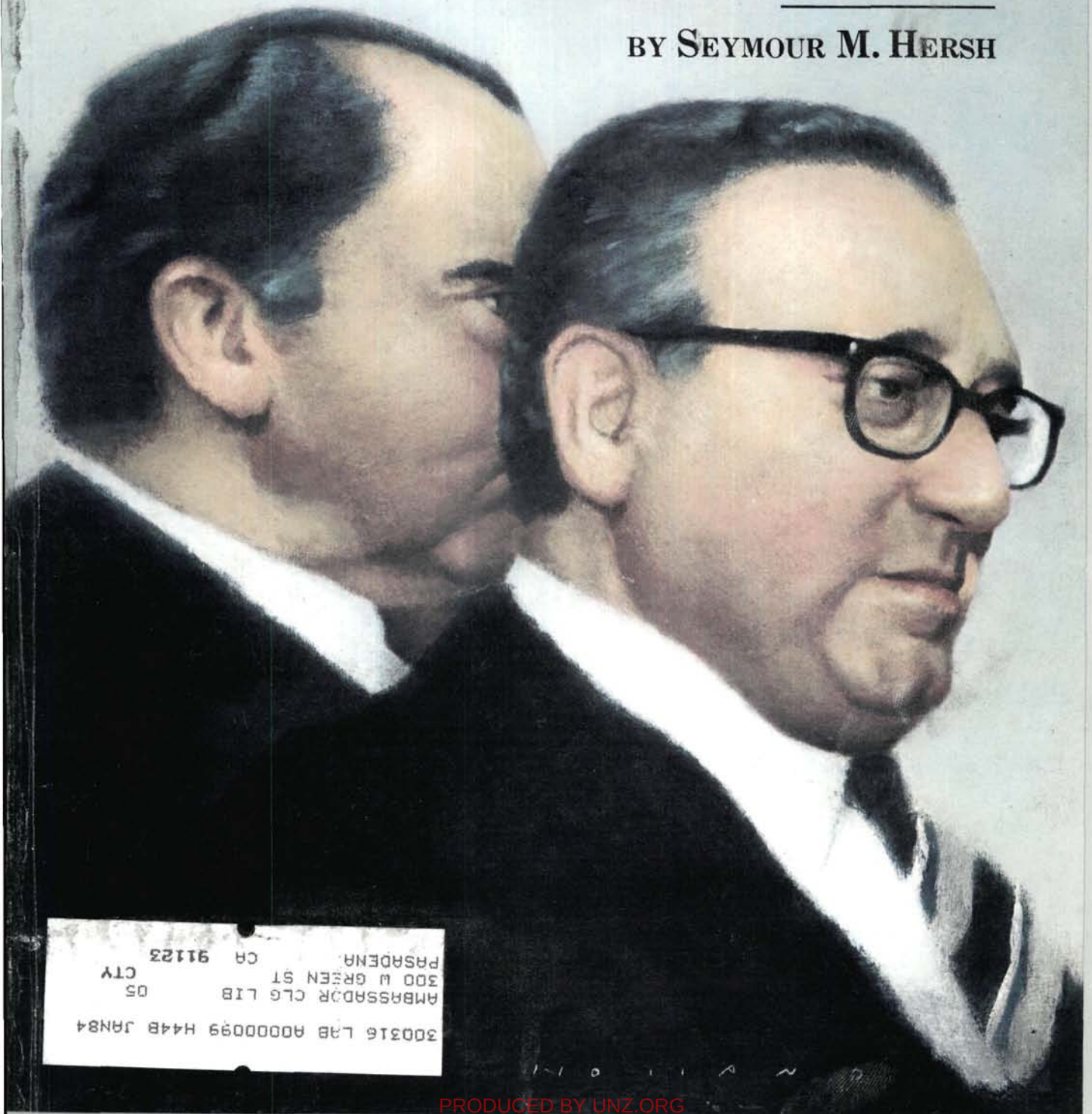
THE Atlantic

ROY BLOUNT, JR. / J. K. GALBRAITH / DIANNE BENEDICT / KATHA POLLITT / JAMES FALLOWS

AMBASSADOR
COLLEGE LIBRARY

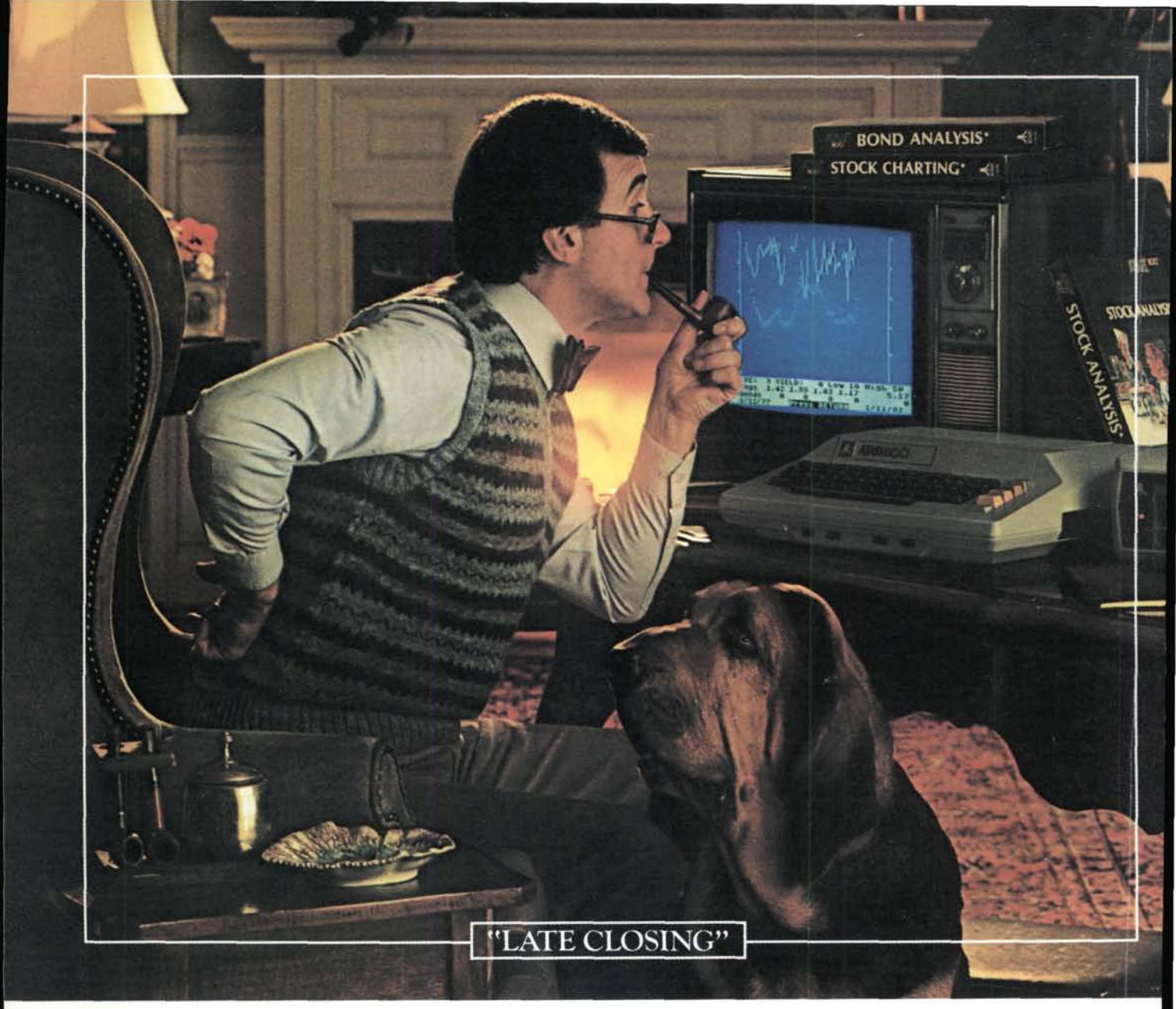
KISSINGER AND NIXON IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY SEYMOUR M. HERSH



300316 L2B A00000099 H44B JAN84
AMBASSADOR CLG LIB 05
300 W GREEN ST CTY
PASADENA CA 91123

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TAKE STOCK IN YOUR FUTURE.

With an ATARI® Home Computer, your life begins moving briskly toward tomorrow. And you begin doing things in new ways. Keeping ahead of what's happening around you.

Take ATARI's Investment Analysis Series. While you take care of market strategies, it takes care of all the numbers. From the daily worth of your portfolio to the options on your Options.

The ATARI Stock Charting* program gives you another way to look at your finances. With colorful graphs and every decimal point in place.

There are hundreds of ways an ATARI Home Computer can open your eyes and your mind, easily and inexpensively. Because owning one isn't like having just another possession. It's discovering abilities you didn't know you possessed.

ATARI

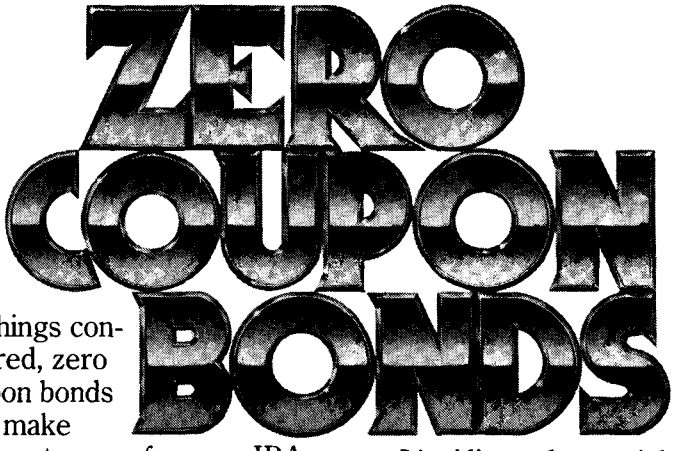
For more information, write: Atari, Inc., Dept.A17N, P.O. Box 16525, Denver, Colorado 80216. Or call: 800-538-8547; 800-672-1430 CA.
**A Control Data CYBERWARE™ product manufactured under license from Control Data Corporation © 1980.*

ATARI® HOME COMPUTERS
We've brought the computer age home.™

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

E.F. Hutton on Zero Coupon Bonds for an IRA or Keogh

What locks in interest rates, is more liquid than time deposits,* has no downside interest reinvestment risk, yet still has the potential for capital gains?



All things considered, zero coupon bonds may make the most sense for your IRA.

Zero coupon bonds explained. What makes a bond that pays no periodic interest so attractive to an IRA investor? For one thing, purchase price.

Most zero coupon bonds are offered in the $250-$400 range, with maturities coming due in 7 to 10 years. Since each of these bonds pays the bondholder $1,000 at maturity and is tax deferred under an IRA, *you would triple your money.*

Worry-free high yields. Unlike holders of time deposits and ordinary bonds, zero bondholders never have to worry about reinvesting interest at a lower rate. That's because the high interest rate offered by the zero bond is locked in for the life of the bond.

Liquidity and potential appreciation. Zeros are a great deal more liquid than time deposits.* They may be bought or sold at any time without forfeiting interest. And if interest rates do decline, the zero bondholder can add even more to his IRA through capital appreciation.

Find out more today. E.F. Hutton Account Executives are familiar with a broad range of zero coupon issues. Many of which may be just right for your IRA or Keogh investment. For more information fill in the coupon or call our toll-free number. Zero coupon bonds were never more attractive.

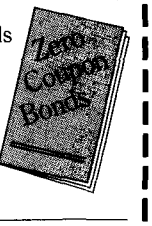
800-453-9000
(in Utah, 800-662-2500).

*Time deposits, unlike zero coupon bonds, do not fluctuate in value and are FDIC insured up to $100,000.

Talk to E.F. Hutton. Face to face.

MATL05012EJ64

☐ Please send me your booklet on Zero coupon bonds today.



☐ Please arrange for a face-to-face meeting with an E.F. Hutton Account Executive.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Business Phone Home Phone

My E.F. Hutton Account Number is:
☐ I do not have an E.F. Hutton Account.

EF Hutton
E.F. Hutton & Company Inc.
E.F. Hutton Information Center
P.O. Box 10318
Des Moines, Iowa 50306

When E.F. Hutton talks, people listen.
Member SIPC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Atlantic

Reports & Comment

10 WASHINGTON: ENDLESS DEFICITS **JAMES FALLOWS**

25 SOLAR ENERGY: NO PROFIT IN POLITICS **BYRON HARRIS**

---

35 KISSINGER AND NIXON IN THE WHITE HOUSE **SEYMOUR M. HERSH**
The wiretaps and the Plumbers, in Nixon's first term

72 THE POWER OF POSITIVE BUYING **ROBERT M. STROZIER**
The plenty-more-where-that-came-from theory of the economy

76 WHERE THE WATER IS WIDE **DIANNE BENEDICT**
A short story

80 CHARMING **WILLIAM MATTHEWS**
A poem

83 FIRST ENCOUNTERS **EDWARD SOREL AND NANCY CALDWELL SOREL**
Charlie Chaplin and Jean Cocteau

84 THE ONLY PROBLEM IN THE UNIVERSE **RORY O'CONNOR**
An economist uncovered it thirty years ago, and now something called the Assembly of the Fourth World is trying to figure out what to do about it

---

93 CHICKENS **ROY BLOUNT, JR.**
In appreciation of an underrated bird

95 MUSIC/CLASSICAL RECORDS **WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN**
The proper sound of classical and Romantic music

100 BOOKS/THE CONFIDENT SPECULATORS **JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH**
Stephen Fay's Beyond Greed

102 BOOKS/POET IN TRAINING **KATHA POLLITT**
The Journals of Sylvia Plath

106 SHORT REVIEWS **PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS**

---

4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

110 THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER **EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON**

Cover illustration by Brad Holland

VOLUME 249 NO. 5
MAY 1982

Subscriptions: 1 Year $18.00, 2 Years $33.00, 3 Years $45.00 in the United States, its possessions, and Canada; $2.00 additional, per year, elsewhere. Address all subscription correspondence to Atlantic Subscription Processing Center, Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322 Tel: (303) 447-9330 or (800) 525-0643

Advertising sales:
The Atlantic, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, New York 10017. Tel: (212) 687-2424
Washington, D.C. (202) 265-3201 Holly Martin Townsend
Chicago (312) 930-9496 Reynes & Associates
Detroit (313) 540-2060 Bruce Te Paske & Associates
Los Angeles (213) 382-6346 Scott, Marshall, Sands & McGinley
San Francisco (415) 421-7950 Scott, Marshall, Sands & McGinley
Boca Raton, Florida (305) 392-1257 Publishers Representatives

The Atlantic May 1982 Vol. 249 No. 5 Published monthly by The Atlantic Monthly Company, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116
Second class postage paid at Boston, Mass., Concord, N.H., and Boulder, Colo.
Postage paid at Montreal, port payé à Montréal.
Printed in the U.S.A.

Copyright © 1982, by The Atlantic Monthly Company

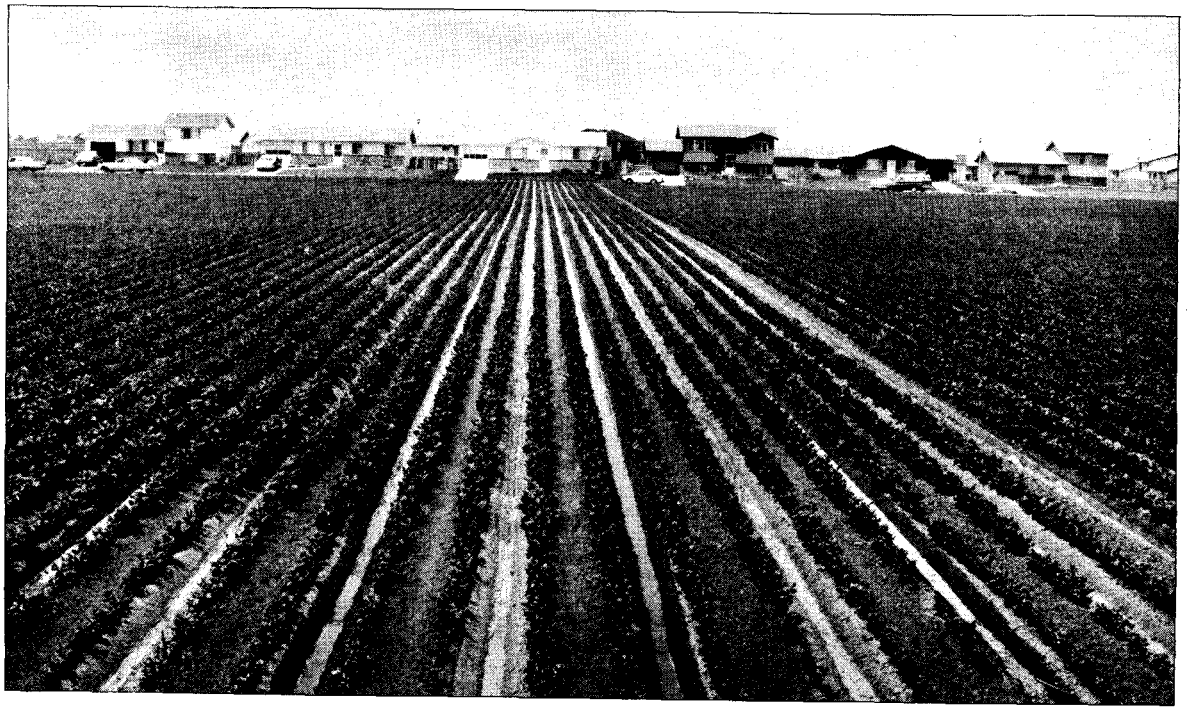
(ISSN 0276-9077)

All rights reserved.

Unsolicited manuscripts will be returned *only* if accompanied by a return envelope and adequate postage.

Postmaster:
Please send Form 3579 to The Atlantic, Box 2546, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RURAL AMERICA 1982 DIVERSE, VOLATILE

Rural America is growing . . . and changing.

The 160 year-long trend of people moving from the country to the city was dramatically reversed during the last decade when more than 15 percent of all Americans decided to make their homes in small towns, villages, suburban communities and just plain "out in the country."

A lot of these newcomers moved into areas served by consumer-owned rural electric systems. And because we've met them one by one, the "back to the land" trend didn't surprise us as much as it did the demographers.

We've been fascinated—and pleased—by the diversity of our new neighbors and consumers. By and large, they come in all ages, with different interests and for all sorts of reasons.

One couple put it this way: "We realized we were spending 50 weeks working in the city so we could spend two weeks a year in the country."

They bring a lot of talent with them. For example, local people with pretty good voices now stage Broadway musicals thanks to the talent of a retired music teacher who chose to move to a small town in Idaho.

But it isn't all peaches and cream. Our new neighbors live alongside hard-pressed farmers and ranchers whose income dropped 13 percent in 1981. In fact, interest on farm debt now almost equals farm income.

This year, many experts expect farm income to be about half what it was three years ago.

In some areas, new industry moving in provides employment for people who can no longer make a living by farming.

In other areas, farm foreclosures look like a replay of the Great Depression.

It all adds up to a diverse, volatile rural America.

Rural electric systems are a part of this change, because we're owned by the farmers and ranchers, factory workers and newcomers who live in our areas.

Our challenge is to provide all of them with reliable, affordable electric power.

It isn't easy, since we average only 4.6 consumers per mile of power line compared to 35.8 consumers for electric companies.

But we accept the challenge . . . just as we did in 1935 when only 10 percent of rural America had electricity.

America's consumer-owned rural electric systems

For further information contact
NATIONAL RURAL ELECTRIC COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION
1800 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036
Telephone (202) 857-9540

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Atlantic

Editor
WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Executive Editor
RICHARD TODD

Senior Editor
C. MICHAEL CURTIS

Managing Editor
LOUISE DESAULNIERS

Art Director
JUDY GARLAN

Washington Editor
JAMES FALLOWS

Associate Editors
JAMES ATLAS
CORBY KUMMER
DEBORAH MCGILL
MARTHA SPAULDING

Staff Editors
PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS
MAUREEN BROWN
PETER DAVISON (poetry)
RHODA GUBERNICK
ALISON HUMES
HEIDI LANDECKER
SUE PARILLA

Assistants to the Editors
AVRIL CORNEL
MAUREEN FOLEY
KAREN KLOCKNER

Contributing Editors
BENJAMIN DEMOTT, WARD JUST
TRACY KIDDER
JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON
ROSS TERRILL, SANFORD J. UNGAR
DAN WAKEFIELD, ANDREW WARD
DANIEL YERGIN

Editor Emeritus
EDWARD WEEKS

President and Publisher
DAVID AUCHINCLOSS

Vice President, Advertising and Associate Publisher
G. F. BOOTH II

Vice President, Finance and Administration
LAWRENCE J. MURPHY

Circulation Director
ROY M. GREEN

Circulation Manager
SYDNEY E. LEONARD

Circulation Marketing Manager
LINDA J. MCALEER

Production Manager
JOSEPH T. O'CONNELL

Editorial and Business Office
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Chairman
MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WILLS ON KENNEDY

In reading Garry Wills's articles entitled "The Kennedy Imprisonment" (January and February *Atlantic*), one is forcibly reminded of the ancient aphorism "Never wrestle with a pig—you both get dirty and the pig likes it." But given an article staggering under a load of misinformation, special and willful pleading, and quotations not only taken out of context but used to make points exactly opposite to the ones they were written to make, one feels compelled to make an exception. Of several dozen examples of such grossness, four will suffice to illustrate.

First, Mr. Wills states that Walt W. Rostow's speech at Fort Bragg enunciated the New Frontier's philosophy of counterinsurgency. Even a cursory reading of Rostow's speech will reveal that he said that it might be necessary to "seek out and engage the ultimate source of aggression." By this Rostow meant bombing North Vietnam, which he continued to advocate relentlessly. Kennedy came to speak of him as "the Air Marshal." Even a glance at the other sources, including my own *To Move a Nation*, which Wills quotes frequently whenever it serves his rather dubious purposes, will show that President Kennedy was vehemently opposed both to bombing North Vietnam and to sending American troops there.

Wills quotes me as saying that "the way to fight the guerrilla is to adopt the tactics of the guerrilla." True. I had had some experience in the matter. But Wills conveniently neglects to say that the point was the conclusion of an argument that bombs, artillery, and regular forces should not be used, because the risk to villagers was too great, and that in no case should American bombers or troops be used, since using foreign troops would recruit more Viet Cong than they could ever kill.

Wills asserts that I wanted to introduce one, two, or three American divisions as a buffer, "so his pacification program would have a chance to be tried." Not only is the quote out of context, but Wills's statement of the purpose is, quite simply, an untruth. The quote was taken from an argument of what the U.S. response should be if the North Vietnamese escalated the war by sending ten regular divisions south—until the spring of 1965 (long after I left government) there were only South Vietnamese Viet Cong guerrillas there—and in the end it was the Americans who escalated the war by bombing North Vietnam in 1965; the North Vietnamese responded by sending their regulars south.

Finally, Wills asserts that Kennedy would not have sought a way to withdraw from Vietnam. He ignores the fact that before his death, Kennedy had ordered the withdrawal of 1,000 of the 16,500 advisers then in Vietnam; that earlier he had told Harriman to find a "political" solution to Laos, which resulted in the Geneva Accords of 1962 that neutralized the country; and that in numerous places Kennedy is recorded as having urged his aides to "remember Laos" and to find a political solution for Vietnam as well.

ROGER HILSMAN
Institute of War and Peace Studies
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Garry Wills replies:

I admire Hilsman's vindication of civility by way of porcine insult, which inverts, elegantly, the way he promoted war with the rhetoric of peace.

OUTMODED ASSUMPTIONS

Henry Steele Commager delights in the misuse of historical references. His article in the March *Atlantic* is graced with quotations from John Stuart Mill, St. Matthew, Prince Metternich, the "leading British journal" of 1862, George Washington, Voltaire, Francis Bacon, Thucydides, Benjamin Franklin, Jacques Necker, Sir Humphrey Davy, Edward Jenner, Thomas Jefferson, and Alexis de Tocqueville, not a single one of which has any particular relevance to the question he addresses. But one authority he might have consulted, whose views do have specific relevance to anticommunism, is the Russian exile Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Opinion governs the world."

—Woodrow Wilson.

Ironically, Wilson lost his battle to mobilize public opinion behind the League of Nations. But he left his mark on American political thought.

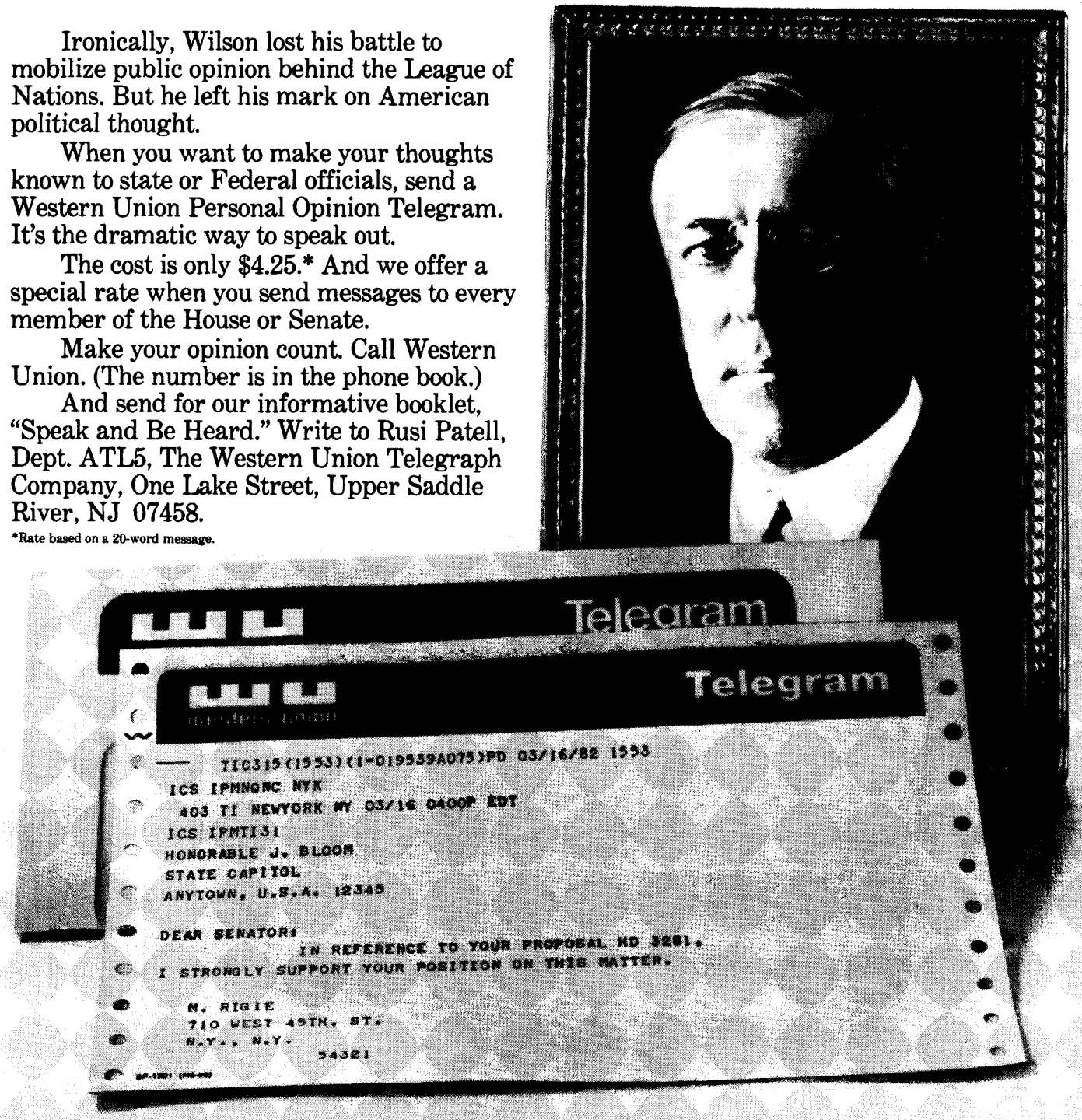
When you want to make your thoughts known to state or Federal officials, send a Western Union Personal Opinion Telegram. It's the dramatic way to speak out.

The cost is only $4.25.* And we offer a special rate when you send messages to every member of the House or Senate.

Make your opinion count. Call Western Union. (The number is in the phone book.)

And send for our informative booklet, "Speak and Be Heard." Write to Rusi Patell, Dept. ATL5, The Western Union Telegraph Company, One Lake Street, Upper Saddle River, NJ 07458.

*Rate based on a 20-word message.



Personal Opinion Telegram

Call Western Union, day or night.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographed in Burghausen, Bavari

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Turbo Diesel"

In Bavaria, Audi engineers perfected five-cylinder turbo power and diesel efficiency.

Audi Ever since devouring fuel prices descended like the wolf upon the fold, the automotive kingdom has been searching for an economy-performance ecumenism.

The solution would seem to be the turbo diesel car.

It reconciles the gospel of high economy with the doctrine of high performance.

At Audi, we have long felt that there is merit in this idea. Yet, true to our old-world way of doing things, we bring forth a new car only when we're satisfied that it advances the art of automotive engineering.

Such a car is the 1983 Audi 5000 Turbo Diesel.

It is the beneficiary of years of perfecting turbo-diesel technology by our scientists in Germany.

This car offers economy without boredom. And power without guilt.

Its engine conserves fuel as a diesel should. For a full-size, 3000-pound luxury car, it has extraordinary EPA numbers, 28 mpg EPA estimated and 36 highway estimated.*

Yet, by building a turbocharger into our five-cylinder engine, we have increased horsepower by 25 percent on demand.

28

Because we engineered the 5000 Turbo Diesel thoughtfully and patiently, it is more economical and more reasonably priced than most other turbo diesel cars.

Because it's an Audi, the 5000 Turbo Diesel bristles with new ideas.

The world's first E-Mode automatic transmission is one.

It is a smooth, 3-speed automatic with an additional "E" selection. Place the selector into "E" where the transmission automatically shifts into neutral when you ease up on the gas.

At highway speeds, this allows the engine to rest, reducing engine wear and conserving extra fuel.

Under the hood we've incorporated many engineering gems that only an engineer could love.

For example: an additional oil cooling system to spray oil onto the bottom of each piston for extra cooling.

Forty percent more chrome on the upper piston rings for greater longevity.

36

Sodium-filled exhaust valves to help withstand excessive heat.

New metallurgical alloys in valve seals and swirl chambers.

It's axiomatic that these and other advancements are typical of the 5000 Turbo Diesel's careful engineering.

Complementing all of this engineering is the luxury of a classic European touring interior: upholstered, contoured seats. Plush carpets. Air-conditioning. Digital clock. Full instrumentation, including tach and turbo boost gauges. And an AM/FM stereo radio with cassette player.

The Audi 5000 Turbo Diesel.

The turbo diesel of turbo diesels.

For your nearest Porsche Audi dealer or details on the Audi Delivery In Europe Program, call toll-free (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

*Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Mileage varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

©1982 Porsche Audi

PORSCHE + AUDI

Audi: the art of engineering.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To take only one point: That there is a crucial difference between authoritarian and totalitarian rule no one who has read and comprehended *The Gulag Archipelago* could possibly doubt—and yet Commager denies it. According to him, the "only real distinction" between, say, Cuba and Chile is in their foreign policies. Can he explain, then, why it was that the Peruvian Embassy in Havana, on being opened to them, was suddenly packed with refugees? Why hasn't that happened in Santiago? Commager ignores such questions, but Solzhenitsyn answers them: "The state system which exists in our country is terrible not because it is undemocratic, authoritarian, based on physical constraint—[but] because over and above its physical and economic constraints, it demands of us total surrender of our souls, continuous and active participation in the general, conscious *lie*. To this putrefaction of the soul, this spiritual enslavement, human beings who wish to be human cannot consent." (*From Under the Rubble*, pp. 24–25)

KARL SPENCE
Mountain View, Calif.

Henry Steele Commager's article "Outmoded Assumptions" has several interesting points. Unfortunately, the writer is guilty of using convenient and superficial examples from history to prop up some of them.

First, Commager attempts to dispel the assumption that diplomatic negotiations have generally worked to our disadvantage by quoting a few examples of diplomatic successes in our history. Yet only one of these "successes" concerns negotiations with the Soviet Union . . . the very party Dr. Commager is recommending negotiating with. The other examples are taken from earlier negotiations with the British and French, not Russian Communists openly cynical of international standards of propriety. Even these French and British examples are weakened by special circumstances. For example, Jefferson's success in obtaining the Louisiana Purchase was primarily due to Napoleon's delight at being paid for territory he couldn't defend anyway.

The one example of "successful" negotiations with the Russians is Yalta. This must have been a big surprise to many readers. Even if it is granted that Yalta was a successful negotiation "at the time," it would be hard to believe in light of subsequent events that Yalta was other than a failure.

Second, in order to show that the Soviet Union is not our "implacable" enemy, Dr. Commager notes they were our allies during the two world wars. This, however, is misleading. Our alliance with imperial Russia during the first world war ended shortly after the Communists came to power and signed a separate peace treaty with Germany, leaving the capitalist countries to fight among themselves.

During World War II, the Soviets hardly had a choice but to ally with us after their alliance with the Nazis terminated in the German invasion. Who else were they to look to for help? In fact, that World War II was a series of opportunistic adventures for the Soviet Union can hardly be denied, from the 1939 sharing of Poland's corpse with the Nazis to the grab of Japanese territory at the end of the war. Soviet actions in the last world war are not cause for comfort; they are the seeds from which grew the policy of containment and the Cold War.

EVERETT A. MAYHEW, JR.
Oswego, N.Y.

Henry Steele Commager replies:

I do not believe Mr. Solzhenitsyn is a very good mentor for American foreign policy. The point is not whether Castro is better or worse than the persons who rule Chile or the Argentine; it is quite simply that if we pose as spokesmen for human rights throughout the globe, and at the same time give financial and military aid to "authoritarian" regimes in Chile, Argentina, El Salvador, we confess a double standard that makes a mockery of our moral standards.

As for Yalta, I see no reason to alter the position I took in an article in 1966: considering the circumstances of that negotiation, when our armies had not crossed the Rhine but Russian armies had overrun the whole of Poland, we obtained the best terms possible.

COMPETENCE OF BABIES

The important piece "The Competence of Babies" in the January *Atlantic* leaves the erroneous impression that those who studied babies before Brazelton and Stern were interested solely in those babies' physical well-being.

While Susan Quinn appears to know that Dr. Margaret S. Mahler studied the behavior of psychotic children, she omits mention of Dr. Mahler's ground-breaking study of normal mother–child pairs, *The Psychological Birth of the Human Infant* (1975), in which Mahler explores the dramatically important phases in the development of the child during the first three years of life.

Ms. Quinn also overlooks the work of that other pioneer baby-watcher Rene A. Spitz, whose conclusions may be found in *The First Year of Life* (1968).

GERTRUDE BLANCK
RUBIN BLANCK
New York, N.Y.

I feel chagrined that Ms. Quinn read so little or understood so little of the work of Margaret Mahler. What is most distressing is the implication that Mahler " 'is not a baby-watcher. She's a pathology-watcher.' " Mahler began her career as a pediatrician, and, in addition to her clinical and research studies of severely disturbed children of many types, she has observed normal children with their average mothers in a nursery-like setting in one of the most extensive research studies of normal mother–child pairs that exists.

JOHN B. MCDEVITT, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

Susan Quinn replies:

My point in the article was not that all those who studied babies before Brazelton, Stern, et al. were interested solely in their physical well-being. In fact, my reference to Margaret Mahler's work in the article makes it clear that she is interested in the baby's physical and *emotional experience of the world. The research I discuss stresses, however, that the baby has a need for social interaction at a very early age that may well be as important as the need to be held and fed (though it is linked with both).*

The article I wrote, like all magazine articles, was necessarily selective. That is the reason I only touch on Mahler's work and ignore Spitz and other equally important baby researchers altogether. Margaret Mahler's work paved the way for much of the research I discuss. All the researchers I talked with acknowledged its significance. But they also expressed certain differences, particularly regarding her concept of the symbiotic mother–infant relationship. That I chose to focus on these differences testifies to the importance of Mahler's pioneering contribution.

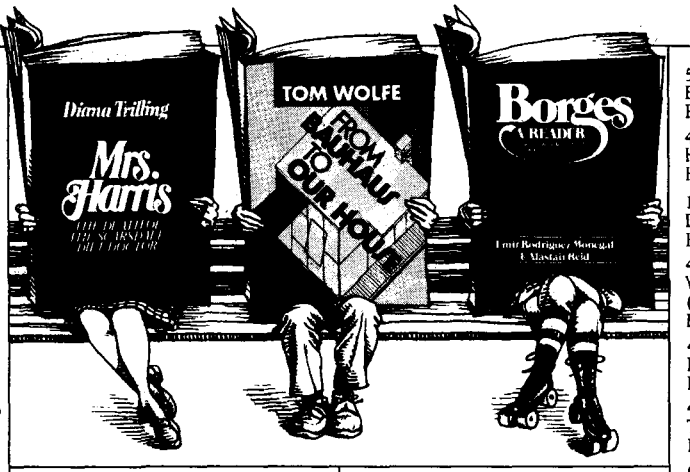
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO GET MORE BOOKS FOR YOUR BUCKS

A QPB softcover has all the virtues you expect from a bookstore hardcover. Durable binding. Full-size pages. Quality paper. Readable type.

But a QPB softcover costs up to 65% less than its hardcover counterpart.

So you get the great entertainment you want in fiction, humor, drama, poetry. But you don't pay a heavy cover charge.



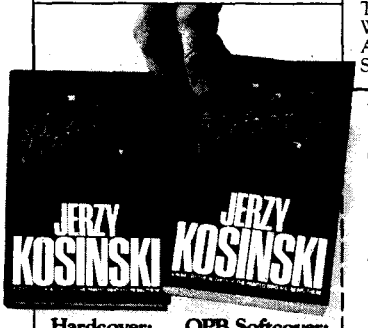
651. **Mrs. Harris.** Diana Trilling
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $7.95**

177. **Let's Go:** The Guide to Budget Travel in the USA 1982. Written by the Harvard Student Agencies, Inc. Edited by Peter S. P. Sanborn. **QPB: $5.95**

532. **From Bauhaus to Our House** Tom Wolfe
Hardcover: $10.95 **QPB Ed: $5.95**

644. **Pills That Don't Work.** Sidney M. Wolfe, M.D., Christopher M. Coley and the Health Research Group. Hardcover: $15 **QPB: $5.95**

Compare



Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Softcover: $6.50**

658. **Pinball.** Jerzy Kosinski
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $6.50**

617. **The Gift of Good Land** Further Essays Cultural and Agricultural. Wendell Berry
Hardcover: $16.50 **QPB: $6.95**

642. **Selected Letters of James Thurber.** Edited by Helen Thurber and Edward Weeks
Hardcover: $15 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

327. **Riddley Walker.** Russell Hoban
Hardcover: $13.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

351. **The American Medical Association's Handbook of First Aid and Emergency Care** Developed by the American Medical Association. **QPB: $4.95**

381. **The New York Times Book of Wine.** Terry Robards
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $5.95**

115. **Becoming a Writer** Dorothea Brande. **QPB: $4.95**

471. **Shop New York by Mail** A Print Project Book. **QPB: $6.95**

487. **Reinhart's Women** Thomas Berger
Hardcover: $13.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

645. **Sauce for the Goose** and **Tunnel of Love** (2 Vols.) Peter De Vries
Hardcover: $18.90 **QPB Ed: $9.50**

646. **Letters:** A Novel. John Barth
Hardcover: $16.95 **QPB: $9.50**

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057.
Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me $3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for 6 months. If I have not bought and paid for at least 1 book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. QB 8-5

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want ☐ ☐ ☐

Name_____ 2-16
(Please print clearly)

Address_____ **Apt.**_____

City_____ **State**_____ **Zip**_____

How membership works.
1. You receive **QPB Review** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new **Main Selection,** plus scores of Alternates. QPB books are softcover editions in hardcover sizes, but they cost up to 65% less.
2. If you want the **Main Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus Points.** For each QPB book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the **Main Selection** without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

Prices generally higher in Canada.

520. **Borges:** A Reader. Edited by Emir Rodriguez Monegal and Alastair Reid. Hardcover: $17.50 **QPB: $7.95**

421. **Life on Earth:** A Natural History. David Attenborough
Hardcover: $22.50 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

186. **The Minds of Billy Milligan** Daniel Keyes
Hardcover: $15.50 **QPB Ed: $7.50**

439. **Woody Allen Set:** *Side Effects, Without Feathers, Getting Even* (3 Vols., Boxed) Woody Allen
Hardcover: $26.85 **QPB Ed: $10.95**

432. **Celebrations of Life** René Dubos
Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

447. **Myths of Greece and Rome** Thomas Bulfinch. Compiled by Bryan Holme. **QPB: $8.95**

618. **Life in Darwin's Universe** Evolution and the Cosmos. Gene Bylinsky
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB Ed: $8.95**

527. **The Collected Poems** Sylvia Plath. Edited by Ted Hughes
Hardcover: $17.50 **QPB: $6.50**

545. **Pioneer Women** Voices from the Kansas Frontier. Joanna L. Stratton. Introduction by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
Hardcover: $16.95 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

547. **American Food:** The Gastronomic Story (Second Edition). Evan Jones
Hardcover: $20.50 **QPB: $7.95**

573. **The Country Gourmet Cookbook.** Sherrill and Gil Roth
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $7.95**

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for $1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.

116. **Information Please Almanac** Atlas and Yearbook 1982.
Hardcover: $9.95 **QPB: $4.95**

139. **The White Goddess:** A Historical Grammar of Poetic Myth (Amended and Enlarged Edition). Robert Graves. **QPB: $6.50**

169. **African Stories** Doris Lessing. **QPB: $8.50**

201. **Waiting for the Barbarians** J.M. Coetzee. **QPB: $3.95**

424. **The Electronic Cottage** Everyday Living with Your Personal Computers in the 1980s. Joseph Deken
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $7.50**

353. **Lucy:** The Beginnings of Humankind. Donald C. Johanson and Maitland A. Edey
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB: $7.95**

QPB **The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON

ENDLESS DEFICITS

The Reagan Administration has abandoned hope of a balanced budget, but has not faced the big questions about spending

THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION, on which fortune smiled so often during the President's first year, has faced in its second year the surest sign of political trouble. As soon as the President's representatives proposed the heart of their domestic program, the projections for the 1983 budget, they were attacked from every side. Their assailants were groups who could agree on nothing except their opposition to this plan.

Some people on the administration's political right pointed out that even if every one of the President's recommendations was enacted, they would accomplish nothing more than retarding the *growth* of federal spending. After four years of the "Reagan revolution," they concluded, the dead hand of the public sector would weigh even more heavily upon private enterprise than it had before the revolution began. But from the left came the judgment that these same budget recommendations were niggardly and unfair. Meanwhile, the business leaders and financiers in whose name the administration had undertaken its dramatic tax reductions issued the warning that the government's revenues were too slight to support its spending plans.

The worst thing about these contradictory complaints was that all of them were true. This proved to be politically awkward for the administration, but it is something worse than awkward for the groups that have attempted to propose alternatives, and for the public that must live with the results.

The reason for the furor was that the budget represented two fundamental changes in modern political economy. Although both of them were logical extensions of the administration's previous views, many politicians avoided contemplating their effects until this year's budget was proposed. One of the changes concerns the balance between the government's resources and its obligations; the other, the altered composition of what it uses its resources for.

The simplest way to describe the first change is to say that the administration has proposed enormous deficits. By the administration's own estimates, the deficits in the four years from 1982 to 1985 would be the four largest in American history. But to emphasize their size is to distort their significance. What was special about these deficits was their nature. The administration was projecting deficits under circumstances different from any others in the years since World War II.

In the postwar era of big government and the welfare and national-security states, both Republican and Democratic administrations have repeatedly incurred deficits. In absolute terms, the $98.6 billion deficit expected in 1982 would be the largest ever, but as a per-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JEFFREY SCHRIER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Landmark Smoker Study:

Merit Taste Scores!

Newest research confirms MERIT delivers taste of cigarettes having up to twice the tar.

One low tar cigarette consistently proves it can meet the taste demands of higher tar smokers.

The cigarette: 'Enriched Flavor'™ MERIT.

MERIT Beats Toughest Competitors.

In impartial tests where brand identity was concealed, the *overwhelming majority* of smokers reported MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading higher tar brands.

Moreover, when tar levels were revealed, 2 out of 3 chose the MERIT combination of low tar and good taste.

Year after year, in study after study, MERIT remains unbeaten. The *proven* taste alternative to higher tar smoking—is MERIT.

MERIT

Kings & 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1982

Reg: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—Men: 7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'81

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where the Media Elite Stand

In the nation's shift from an industrial to an information society, a new elite has risen in the land. Its members work in the news media. They're the media's heavyweights, courted by politicians, studied by scholars, pampered by peers. Some of their bylines and TV images are familiar to millions.

They make up a new leadership group that "competes for influence alongside more traditional elites representing business, labor, government, and other sectors of society," asserts a major study performed under the auspices of Columbia University's Research Institute on International Change.

The research was directed by S. Robert Lichter of George Washington University and Stanley Rothman of Smith College. They have reported on their project in *Public Opinion* magazine, which says the findings raise "questions about journalism's qualifications as an 'objective' profession."

The study involved interviews with 240 journalists and broadcasters working for the most influential media outlets. These include the New York Times, Washington Post, Wall Street Journal, Time, Newsweek, U.S. News & World Report, CBS, NBC, ABC.

Where stand the media elite ideologically?

Some 54% of leading journalists count themselves as liberals. Only 19% describe themselves as right of center. Even greater differences show up when they rate their cohorts. Fifty-six percent say the people they work with are mostly on the left and only 8% on the right. Overwhelmingly, the media elite vote for Democratic candidates in presidential elections.

The big guns of the media come down on the liberal side of a wide range of social and political issues. They show special fondness for welfare capitalism. Some 68% believe the government should substantially reduce the income gap between rich and poor. Close to half feel the government should guarantee a job to anyone wanting one. Yet few are outright socialists. In fact, they stoutly spurn the notion that major corporations should be publicly owned. And they support a fundamental capitalist tenet that people with greater ability should earn more than those with less ability.

Despite acceptance of the economic order, many top journalists express general discontent with the social order. A substantial minority — 28% — favor overhauling the entire system through "a complete restructuring of its basic institutions." The same proportion take the view that *all* political systems are repressive because they concentrate power and authority in a few hands.

On international issues, a majority of the media elite believe U.S. economic exploitation has contributed to poverty in the Third World and that America's heavy use of natural resources is "immoral." By a three-to-one margin, they reject the view that Third World nations would be even worse off without the assistance they've received from the West.

In an information society, the upper-crust media practitioners are a telling force. "Cosmopolitan in their origins, liberal in their outlooks, they are aware and protective of their collective influence," Lichter and Rothman write. The group profiled by the study is "out of step with the public," *Public Opinion* opines.

At least now there's scholarly confirmation of the ideological and political tilt of many of the folks who declaim daily, in print and on the tube, on the shape of the world.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

centage of the gross national product, it would be second to President Ford's deficit of $66.4 billion in 1976. (That represented 4 percent of the gross national product in 1976; this year's deficit is expected to be 3.2 percent of this year's gross national product.) Except for John Kennedy, every American President since Dwight Eisenhower has endured at least one deficit equivalent to 2 percent or more of the gross national product, which would be about $62 billion this year. And all these figures pale by comparison with those of the early forties, when wartime deficits were as high as 31 percent of the gross national product.

But all previous deficits were—in theory, at least—self-correcting. How deficits rose and fell was well understood. In hard times, when workers were laid off and production declined, deficits would rise: the government was taking in less money through its taxes on incomes and profit, and it was paying out more through the various relief systems it had created during and after the New Deal. When the business cycle turned up, the deficits were supposed to melt away. In the early sixties, economists would have said that deficits vanished through the same process in which they appeared, but in reverse: fewer welfare recipients, more taxpayers. In the seventies, the curb on deficits came from chronic inflation, which constantly pushed taxpayers into higher brackets and effectively gave the government an automatic tax-rate increase every year.

As a measure of the (supposedly) transitory nature of their deficits, administrations used to publish what they called the "full-employment" or "high-employment" budget. Even if the real budget for a given year fell $30 billion into deficit, an administration could show that the cause was not misguided policies but rather a recession; under "high-employment" conditions, a secretary of the treasury could say, the same tax rates and spending plans would produce a balanced budget. And since every administration in modern history has, in its four- or five-year economic projections, foreseen just such a return to high employment and low inflation, Presidents have usually been able to project a balanced budget a few years away, in the hazy period known in Washington as "the outyears." Jimmy Carter projected such a result in his "outyears" of the early eighties; President Reagan's budget director, David Stockman, predicted a budget surplus by 1984 when he spoke for the administration early last year.

The difference in this year's projections is that they offer virtually no hope of self-correction. The administration has made economic forecasts that strain the standards of this optimistic calling—and even so, it foresees the largest deficits in history. The concern among congressmen and financiers mounted as they turned their minds to what might happen if this administration's forecasts, like others' before it, do not come true.

In his first few appearances before the Congress this year, David Stockman was at pains to emphasize the "realism" and "honesty" of his budget projections, in implicit contrast to those he offered the year before. Nonetheless, the economic achievement he predicted for the next few years represented merely an interruption, rather than a basic change, in the prospect of continued boom times he had set out last year. By this spring, the administration conceded that there would be a recession in 1982; Stockman said that the gross national product would probably grow by only .2 percent (in real terms) this year, as compared with the 4.2 percent growth he predicted one year earlier. But once this year has ended, rapid growth, high employment, and low inflation will, in the administration's view, prevail. In 1983, the economy will grow by 5.2 percent; through the next three years, it will grow by between 4.4 and 5 percent every year. All of these figures are higher than the corresponding predictions made last year.

This increase in national wealth will, so the administration says, drive unemployment down, although not quite as fast as predicted last year. From 8.9 percent this year, the unemployment rate is supposed to fall to 7.1 percent two years from now and 5.8 percent two years after that. At the same time, the administration's efforts will restrain inflation, which will be down to 5 percent in 1984 and will keep falling thereafter.

WHAT ALL THIS amounts to is a picture of steady, non-inflationary economic improvement unprecedented since the mid-sixties. When those very conditions prevailed in the sixties, they generated so much public revenue that deficits occurred only because of the attempt to pay for the War on Poverty and the war in Vietnam at the same time. But in the eighties, if every one of these predictions does come true, the government will still be left with deficits of at least $96 billion in fiscal year 1983 (which begins on October 1, 1982), $83 billion in 1984, $72 billion in 1985, and $66 billion in 1986.

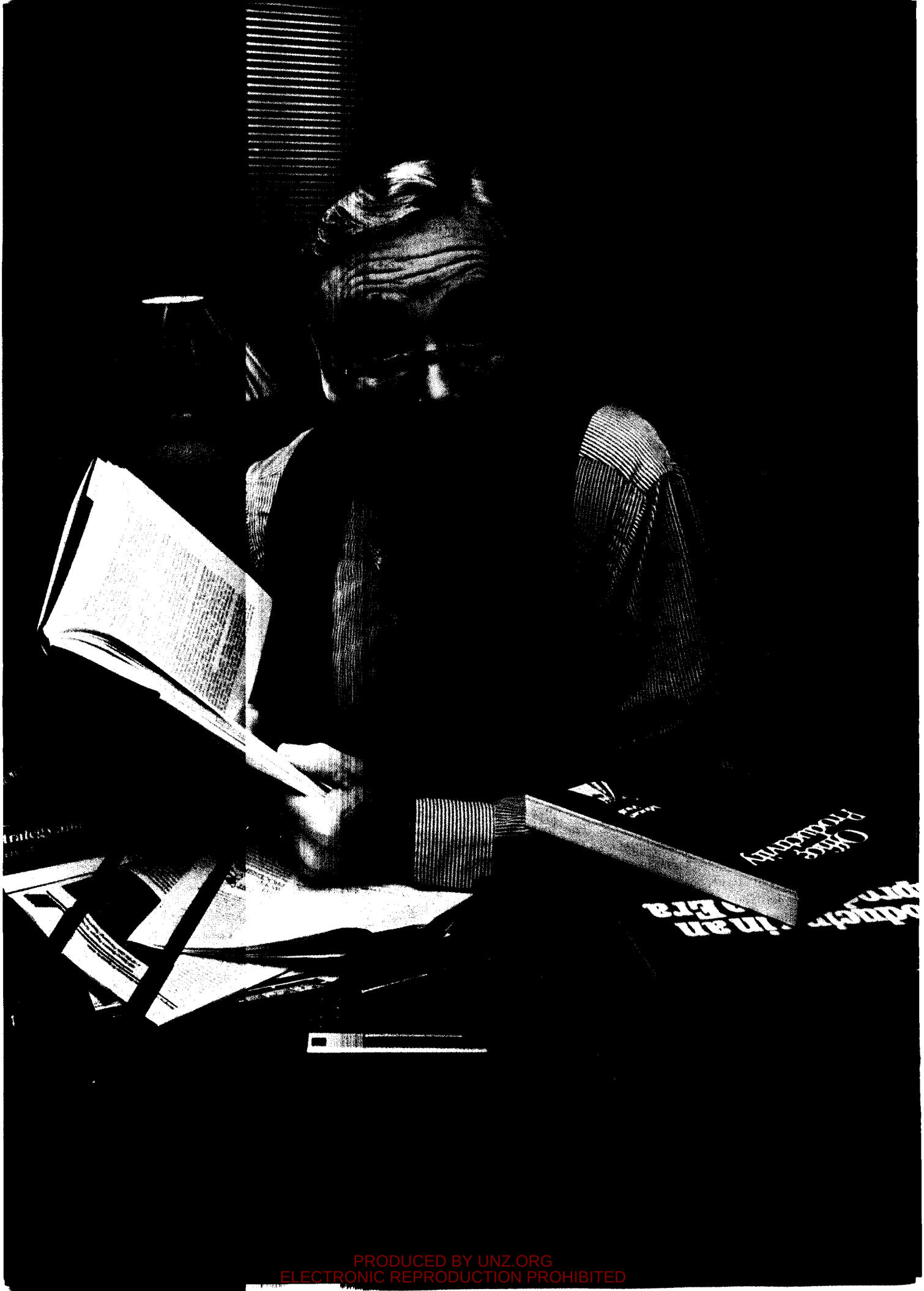
Even these figures conceal the true magnitude of the problem, because they assume that the administration will have put in place a "budget-saving plan" made of vaguely specified management improvements, tax increases, and program reductions. Without these changes, but with the same rosy economic assumptions, the deficits would be far larger—at least $152 billion in 1983, $167 billion in 1984, $171 billion in 1985. (This does not include the extra $20 billion or so that is added to each year's deficit by "off-budget" activities, such as federally guaranteed loans.)

The prospect of these deficits is, in a sense, the perfectly predictable result of the administration's success in enacting its "supply-side" tax decreases without reducing federal spending. The reductions in individual and business taxes are generally expected to reduce the government's receipts by some $715 billion in the next five years—a figure nearly high enough to explain the deficits by itself. By the end of that time, "indexing" of federal tax schedules will take over, which will mean that the government's expenses are driven up by inflation but its receipts are not.

But the administration managed to assume away this logical consequence last year, through theories of a "supply-side" economic boom that, because they were untested, could not be disproved. This year, the administration returned, chastened, to admit that the plan will not work as well or as fast as had been hoped. The administration's admissions were less damaging for what they said than for what they implied. If deficits slowly declining from $100 billion were the *best* that could be hoped for, what might happen if something went wrong?

THE CONGRESSIONAL BUDGET Office attempted to answer that question, and in so doing depressed spirits further still. Last year, Stockman and other spokesmen from the administration attacked the CBO whenever it released an economic projection less optimistic than their own. They called the CBO biased, saying that the very formulas in its computer programs bore the mark of Keynesian ideology, which was no longer applicable in the age of supply-side tax

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

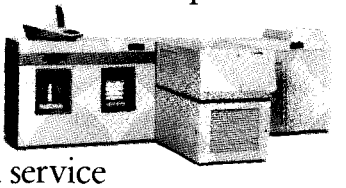
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR WAYS TO INCREASE OFFICE PRODUCTIVITY, HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THE LASER BEAM?

These concentrated beams of light perform incredibly precise micro-surgery, serve as signal lamps for space communications and track tiny shifts in the earth's crust.

But it was Xerox scientists who saw the laser as a ray of hope for increasing productivity and introduced it into the office. First they developed a laser scanner for Telecopier transceivers which brought new speed and clarity to facsimile transmission.

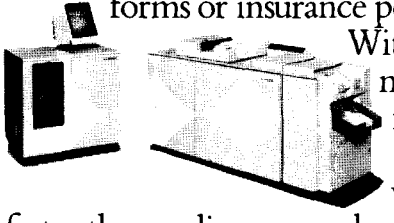
Xerox lasers are also used in another Xerox innovation: electronic printing. And we offer you the widest line of electronic printers available.

Xerox electronic printers are the most advanced information output systems in the business. They take digital information from computers and word processors and print out crisp, clear images at speeds of up to 120 pages a minute. They also let you choose from hundreds of different typefaces in a wide variety of sizes.



So you can make mundane facts and figures more memorable as well as more readable. And you can print texts, training and service manuals with new efficiencies. Which can help get information into people's hands and minds more effectively.

What's more, the Xerox 9700 Electronic Printing System, above, can actually create, store and print forms as they're needed with all the appropriate information filled in—like tax forms or insurance policies. You might say it's the world's smallest forms warehouse. With it a corporation, or government agency, can eliminate their need to pre-print and store hundreds of thousands of forms. And no one gets stuck with obsolete forms.



The Xerox 5700 Electronic Printing System, at the left, works in the office with work stations and prints up to 40 times faster than ordinary word processing printers. It also handles electronic mail, remote computer printing and direct copying. (After all, it is a Xerox machine.)

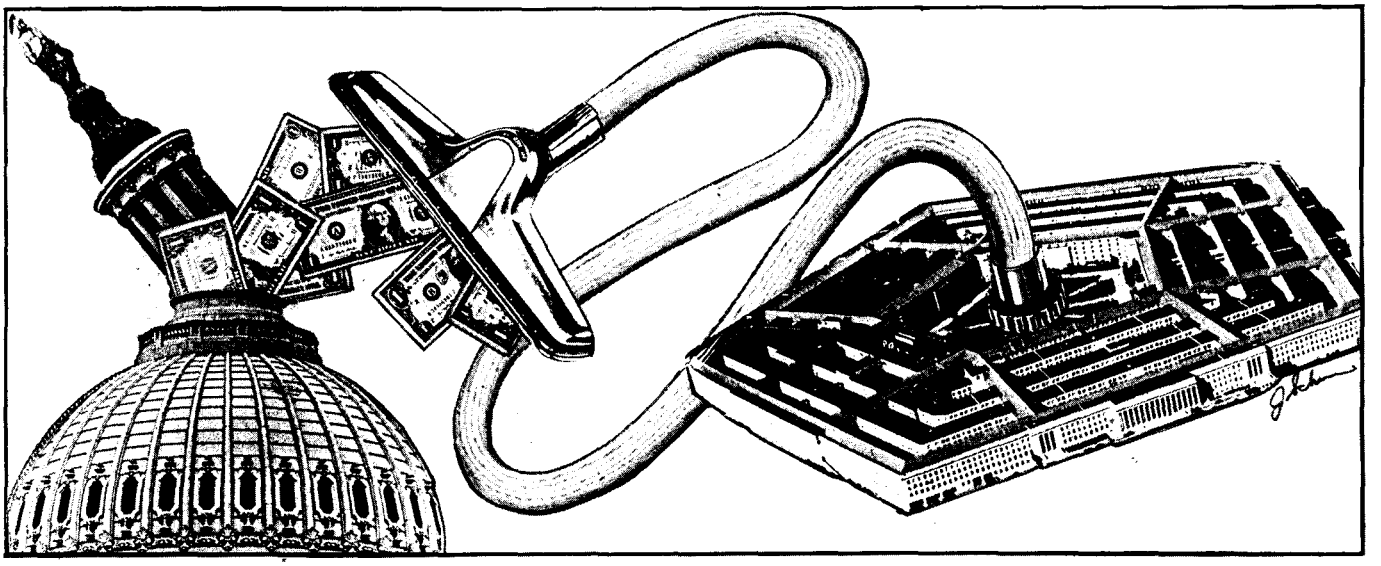
And new Xerox electronic printers and accessory equipment are currently being introduced, along with expanded software and communications capabilities. All of which will bring the benefits of electronic printing to more and more businesses of all sizes.

So if you'd like to harness the speed of light to increase productivity in your office, consider Xerox.

XEROX

XEROX®, TELECOPIER®, 9700 and 5700 are trademarks of XEROX CORPORATION.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



cuts. As it happened, the CBO came closer to predicting this year's recession than did the administration, though even the CBO underestimated its severity. In the slippery business of economic forecasts, the CBO has compiled a better record than most; and so, its estimates of budget deficits issued this spring quickly replaced the administration's figures in negotiations over the budget.

What the CBO did was to develop a "baseline projection" of future levels of unemployment, inflation, and economic growth. In general, it assumed that unemployment and inflation would be somewhat higher, and economic growth somewhat lower, than the administration's forecasts. From these levels, it then calculated the corresponding deficit in each year. All its deficit estimates were higher than the administration's, in some cases dramatically so. For fiscal year 1983, it said that the most likely deficit would be not $96 billion but $157 billion—and that deficits would *rise*, not fall, through the following four years. By 1987, it said, the deficit would be $248 billion. As percentages of the gross national product, these deficits would start at 4.6 percent in 1983—higher than at any time since World War II—and go above 5 percent in the next few years. Under the most optimistic assumptions, the CBO said, the deficit might be as little as $146 billion in 1987. Under the most pessimistic, it might be $367 billion.

This is why the Democrats' attacks on the deficit were less droll than they might initially have seemed. No administration in the past had ever proposed nearly endless deficits. Republican administrations had strained toward balanced budgets; Democratic administrations had argued that deficits were in consonance with their overall economic plans (because, once again, deficits would occur only when the economy was depressed). Unlike its Republican predecessors, the Reagan Administration abandoned hope of a balanced budget; unlike the Democrats, it found its deficits at total war with the rest of its economic policy.

From the very day of Ronald Reagan's election, the economic philosophy of his administration has been divided between the supply-siders, who place their economic hopes in tax cuts, and "monetarists," who feel that an economy's problems start when the supply of money expands more rapidly than the supply of goods. The supply-side part of this philosophy means that the administration is not afraid to run big deficits, since its main goal is to cut taxes. The monetarist part means that when it comes time to finance its deficit, the government will compete against private borrowers for funds, rather than just printing more money to cover its needs. This means, in turn, that interest rates will soar. The hope of supply-siders is that their tax cuts will stimulate the creation of new wealth. The effect of the monetarists is to make interest rates so high that businesses find it hard to make a profit on new endeavors, no matter how attractive the tax breaks. In the absence of new endeavors and the new jobs and products they create, federal deficits grow larger, and the cycle begins again. It was this self-feeding cycle that people had in mind when they began using the word "depression" in referring to the effects of "Reaganomics"; it was because of this fear that congressmen spoke of reconsidering the tax cuts and re-examining the budget.

On re-examination of the budget, the second large change made by the administration becomes clear. It is a change in the inner makeup of the budget, and in this case the simplest way to describe it is also the most precise. In allocating increases and reductions in federal spending, the Reagan Administration has assigned the greatest share of the sacrifice to the poor.

Between 1955 and 1965, government spending grew at the same rate as did the overall economy. Federal spending remained at about 18 percent of the gross national product through all those years. Because they were years of plenty in the private economy, the government had steadily more resources at its disposal. It used them largely to inaugurate a number of new social programs. The most familiar of these were the Great Society programs, such as Model Cities, the Community Action Program, and Head Start, as well as such large national efforts as the Apollo program. But the most significant new undertakings, in terms of their eventual effect on the budget, fell into the government category known sometimes as "entitlements," or, with a slightly different meaning, "payments to individuals." Medicare was such a program—a new entitlement to medical care for older people. Social Security, another entitlement, was greatly liberalized; like a number of other pension programs, it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was eventually equipped with an automatic cost-of-living adjustment, known as COLA, to enable beneficiaries to keep pace with inflation.

By the beginning of the 1980s, such programs had created a federal budget dramatically different from that of twenty-five years earlier. All in all, public spending represented a larger share of the gross national product—22.6 percent in 1980 versus 18 percent during the fifties and early sixties. The military, which had accounted for 58 percent of the entire federal budget in 1955, was only 23 percent in 1980. The figure for 1955 is artificially high, since Social Security payments were not officially included in the budget then. Still, since defense budgets had remained fairly constant, in real terms, while other forms of federal spending grew, the military's share of the total continued to fall. The entitlement payments that had begun their substantial growth in the sixties made up 47 percent of the federal budget in 1980. Their rapid growth was due less to the creation of new programs—almost no "new" entitlements have been enacted in the past five years—than to increases in the number of retirees and to the cost-of-living adjustments. Another 11 percent of the budget went toward interest on the national debt in 1980, and the remaining 19 percent covered everything else.

As it began its efforts to revise the budget, the Reagan Administration was constrained by one decision of principle, one decision of practicality, and one inescapable fact.

The decision of principle was that the nation must spend more for defense. Including the revisions it made in Jimmy Carter's last military budget, the Reagan Administration planned to increase military spending by more than 40 percent, in real terms, within five years. Between 1972 and 1980, military spending had fallen by an average of .6 percent a year; between 1980 and 1985, it was to rise by 8 percent each year. As a proportion of all federal spending, defense would rise from 23 percent in 1980 to 29 percent in fiscal year 1983, and to 36 percent in fiscal year 1987.

The decision of practicality was not to propose reductions or changes in the Social Security system, and to make only the most delicate suggestions about Medicare. In 1981, David Stockman had led the charge for revisions in Social Security benefits, but the administration's

THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE

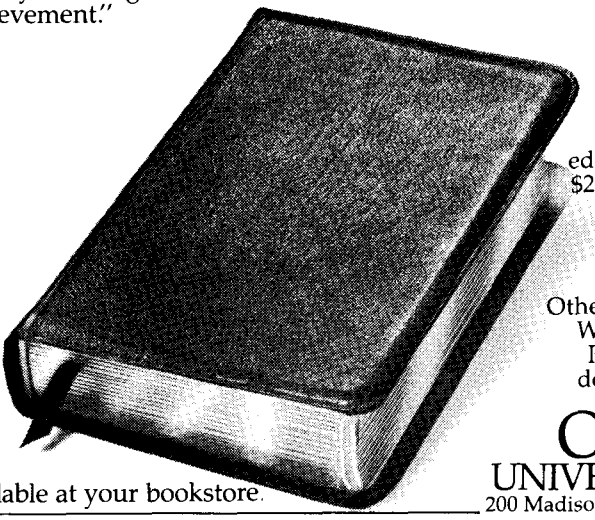
"HURRAH!"

cheers Leo Rosten. "The prose is lucid, the anachronisms happily expunged, the scholarship great."

STUART BERG FLEXNER: "The clearest, most powerful, and best translation....a remarkable religious, literary, and linguistic achievement."

WALKER PERCY: "A beautiful job—first-rate scholarship which does not sacrifice the language."

MADELEINE L'ENGLE: "A pocket-size edition will be a delightful and constant companion."



POCKET-SIZE EDITION: 4" x 6". Style #5441x Moroccoette, gold edges, Black, 1" thick, $21.95. Style #5441xA with Apocrypha, Moroccoette, gold edges, Black, 1⅛" thick, $23.95. Other styles from $9.95. Write to Oxford Bible Promotion Dept. for descriptive brochure.

Available at your bookstore.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER
50% OFF

LEARN SPANISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN OR GERMAN LIKE A MEMBER OF THE U.S. FOREIGN SERVICE CORPS.

This course (*specifically designed by the U.S. Department of State for Diplomats with little or absolutely no knowledge of the language to be studied*) is **complete, unedited** and includes the official Foreign Service Institute book with text for basic and advanced instruction. It begins in English and will gradually build your skills until you can comfortably handle the entire lesson in your new language. In a matter of weeks, you could be speaking your new language like a member of the U.S. Foreign Service Corps.

ORDER ONE COURSE AT $110.00 AND GET ONE OTHER AT HALF PRICE!

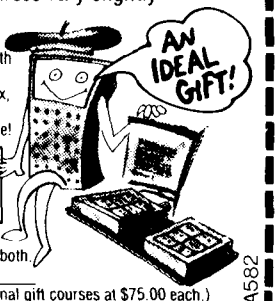
What an incredible value! For the single purchase price of one course your whole family can learn a new language and keep the course for years of fun and future reference. **And, now, for a limited time, you can get the second course for 50% off.** (The advanced course, or even another language!) The complete full length Foreign Service Language Course is now being offered in two volumes:

VOL. 1, BASIC SPANISH: 15 CASSETTES (19 hours) and 464 pg. Foreign Service Institute text **$110.00**

VOL. 2, ADVANCED SPANISH: 21 CASSETTES (27 hours) and 464 pg. Foreign Service Institute text **$110.00**

(The number of cassettes in FRENCH, GERMAN and ITALIAN Courses vary slightly from the SPANISH Course.)

FREE TRIAL OFFER: Try this course for three weeks. If you aren't convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most economical way to learn a new language, return the course for a full refund with no questions asked. Order yours right now! For immediate delivery, fill in the information on the bottom of this ad and mail it with your check, Money Order or charge to your AmEx, Visa or Master Card by enclosing card number, expiration date and signature.
Order both BASIC and ADVANCED course in any language and get 50% off the second course!



Mail to: AMPRO VIDEO PRODUCTIONS
150 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.
NOW you can order by phone 24 hours a day!
Call collect (9AM-6PM EST) (212) 243-7726
New York state residents add proper sales tax.
N.J., N.Y., CT. residents can also buy direct at our Fifth Avenue office (at 20th Street)

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED MONEY BACK OFFER.

Fill in the line below with the language you wish to learn...then check basic, advanced or both.

(Language) _____

☐ Basic $110.00 ☐ Advanced $110.00 (Anyone ordering 2 courses may order additional gift courses at $75.00 each.)

A582

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plan was disapproved in the Senate by a vote of 96–0. Between them, Social Security and Medicare make up 30 percent of the entire federal budget, or nearly two thirds of all entitlement payments. During 1983, the cost of Social Security is expected to rise by $15.5 billion because of cost-of-living adjustments alone. Yet the administration declared this large tract of the budget off-limits for its cuts.

The inescapable fact was that interest payments on the national debt—essentially, the premiums paid on Treasury bills—would rise, because interest rates were so high and the deficits so large. In the mid-fifties, interest was usually about 7 percent of the budget. By the mid-seventies it had risen to 9 percent. In 1983, the administration predicts, interest payments will represent 15 percent of all federal spending.

When all these decisions are rolled together, the most important choices about a budget have already been made. Its total size is likely to grow. If all of the administration's forecasts come true, federal spending will gradually decline from 22.6 percent of the gross national product in 1980 to 22.2 percent in 1985. If the CBO is right, federal spending will reach 23.2 percent in 1985. But that overall growth will not be able to keep pace with the growth of certain vigorous components. The quickest-growing portions, of course, are defense, Social Security, Medicare and Medicaid, and interest payments. Together, they already represent two thirds of the budget. They are expected to be three fourths next year, and four fifths by 1987. For them to grow, something else must shrink. This brings us back to the poor.

IN ITS BUDGET proposals for 1983, the administration suggested several ways to keep budget deficits from getting totally beyond control (that is, to bring the 1983 deficit from $152 billion down to $96 billion). Some involved increasing the government's revenues, but without repeal of the major tax cuts. For example, the administration might lease oil tracts on the outer continental shelf at a faster pace, or increase the manpower of the IRS (each dollar spent on an agent's salary is thought to bring in about eight dollars through audits), or impose "user fees," such as a tax on aviation fuel, through which private pilots would bear more of the cost of the federal aviation-safety system.

But these steps would not be nearly enough without further cuts in federal programs. The programs being reduced fell into two general categories: those, such as food stamps, Medicaid, and other welfare programs, that had been undertaken to help the poor; and those, such as funding for education, transportation, scientific research, or natural resources, that had been advanced in the name of national welfare in general.

Of the $27 billion by which the administration proposed to reduce programs in 1983, about $10 billion would be taken from entitlement programs. But most of the reductions would come from the small portion of the entitlement payments that are "need-related," or aimed at the poor. Eighty percent of all entitlement programs are "non-need-related." The retirement programs, including Social Security, fall into this category, along with Medicare and certain other benefits. These payments represent, in general, transfers from tax-paying middle-class America to older versions of itself. (It is, of course, an indication of how successful Social Security and Medicare have been that the elderly can no longer be automatically classified among the impoverished, as they were before these programs.)

The only substantial reduction in these programs in the administration's budget was a change in the Medicare reimbursement system that is supposed to save about $2 billion in 1983. Along with a slowdown in the cost-of-living increases given to federal retirees, plus a few other changes, the savings from the "middle-class" entitlements will come to about $3 billion. Since these programs total well over $300 billion, that is a reduction of less than one percent.

That leaves $7 billion to be taken out of the rest of the entitlements, the 20 percent that are intended to help the poor. These programs now total $57 billion, so in aggregate they would be reduced by 12 percent in one year. The food-stamp program would be cut by $2.2 billion in 1983, after a $1.5 billion reduction in 1982. The Aid to Families with Dependent Children program—"welfare," in the classic sense—would fall by $1.3 billion. In a few cases, such as that of Supplemental Security Income, which is a direct cash grant to the poor, the administration's reductions simply keep the program from growing larger. But for most entitlements, including the two largest programs, Medicaid and food stamps, the budget provides significantly fewer dollars in 1983 than in 1982 ($10.35 billion versus $11.2 billion for food stamps, $17.1 billion versus $17.9 billion for Medicaid).

To point out the reductions in these programs is not to imply that all of the programs are effective or conceptually sound. Some are not. But it is to suggest a grave imbalance in the "sacrifice" the administration has asked the nation, through this budget, to make. The Congressional Budget Office, in a report issued this spring, attempted to quantify the imbalance. It found a simple correlation. The higher a family's income, the more it stood to gain from the administration's tax cuts; the lower its income, the more it stood to lose as programs were reduced. According to the study, in 1983 the changes in tax rates and benefits would amount to a 1.7 percent reduction in total income for families earning less than $10,000—and a 6.7 percent increase for families earning $80,000 or more. That the tax cuts would have such an effect was understood from the beginning and defended by the administration as a necessary part of supply-side theory. Not so the pattern of reductions in benefits.

The rest of the administration's reductions come from the "non-defense discretionary programs." These include scientific research and energy-development projects, housing assistance, grants for mass-transit systems or for water and sewer projects, operation of the national parks, and just about everything else the government does besides paying for pensions, interest, and the military. As a category, these programs reflect a desire to add to the stock of "public goods"—the underpinnings of the nation's productivity, from its highway system to its trained labor force. Proportionately, they are being more severely cut than anything else in the budget. They are to be reduced by $14.2 billion in 1983, through such steps as "zeroing out" nearly all employment-training projects, and by a further $61 billion in the following two years, in ways the administration declined to specify.

THE REAGAN BUDGET, then, amounted to this: a government that would serve as armorer and as pension agent, and would honor its debt—but a government that could do little else, and would nonetheless see its spending outstrip its resources by growing amounts each

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hyatt offers a simple basis of comparison: your money's worth.

Hyatt: It's what other hotels try to be. Over the years, and especially recently, other hotels have raised their rates within dollars of Hyatt without justifying that increase with the service and amenities that are, in total, uniquely Hyatt.

The world's most innovative hotel continues to lead the way. Hyatt is always pioneering new standards of contemporary hotel service at 109 prime locations across the U.S. and around the world. Personal attention and special touches are offered as a matter of course. Fresh flowers. Natural greenery. Just-squeezed orange juice. A complimentary newspaper in the morning. Express check-in and check-out.

A touch of Hyatt: you can count on it. Collectively all these special amenities are called *a touch of Hyatt®*. In terms of value, it simply means getting your money's worth. Every cent of it.

At Hyatt, the difference is everything. Except cost. Without compromising service or amenities, Hyatt strives to maintain standards and set new ones along the way. That's why travelers everywhere are discovering that Hyatt makes all the difference.

Capture the Hyatt spirit at 109 hotels worldwide. Weekend rates are another special touch of Hyatt®. For reservations, call your travel planner or 800 228 9000.

a touch of Hyatt

HYATT HOTELS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Build your own private library for less than $20 a month!

Each volume bound in genuine leather and fine fabric . . . the leather embellished with 22 karat gold.

Imagine being able to glance up at your bookshelf, and see there your own private library. With its proud expanse of leather spines, richly ornamented in gold, bearing the titles of the greatest books ever written.

Here, clearly, would be something of permanence in a changing and uncertain world. Something to treasure now . . . and to pass along to future generations in years to come.

A treasure, indeed, you might think—but surely an expensive luxury. *Far from it.*

For this is The Heirloom Library of the World's Greatest Books. Fifty enduring works of genius, selected by a distinguished board of advisers. In the handsome Collector's Edition, crafted for posterity in bindings of leather and fine fabrics. Ornamented with exclusive designs, the spines embellished with 22 karat gold.

Beautiful books, at a guaranteed low price—yet you make no long-term commitment

The Collector's Edition of the Heirloom Library will be issued at the convenient rate of one great book per month, for just $19.50 a volume—a price *guaranteed* for the duration of your subscription. However, *you* need make no long-term commitment. You may cancel your subscription at any time, on 30 days' written notice.

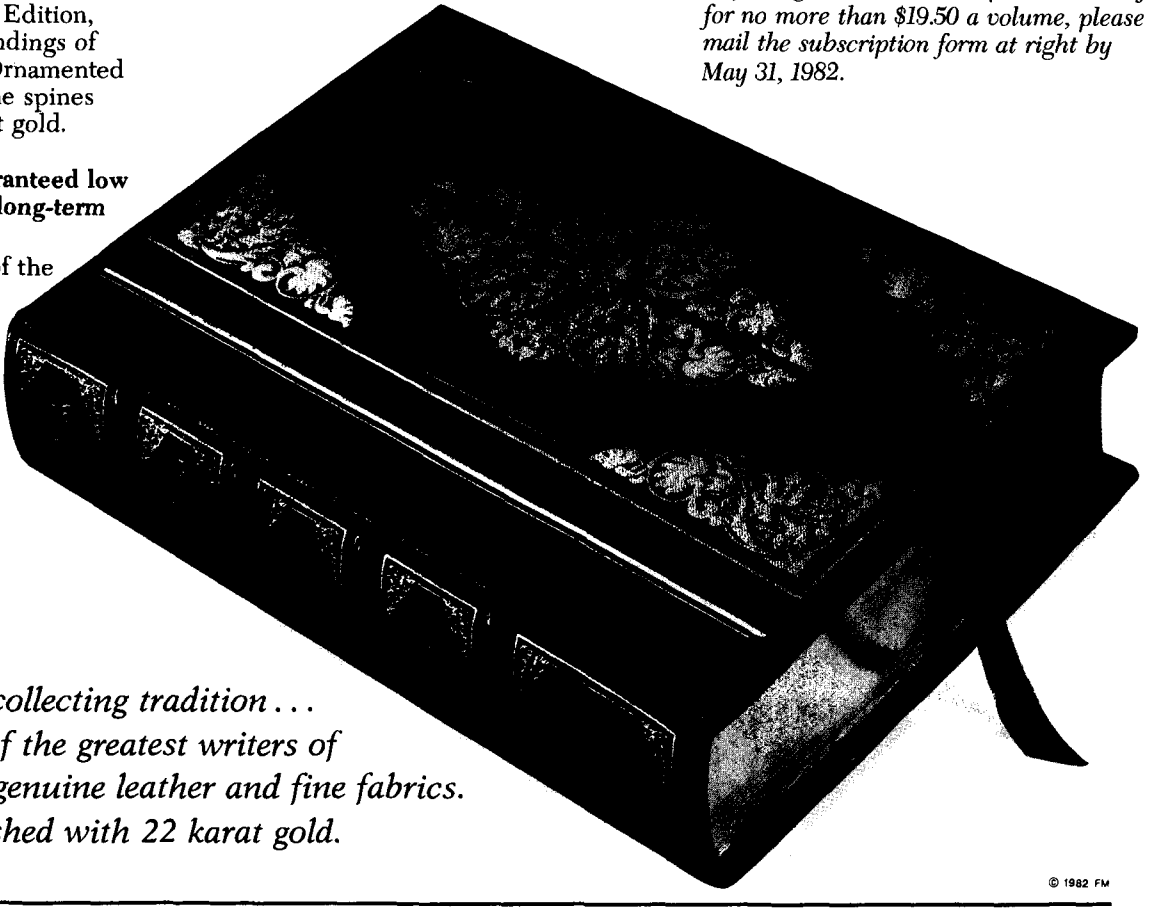
The rare pleasures of owning this personal library

As a subscriber, you would enjoy, whenever you wish, the rich pleasure of taking one of these books from your shelf—with its fragrance of leather, its satisfying weight in your hands. Then savor a moment of anticipation as you open the volume, to see your own inscribed bookplate on the decorated endpapers. And leaf through the pages admiring the burnished edges . . . the smooth, opaque paper . . . the crisp, legible type . . . the wonderfully evocative illustrations.

Above all, you would be able to enter at will . . . as one embarking on a voyage of discovery . . . the world of Hemingway or Melville, Shakespeare or Dante, Dickens or Mark Twain. The greatest books ever written, in bindings worthy of the incomparable works they contain.

Mail your order by May 31st

By the time your library is complete, even ordinary books may be selling for more than $19.50. For the costs of materials, of printing and binding, are rising almost daily. And thus it may *never again* be possible to offer subscriptions to the Collector's Edition of the Heirloom Library at this guaranteed low price. *So, to be sure of acquiring this remarkable private library for no more than $19.50 a volume, please mail the subscription form at right by May 31, 1982.*

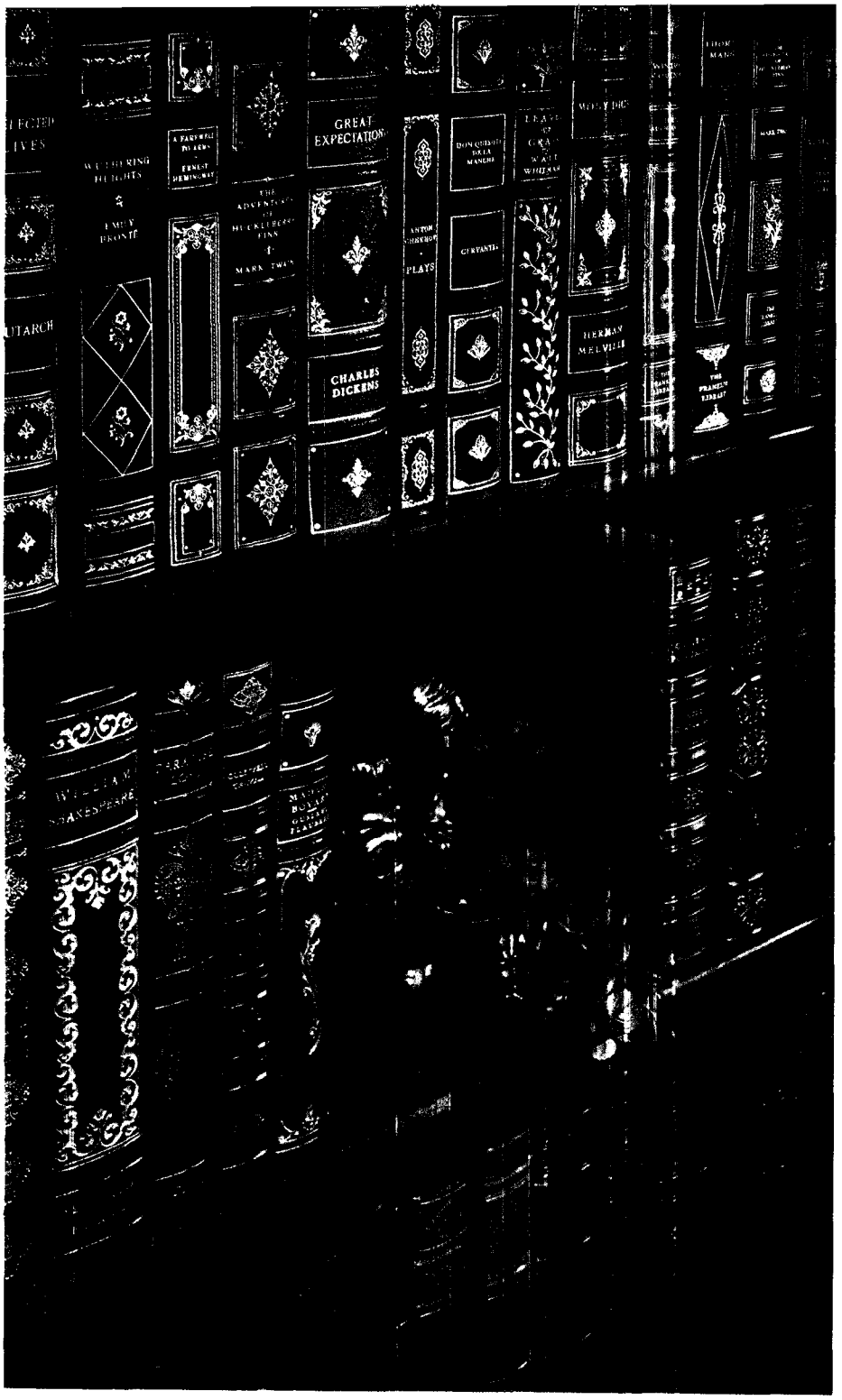


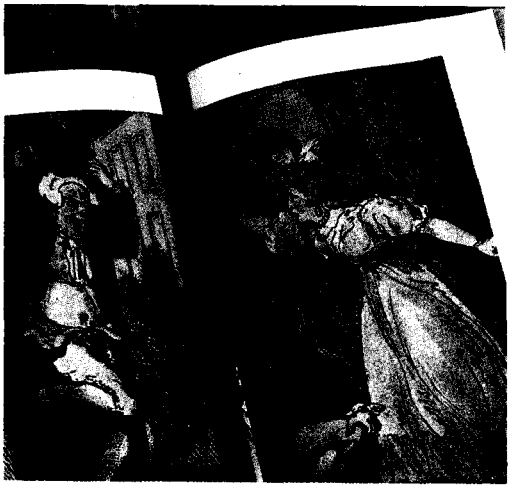
In a time-honored collecting tradition . . . the greatest books of the greatest writers of all time. Bound in genuine leather and fine fabrics. The leather embellished with 22 karat gold.

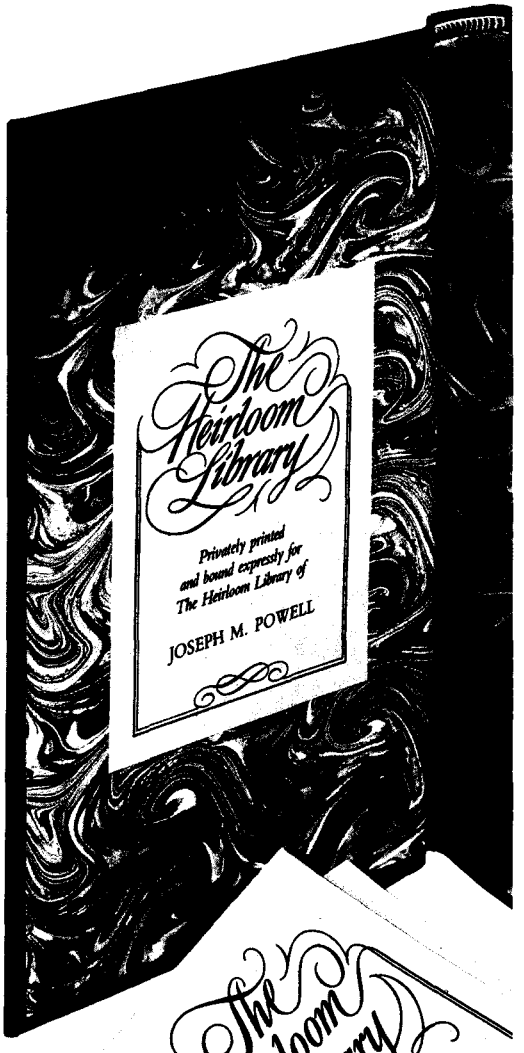
© 1982 FM

THE HEIRLOOM LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKS® Collector's Edition

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



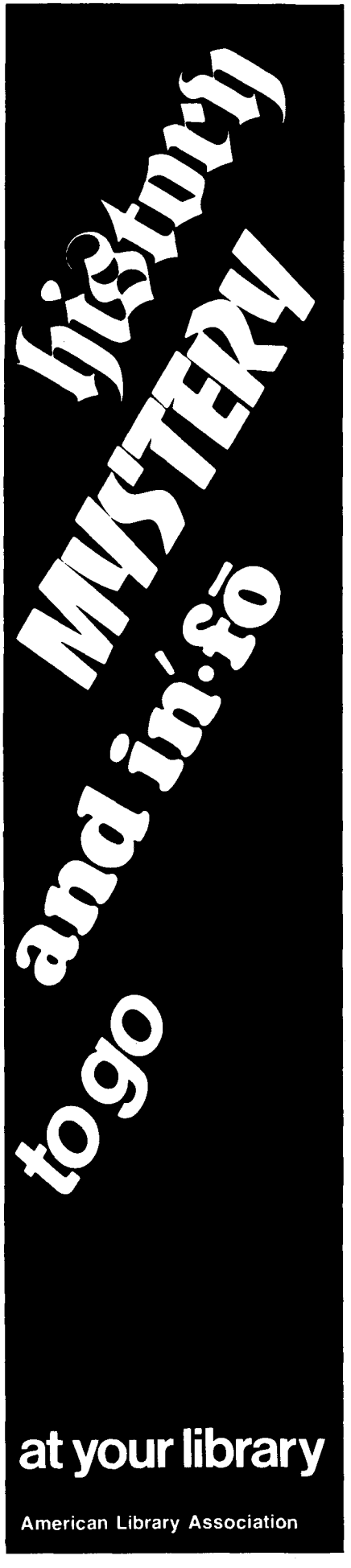




- *Fifty beautiful volumes to enjoy and display in your home*
- *Issued monthly at a price not much higher than you pay for an ordinary book – just $19.50 a volume*
- *Price guaranteed for the duration of your subscription*
- *To be sure of acquiring your library at this low price, your subscription form should be postmarked by May 31, 1982*

The Franklin Library, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



year. It was this implicit vision of America's future that created much of the outcry about the budget. But is there really an alternative?

The economists have concentrated on "retuning" the fiscal and monetary system of the government, so that interest rates and federal deficits do not chase each other up and up. This is no simple step, since it involves the clash of ideologies and the workings of such vast and complex organisms as the national banking system and the Congress of the United States. But it is probably a simpler exercise than two others that must be performed if the budget is not to continue further in the direction indicated by the 1983 proposals. One is to think more carefully about the connection between military spending and military strength; the other, to confront the growth of "middle-class" entitlements.

The Reagan Administration's proposals for the military are even more profligate than is generally perceived. As presented by Caspar Weinberger, the secretary of defense, in his annual report to the Congress, the budget is propelled by purchasing decisions rather than by strategy and has no obvious theme or emphasis other than "more." The annual report itself was indicative; these documents, informally known as "posture statements," usually contain several hundred pages, traditionally divided fifty-fifty between a strategic rationale and a list of proposed purchases. This time, the buy-list was three and a half times as long as the rationale, and the rationale itself consisted of highly dubious comparisons between Soviet and American spending. For example, the NATO alliance as a whole outspends the Warsaw Pact, but the report discounts this advantage, saying that the greater diversity of the NATO nations means that their forces are only "60 per cent additive to U.S. efforts, while Soviet satellite efforts are 90 per cent additive to Soviet efforts." There is no indication of where these numbers came from, or of how "additive" the Polish army might be to the Soviet, or of whether a diverse force might actually have great tactical advantages over a more homogeneous adversary.

The true danger of this budget is what it threatens to do to American forces in the next few years. In the month and a half before it was presented, the 1983 military budget suddenly swelled by some $15 billion. The "total obligational authority" in the budget—the military's authority to let contracts—had been expected to be around $245 billion, but when the final budget submissions came back from the printers, the TOA was nearly $260 billion. Not all of this money, and very little of the extra $15 billion, will actually be spent in 1983. Two new nuclear-powered aircraft carriers, for example, will eventually cost some $7 billion, but only $200 million of that would be spent—for planning—in 1983. Some congressmen and others rose to this bait. They concluded that it was hardly worth scrutinizing such far-off purchases, since you couldn't save any money on them this year. But if they are not scrutinized this year, they determine the shape of the military budget for a half-dozen years to come. By reducing the flexibility of future budgets (much as entitlements do in the domestic budget), they also increase the odds that when squeezes on the military budget come, planners will be left no option but to rob the accounts that pay for fuel, readiness, and training. Such a pattern is the sad story of the last generation of military management; Secretary Weinberger's budget would ensure that this story continues unchanged.

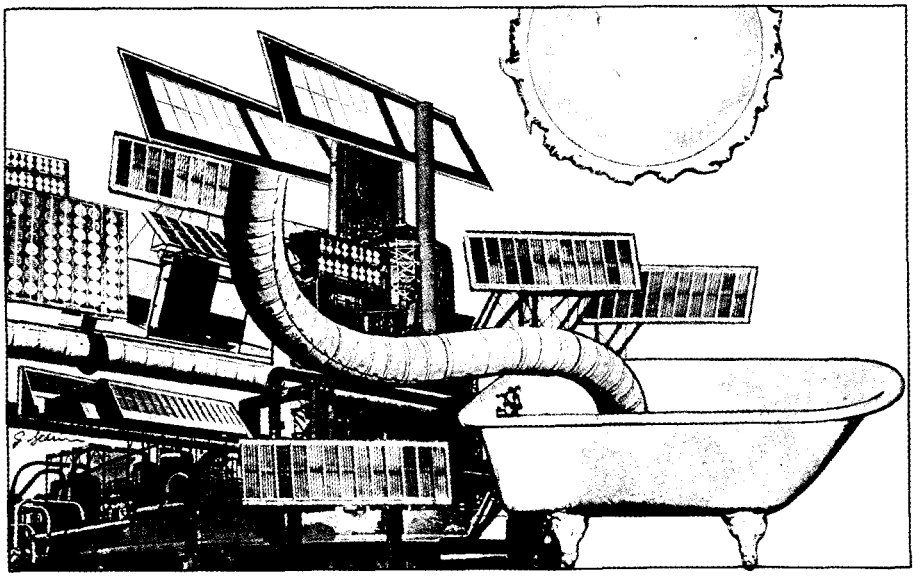
The "middle-class" entitlements are as challenging an issue intellectually as the military—and vastly more difficult as a political proposition. "Middle-class" tax breaks, such as the home-mortgage deduction, have made this a nation of homeowners; Social Security and Medicare have accomplished their purposes as effectively as any public programs ever devised. Yet the price that must be paid for these benefits is rising fast. By the beginning of the next century, there could be only half as many tax-paying workers per retired beneficiary as there are now. It is not too soon to ask whether we can afford to offer Social Security and Medicare benefits to everyone, regardless of need. Will there be enough for people who truly need help if the help is extended to all? Should our government aspire to any non-military function other than the payment of pensions and debt?

In avoiding such questions, and their counterparts about military spending, the administration was driven to its 1983 budget. Until they are faced, that budget is the shape of the American future.

—James Fallows

James Fallows is Washington editor of The Atlantic *and the author of* National Defense.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SOLAR ENERGY

NO PROFIT IN POLITICS

With federal funds dwindling, companies have an incentive to turn expensive prototypes into marketable systems

IN THE FOOTHILLS of the Manzano Mountains, a few miles from downtown Albuquerque, New Mexico, stand 225 squares of reflective glass, arrayed in rows, facing a thick, 200-foot-tall concrete tower. Each of the twenty-foot squares is mounted on a double-axis pedestal, so that on sunny days the rows of glass can follow the sun across the sky and focus its light onto a precise spot on the tower.

To be among the mirrors on such a day is an unearthly experience. The huge reflectors automatically track the sun; small motors whir and click on unseen command, seeking the optimal solar angle for each pane of glass. At the top of the tower, a receiver element focuses the reflected light into a brilliant white circle, producing 1,100-degree heat. Insects that fly through the solar beam are incinerated in a flash of flame, leaving only a wisp of smoke. There is rarely human activity among the mirrors. Save the meshing of the pedestal-control motors, no sound is heard. Wandering among the panels as they reflect the deep-blue desert sky is like being aboard a huge, unmanned space station, but the purpose of this field of glass and steel is to make hot water.

The Central Receiver Test Facility, with its 90,000 square feet of reflective glass, miles of underground cable, and gray concrete "power tower," is a government project designed to test the feasibility of making electricity on a relatively large scale from solar-generated steam. Less than a decade after the U.S. solar-energy program began to gain momentum, the power tower, built at a cost of $21 million, is still the prime edifice of working solar technology in this country. Like virtually all of the government-funded solar projects in the United States, it was conceived in reaction to the 1973 OPEC oil embargo. Today, when there is no shortage of oil, the future of the power tower is uncertain. The Reagan Administration's Office of Management and Budget proposes to cut the solar research-and-development program by 75 percent, to $73 million, and the wisdom that put government money into solar energy is in question.

By the end of this year, the Department of Energy (DOE) alone will have spent more than $2 billion on solar-energy projects, ranging from the relatively simple Home Laundry Project in Pasadena, California, designed to produce solar-generated laundry steam, to the complicated power tower in Albuquerque and another tower—more ambitious and, at $140 million, more costly—in the southern California desert near Barstow. (The Barstow tower will soon be connected to the southern California power system.) The goal of all these projects has been to develop technology that could be manufactured and sold by American industry. But to this day few of these technologies have been adopted by industry, and whether more can be without a continuing flow of federal money is a subject for debate.

CRITICS BOTH INSIDE and outside the DOE say that from the beginning, the U.S. program was hampered by its emphasis on quick fixes and by the meddling of politicians, who did their best to influence the direction of solar dollars. Researchers' jobs hinged on their ability to justify their projects commercially, even when the data were ambiguous or nonexistent. Justification usually took the form of a "systems study," a report demonstrating how quickly the project would move from laboratory benches to manufacturers in private industry and into the hands of an eager public.

As manager of solar projects at Sandia Laboratories in Albuquerque, the major government center for high-technology solar projects, Glen Brandvold saw the systems study change from a scientific report into an art form. "When DOE was formed, the perceived mandate in renewable energy was to conceive a program that would force every technology into commercial use," Brandvold says, "but in doing that, legerdemain was used in the economic forecasting. We became slaves of the systems studies. Paths and objectives got topsy-turvy. . . . You knew the conclusions you had to reach, so you did studies until you found one that would justify your conclusion." In this climate, according to one solar scientist, "you got a lot of 'turkeys' that cost a lot of money. You've got solar systems that have never run."

Two of the more embarrassing failures are the Riegel Textile Mill project in La France, South Carolina, and a series of unfinished heating and cooling efforts at Fort Hood, Texas.

At La France, the goal was to provide industrial-process heat to a fabric-dying operation, with solar energy as a heat source. The heat was to be gathered through a system of glass tubes with copper tubes inside them. When a vacuum was created inside the glass tubes, the copper tubing could be heated very efficiently; water pumped through the copper tubes would reach a temperature of 250 degrees. Unfortunately, whenever the water was not flowing, the dry copper tubes could reach much higher temperatures—as high as 700 degrees, at which point copper corrodes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

L.L.Bean®

Summer Weight Slacks, $15.50

Cool and comfortable slacks for warm weather wear. Long wearing, lightweight poplin of 65% Dacron polyester, 35% combed cotton. Washable; no ironing required. Plain front style with two front and two rear pockets. Well tailored for a comfortable trim fit. Even waist sizes: 30 to 46. Inseams: 29", 31", 33". Three colors: Lt. Green. Blue. Tan.

Please Ship Postage Paid

____#1868W Lt. Green Summer Wgt. Slacks @ **$15.50**
____#1886W Blue Summer Wgt. Slacks @ **$15.50**
____#1867W Tan Summer Wgt. Slacks @ **$15.50**
Size_____Inseam_____

☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Card
☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Card No._____
Exp. Date_____ ☐ **SEND FREE CATALOG**
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____Zip_____

L. L. Bean, Inc.
125 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

How To Turn Your Kitchen Into A Goldmine!

Start getting PAID *for what you've been doing for* FREE *all your life! Alfred and Alice Howard's new book,* ***"Turn Your Kitchen Into A Goldmine"*** *will show you:*

1 How to succeed in business by baking and selling delicious chocolate chip "Frisbees," jumbo-sized cookies people love.

2 How to make a terrific amount of money from your kitchen **without cooking or baking *anything!***

3 How you can enjoy the thrill of **going to your mailbox every day and finding it stuffed with checks.**

4 How one Washington, D.C., woman opened a "take-out" gourmet food shop and raked in **$75,000 in her first six weeks.**

From cover to cover, this book teaches you everything you need to know about how to cash in on cooking and baking.

NATIONWIDE INVESTMENTS
341 Quails Hills Drive
Post Office Box 11698
Columbia, S.C. 29211

Please send me _____ copies of
"Turn Your Kitchen Into A Goldmine"
at $12.95 + $1.50 postage each
MONEY BACK GUARANTEED.

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____

☐ Please send me a **FREE** Book Catalog

The system began to destroy itself from within. Further, sensors would malfunction, and when the warm tubes were filled with cool water, they would break. Last May, the costly repairs were abandoned, and the $1.5 million system has not run since. A similar system, begun at a Tropicana orange-juice plant in Bradenton, Florida, was abandoned because it failed to produce water as hot as was needed.

At Fort Hood, the DOE and the Department of Defense spent more than $6 million on a series of projects that ended up producing nothing more than a conventional solar hot-water system for a barracks and a classroom. The original plans called for a system to provide electricity, space heating, air-conditioning, and hot water for the barracks. The ambitious project was to be managed by American Technological University (ATU), a small college in central Texas with little claim to expertise in solar energy. ATU got its first grant to build a solar system at Fort Hood in 1974. The flow of grants to the university lasted until 1978, despite continued strong criticism from solar contractors and within the DOE itself, and despite the fact that ATU was unable to produce a working system. In 1979, because the DOE was considering another contract for ATU at Fort Hood, the General Accounting Office (GAO) was provoked to investigate. In a letter to Energy Secretary Charles W. Duncan, Jr., GAO Director J. Dexter Peach noted that experts within the DOE had repeatedly stated that ATU "lacked the technical expertise, organizational experience, and management ability to implement a project as large and complex as the Fort Hood project." Peach's letter urged that another contract award to ATU be "reconsidered" and "a serious blow to the integrity of the solar program . . . be avoided." At that point the government had already spent more than $5 million at Fort Hood. Although it then abandoned the more complicated projects that had been proposed, a simple hot-water system for the barracks was approved. The total expenditure is estimated to be $6.5 million, spread over four government agencies. According to one DOE budget expert, "there was so much money going through here, it's hard to tell where it all went."

A big question mark in the column of solar endeavors has been the solar dish-collector program managed by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory (JPL) in California. JPL got into solar technology thinking that space technology could be "spun off" for civilian power systems. One of the most adaptable technologies, it appeared, was the parabolic dish antenna, used in the space program to communicate with satellites in outer space. This device gathers radio waves in its dish, which bounces them onto a radio antenna. JPL reasoned that if the dish were lined with mirrors, and if, instead of the antenna, small, heat-powered engines were suspended at the dish's focal point, the system would convert the sun's heat into electricity. The scheme's scientific plausibility was never disputed, but it has taken a surprisingly large investment of time and money—four years and $50 million—for JPL to succeed in building a system that works.

Critics say that one of the reasons the job proved harder than expected is that the laboratory insisted on seeking the most perfect technology, regardless of its cost or stage of development. An assistant project manager, Dr. John W. Lucas, admits that the laboratory pursued three exotic engine technologies from the beginning. Outsiders say that JPL would have been better off pursuing just one engine scheme; when solar funds were cut last year, JPL was caught with an evaporating budget and three partially developed power plants. Early this year, the laboratory was finally able to mate two heat engines with point-focus dishes to produce electricity. It remains a question, though, whether enough money can be budgeted in years to come for the project to advance from the realm of research into practicality.

POLITICS HAS HAMPERED government solar programs from the beginning. At the DOE, the two top-ranking solar jobs changed hands over and over in the short history of federal involvement. Glen Brandvold says he hasn't seen as much lobbying and special interest anywhere as he has in solar energy: "A single call from a congressman and low-level bureaucrats would do handsprings."

The Solar Energy Research Institute (SERI), in Golden, Colorado, is evidence of federal energy management gone awry. Founded in 1977, it was supposed to be the nation's leading solar laboratory. From the beginning, however, SERI's existence caused more problems than it solved. Why was it created, when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POWER

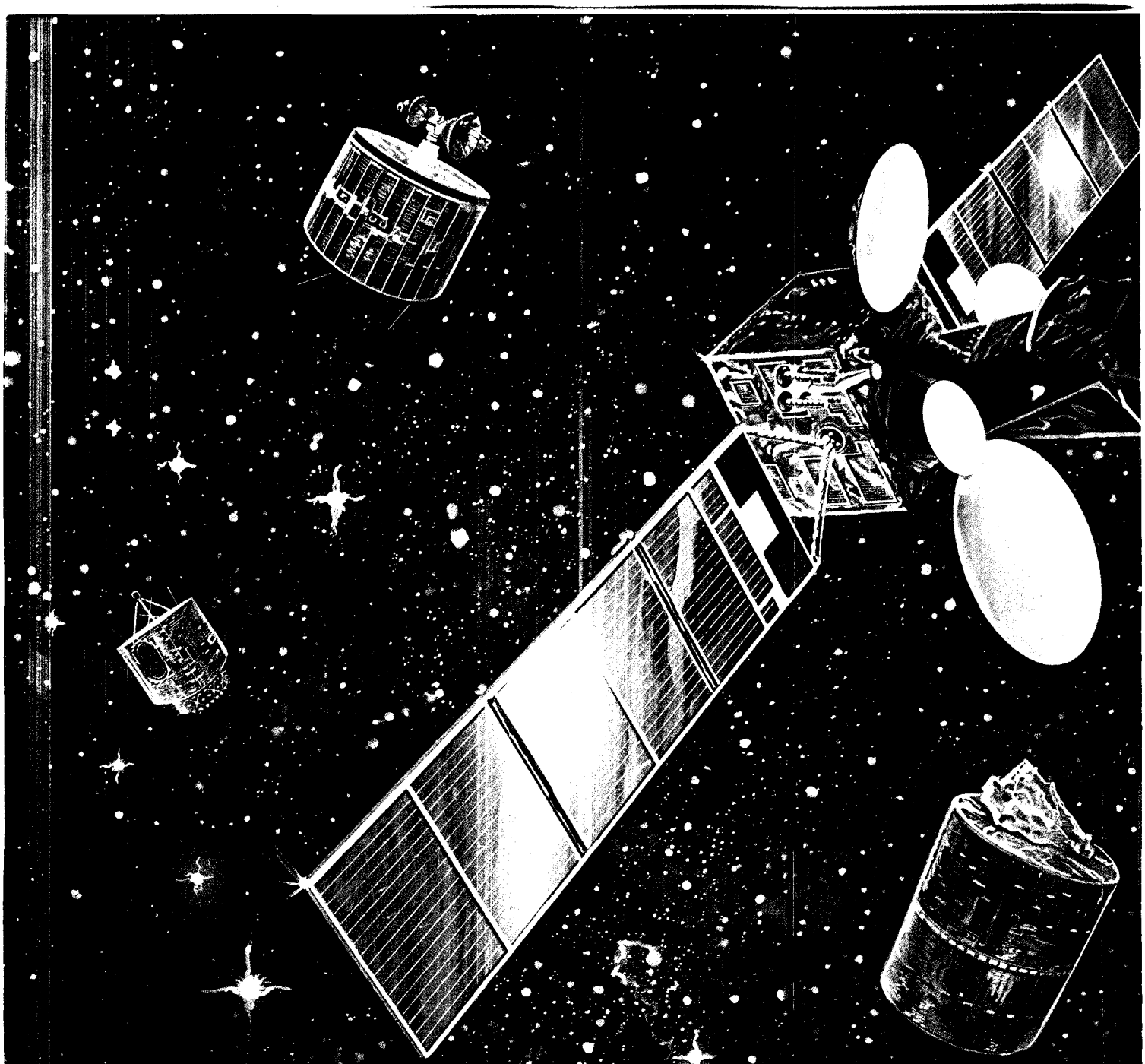
François Lochon-Gamma/Liaison

Oil is king.
Those who have it have the power to shape events across the world. TIME magazine keeps a close watch on the volatile, oil-rich kingdoms of the Middle East. It brings you closer to the distant rulers and cultures that have the power to change the way we live. Week after week, TIME gives you more than news and information. It brings insight and understanding to subjects that matter to you.

Read TIME and understand.

TIME

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Watching The

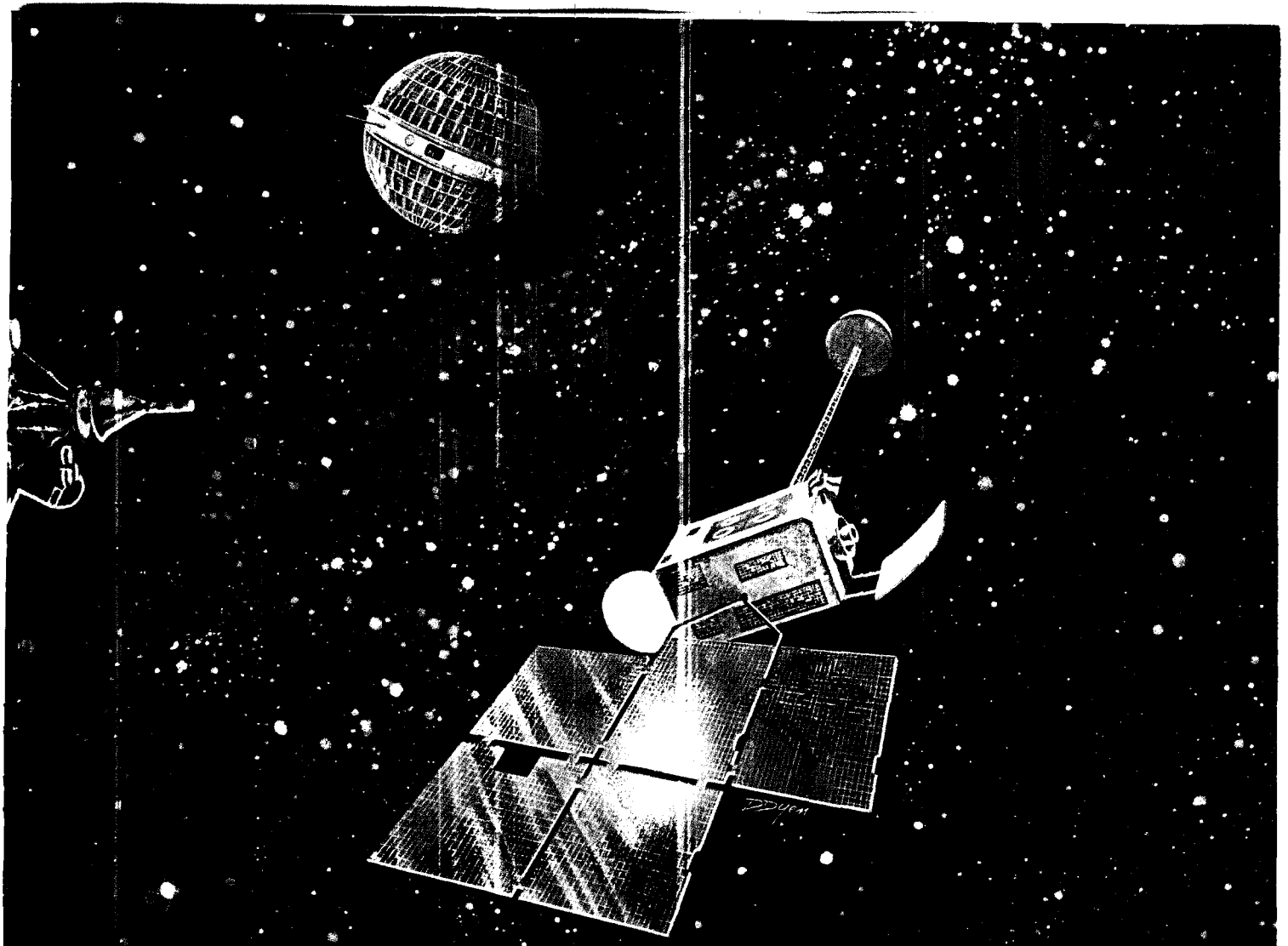
That's right. Ford Aerospace. Forty-seven satellites that have been successfully launched have been built by Ford Aerospace & Communications Corporation.

Soon two-thirds of all overseas communications will travel by Ford Aerospace built satellites. So will almost all intercontinental television programming.

Ford Motor Company's involvement in radio communication began on November 20, 1920, when the Henry Ford Wireless Station broadcast the Harding-Cox election returns to hundreds of people in Dearborn, Michigan, with their ears glued to their crystal receivers.

Ford was also one of the first industrial companies to use radio. In 1924 four Ford plants were connected by radio to four ships in its Great Lakes fleet. That system handled about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fords Go By.

400 messages a day. The Ford Aerospace built Communications satellites today process tens of millions of messages daily.

Now Ford Aerospace technology helps guide the Columbia Space Shuttle. And helped bring back pictures from Saturn. In fact, almost 1,100 of the people who work at NASA's Johnson Space Center are Ford Aerospace employees.

If it were shown separately, Ford Aerospace would rank in the Fortune 500, with sales approaching a billion dollars a year. Henry would have been proud.

Ford

There's A Ford In America's Future.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

key solar research was being done by other laboratories? The answer seems to be that SERI was founded less out of need than to serve as a symbol of the Carter Administration's commitment to solar research. Why was SERI located in Golden when solar hardware was already in place elsewhere in the country? One suggestion is that the officials who helped establish the institute wanted to live in the Colorado Rockies.

By the time SERI was established, solar-energy research had been funded for some time, first by the National Science Foundation, later by the Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA), and finally through the DOE. The solar-research pie was already divided. There was little for the organization to do. The institute was given the tasks other research organizations didn't want, many of them highly theoretical. So theoretical was the orientation of SERI staff members, in fact, that initially some were unable to put their ideas on paper and draftsmen had to be borrowed from other laboratories. The institute was able to make progress in solar photovoltaics (cells that transform sunlight directly into electricity) principally by hiring an expert (and most of his staff) whose research was already under way rather than devising its own approach. SERI was put in charge of disseminating solar information, and has done that job relatively well, according to R. Nicholas Loope, president of the Solar Energy Industries Association (SEIA), a trade group. He also credits SERI with helping U.S. firms export solar technology, but he says the institute has not done much to help solar commercialization in this country. He points out that Tokyo has more households with solar-heated water than does the United States. Five years after its founding, SERI still occupies leased buildings in Golden; it has spent more than $350 million.

If SERI is an institute without a mission, the Solar Heating and Cooling program (SHAC) is a mission that could hardly have been accomplished. Space and water heating with solar energy is easy enough: solar heat stored in liquids is simply transferred to the air or water. Cooling is another matter, because heat energy must be transformed into mechanical energy to produce cool air. The problems involved in this transformation are bound up in a fundamental of thermodynamics called Carnot's principle. Nicolas Léonard Sadi Carnot, a nineteenth-century Frenchman, analyzed the relationship between the amount of heat energy put into a heat engine and the amount of mechanical energy that the engine can produce. Carnot's principle says that the greater the difference between the heat going into a machine and the heat expelled as exhaust, the more efficient the machine. The idea of an air-conditioner that can transform a small amount of heat into a large amount of cold air contradicts Carnot's principle. So engineers are stuck. If they design a collector of practical cost, it won't gather enough heat to satisfy the demand of an air-conditioner. If they try to increase the amount of solar heat that can be collected for air-conditioning, the collector will be larger and more expensive than the job warrants.

The SHAC program spent $280 million, most of it on trying to buck Carnot's law. One of the program's harshest critics is a former deputy division director, Jimmie Dollard, who now sells residential solar heating and hot-water systems in Denver. "There was never any hope that solar air-conditioning would work," says Dollard, "and a simple engineering and economic analysis on one sheet of paper could have told you that." But SHAC boosters, many of them companies already in the air-conditioning business, continually overlooked these "very obvious, very simple analyses," he says. "The systems were impossible to build," Dollard says, "and even if you could have built them, you could never have found a repairman who could fix one." A lot of the projects were well managed, he says, but were crippled from the start by basic thermodynamic inefficiencies. Others worked, but were so expensive that they would never be bought by the public.

HIGH-TECHNOLOGY SOLAR research is dominated by military/aerospace companies, which were awarded most of the government's contracts in the early years of the program. The DOE solar program was gearing up as the space program was winding down. Aerospace companies moved naturally into solar research, in what some observers have described as a social-welfare program for out-of-work space scientists. Gus Hutchison, president and founder of Solar Kinetics, a Dallas-based solar-collector company, watched the transition with little enthusiasm. Hutchison maintains that aerospace dominance not only made the solar program more expensive but inhibited the projects from becoming commercially successful. Aerospace firms, in his view, are masters of the "cost-plus-fixed-fee," or CPFF, contract, a convention of the defense business that allows firms to bid on government work for what it costs them plus a fixed amount of profit. He maintains that having their costs paid induces contractors to inflate those costs—to operate at a higher overhead than would be profitable under other circumstances.

People inside and outside the aerospace industry concede that defense firms had a better chance of obtaining government solar contracts than others because they knew how to write government proposals. In many cases, the aerospace contractors knew the government officials who were awarding the contracts. These circumstances tended to shut others out of the market, particularly those contractors derided as "the granola bunch" because their roots were in the counterculture. Their solutions to solar problems were often simpler and less costly than those of the aerospace industry, because they were based on the assumption that solar energy is best used to heat residential water. The granola bunch criticized DOE spending not only because it shut them out but because it often applied missile-grade technology to simple water heating, in a classic case of technological overkill; early solar projects routinely called for hardware built to military specifications.

Today the DOE evaluates some of its simplest projects as its most successful. The flat plate collectors that heat residential water are consistently mentioned as among the nation's most workable solar efforts. Another frequently praised solar "device" is not a device at all but a design. Passive design—the use of heat-storage walls, greenhouses, skylights, earth insulation, and double-wall construction—simply changes the architecture of houses and other buildings to emphasize the heating properties of the sun. Both of these ideas were originally pushed hard by the granola bunch.

Hutchison is neither a member of the granola bunch nor an aerospace technician; he is a physicist. He says that the government has tended to "overtechnologize" and to "overbuild." He cites a kind of reflective glass specified in one government contract. Specially hardened and treated, it is 94 percent reflec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

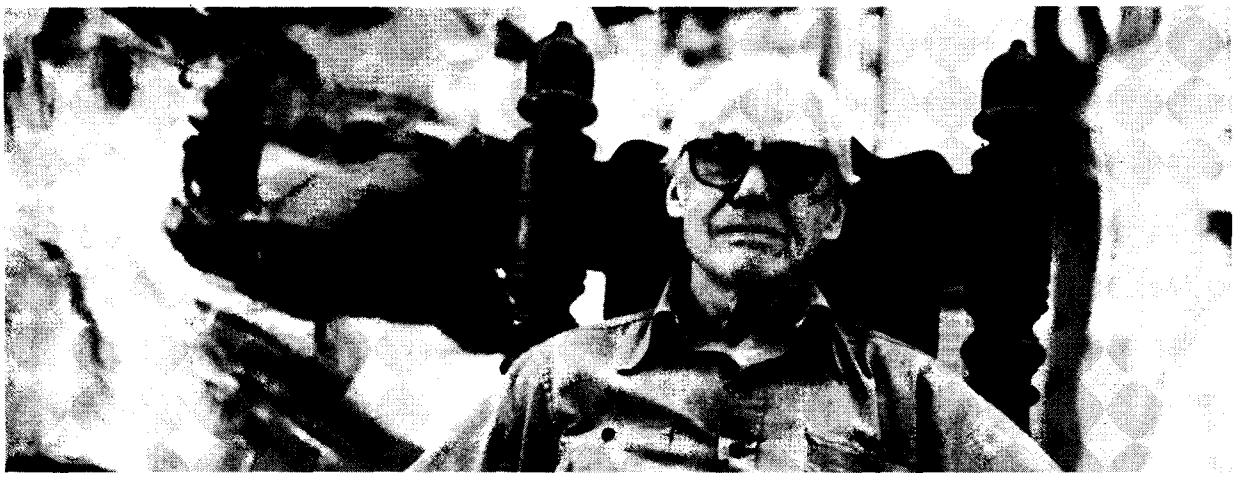
tive, but its cost is very high, $8.50 per square foot. He wanted to use a glass that has about the same properties—it is 92 percent reflective—but costs just $1.50 per square foot. The government prevailed, and the system was built with the more expensive glass. The yield was a 2 percent improvement in reflectivity at five and a half times the cost. "Their design goals aimed at theoretical performance instead of cost," he says. "If theirs looks like a space ship but costs twice as much, who's going to win? Ours may not be as glamorous, but it works at half the price, and the objective is low-cost energy."

Hutchison's criticism has unusual authority, because his solar business is a commercial success in a world where few companies have survived without government money. His main product is a trough collector, a curved parabolic mirror that has a tube suspended over its focal point. The trough tracks the sun's rise in the sky during the day, using the sun to heat liquid in the suspended tube. The liquid can be made into steam for industrial process-heat or to make electricity. With tax credits, he says, he can deliver a solar-energy system to industry that is cost competitive with a natural-gas system. Hutchison says: "The aerospace firms haven't done that. They never wanted to. All they wanted was to skim the cream off the government money and then get out. They'll go on building airplanes and abandon solar technology. No one will be left to build the products for the public."

AEROSPACE FIRMS HAVE had difficulty bridging the gap between building high-technology solar devices and marketing them. Most aerospace companies do not have large staffs to market large numbers of solar devices, nor do they have a talent for mass-marketing; they have never had to sell missiles the way General Motors has had to sell cars. Some firms that have developed solar technologies for the government, notably Boeing and Martin Marietta, are now vigorously marketing their hardware. As for scores of others that found their footing in the era of heavy federal spending, Mr. Loope, of the SEIA, says, "They will have a hard time staying around."

Aerospace companies and the DOE defend their approach to solar energy, however. The cost-plus contract is a necessity in an undeveloped, high-risk field such as solar energy, they say. Only by underwriting the risk in new technologies could the government tempt companies to enter solar research and development. They point out that the multi-disciplinary teams of materials specialists, physicists, and engineers necessary for solar research are unique to the aerospace industry, that military contractors suffer considerable overhead costs in maintaining these teams, and that the companies are justified in charging those costs to solar programs. If designs to military specifications prevailed, it was owing more to custom than to willful overdesign. One hears also that there was a frantic desire on the part of many researchers to make devices that succeeded: the defense scientists, in particular, had spent their working lives finding ways of blowing people up; the solar program was their chance actually to do some good, so they put everything they had into it.

Glen Brandvold says that, given the



de Kooning ON de KOONING

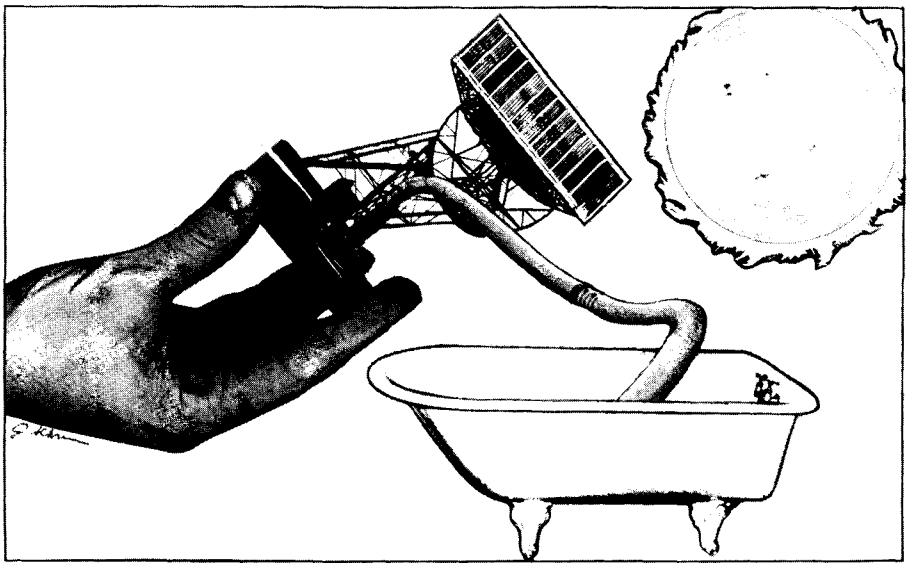
is a one-hour film portrait of Willem de Kooning, one of America's most important living artists. In a rare collaboration with the filmmakers, this probing and intimate encounter concludes with a spellbinding sequence of the artist painting in his studio.

"...THE MOVIE WILL APPEAR TO BE A KIND OF MINOR MIRACLE. ITS USEFULNESS, ITS POIGNANCE, IS CERTAIN TO INCREASE IN DECADES TO COME." - PAUL RICHARDS, THE WASHINGTON POST

Check local PBS listings for time and station.

A Cort Production Presented by KERA-TV, Dallas Made possible by grants from Masco Corporation and ARCO Atlantic Richfield Company © 1982 C.P.I.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DOE's deadlines, political pressures, and organizational confusion, most of the solar projects worked better than they should have. Brandvold emphasizes that the solar budget has come and gone in under ten years; no coherent federal program existed until 1977, and by 1980 the budget was already being dismantled. The cycle has taken a fraction of the time that industries have spent historically to develop new technologies—less time than it would take for a high school student to enter college, choose solar technology as a field of study, and graduate with an advanced degree.

Despite the shortcomings of JPL, SERI, and the SHAC program (the three together have spent more than $650 million), solar-energy research has yielded marketable systems. The evidence for this comes from overseas. Several foreign companies are producing systems of American design in their own countries for sale on the world market. The legislation that gave the DOE its solar seed money specified that the technologies developed in demonstration projects would be available to any company that could profit from them. Foreign firms have gained access to that information and have used it, often with the aid of generous tax incentives from their own governments, to compete with American companies for global business. For example, both MANN, a German solar firm, and MZT, a Yugoslavian solar company, have taken advantage of data gathered in the American program to further their solar efforts. Luz Engineering, an Israeli company, studied American designs extensively before producing a design of its own and now Luz is vigorously selling its solar trough collectors in the United States.

IN THE EARLY 1970s, the city fathers of Crosbyton, a community of 2,200 people in the high plains of Texas near Lubbock, realized that they soon would not be able to afford to make municipal electricity with high-priced natural gas. They went to Texas Tech University, then to a company in Dallas called E-Systems, for help in finding a solution. The eventual result was a mirrored bowl sixty-five feet in diameter, which sits in a cotton field near town today. The bowl breaks with solar convention in that instead of moving with the sun to collect heat, it has a moving receiver that tracks the sun's reflection inside the bowl itself. The idea is to reduce the number of moving parts. The bowl produces steam, as it was designed to do.

The DOE paid for the prototype bowl; now Crosbyton wants government money to build ten more bowls, each of them 200 feet in diameter. As a system, the bowl is not as efficient as other solar devices, but its builders maintain that it will be less expensive. Without more bowls, Crosbyton will have to begin another renewable energy scheme, so the city fathers have made dozens of trips to Washington to plead for continued funding. That kind of political initiative may keep Crosbyton's project and others alive even as the solar budget is cut, but it will not resolve the economic stalemate that now obstructs solar enterprise. Manufacturers are not confident that an assembly-line industry can exist without more government help. And so long as the systems remain in the prototype stage, where they must be designed and built more or less from scratch, customers such as the city of Crosbyton won't be able to afford the systems without government help.

The Solar Energy Industries Association says that if the DOE budget is cut as deeply as has been proposed, the industry will suffer drastically. According to the trade group, American solar firms will have to absorb $500 million worth of research-and-development costs if the cuts are made, and Japanese, German, French, and Israeli solar manufacturers will advance in solar markets here and abroad as a result. That argument, however, ignores the reality that America's technology is already regarded as the best and that the task now is not to develop the ideas but to make them into salable hardware. Major solar manufacturers did know that the "federal sugar daddy would leave someday," as one engineer puts it, but the government's exodus is coming sooner than expected. Companies are scrambling to make unfinished prototypes work, and to sell the working products they already have on the shelf. Many see foreign countries, especially Arab oil-producing nations, as their best prospects.

Solar companies are anxious about presidential policies on tax credits and gas deregulation. Most companies with products on the market depend on solar tax credits to make the high capitalization costs of solar systems affordable; without the credits, fuels that are more expensive than solar power over the long run will still be the energy sources of choice. The Reagan Administration attempted to repeal the solar tax credit last fall and failed because of strong opposition in Congress. If the administration is unsuccessful at repealing the credit again, solar manufacturers may gain the foothold they need. Accelerated deregulation of natural gas, another energy option open to the Reagan Administration, would also help solar energy. As the cost of natural gas goes up, the economics of solar becomes more attractive. Aside from these contingencies, there is the reality of oil prices, which got solar research started in the first place. On that score, the solar industry is unanimous: what solar energy really needs is another oil embargo.

—Byron Harris

Byron Harris is a reporter for WFAA-TV in Dallas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

20¢ CAN GET YOU THE SECRETS OF LIFE.

(AND PROPERTY AND CASUALTY)

Fine is the print of the insurance policy. With language so complex it can confound the most dedicated scholar.

The problem is that all of that dense, fine print may conceal gaps in your coverage.

Gaps which you may not discover. Until after fire devastates your home. Or your TV is stolen. Or your car gets smacked up.

And then, surprise! You find out you're not covered. Or that the coverage you have is not enough. And you are partly to blame.

The unfortunate truth is nobody has a bigger responsibility for protecting yourself and your property than you. Your insurance company and your agent are there to help but you have to know what kind of help to ask for.

To get the right answers, you have to ask the right questions. The companies of the Utica National Insurance Group have prepared a very special series of booklets that explain the secrets of life, property and casualty insurance.

They're written in easy-to-understand plain English. So you get the information you need to get the coverage you need.

What's more, they're free. Just write us. Or call your independent agent who represents the companies of the Utica National Group. (He's listed in the Yellow Pages.) Because he's an experienced professional, you can ask him questions. And because he's independent, not bound to any one company, you'll get straight answers.

Your independent agent will work with you to get you the insurance that meets your needs. Not the sales objective of some insurance company.

Whether you like it or not, insurance is a fact of life. Which is why knowing the facts of life, property and casualty insurance now can save you a lot of money and a lot of aggravation later.

UTICA NATIONAL INSURANCE GROUP

INSURANCE THAT STARTS WITH YOU.

Member companies: Utica Mutual Insurance Company, Graphic Arts Mutual Insurance Company, Utica National Life Insurance Company, Utica National Insurance Company of Texas. Principal Office: New Hartford, N.Y.
© Utica Mutual Insurance Company 1982
Utica Mutual Insurance Company, 180 Genesee St., Dept. A3, New Hartford, N.Y. 13413

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beyond headlines.

THE MACNEIL-LEHRER REPORT

with correspondent
Charlayne Hunter-Gault

Robert MacNeil and Jim Lehrer don't condense the news into a series of brief reports. They examine one story a night—presenting a timely, probing, authoritative report that both explores and informs.

AT&T and your local Bell System company are proud to help underwrite this incomparable news program.

If you want a better understanding of what's going on in the world around you, watch The MacNeil-Lehrer Report tonight on PBS. Check your local listings for time and channel.

Co-produced by WNET/THIRTEEN, New York and WETA/Washington, D.C. Made possible by grants from Exxon, the Bell System and member stations of PBS.

Bell System

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KISSINGER AND NIXON IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY SEYMOUR M. HERSH

Seymour M. Hersh, a former correspondent for The New York Times, *won the Pulitzer Prize for international reporting in 1970, for his revelation of the massacre at My Lai, in South Vietnam. He is the winner of virtually every major journalism award, including the George Polk Award, which he has received four times—more than any other reporter in the history of the Polk Awards. His new book, which will be published early next year by Summit, is a history of Henry Kissinger's service as national security adviser to Richard Nixon, during Nixon's first term. The article below is drawn from that book; it deals with White House wiretapping activities and with the White House internal-security unit known as the Plumbers. A second* Atlantic *article by Mr. Hersh, to be published later this year, will be concerned with one aspect of the Nixon–Kissinger foreign policy during Nixon's first term.*

I. THE WIRETAPS

ROGER MORRIS QUICKLY WON HENRY A. KISSINGER'S trust in the early months of the Nixon presidency. Not only was he a good friend of Lawrence S. Eagleburger, who had emerged, after Colonel Alexander M. Haig, Jr., as Kissinger's closest confidant among the staff members of the National Security Council, but he was also bright, articulate, and appropriately caustic for a thirty-one-year-old Harvard Ph.D. at work in the White House. Morris's responsibility was primarily for African affairs, and his memos on the situation in Nigeria—where the federal government was waging a bitter civil war with Biafran separatists—had impressed both Kissinger and Nixon.

It was not surprising, then, that Morris was asked by Eagleburger to sit in Kissinger's office and "cover" it one weekend day sometime in the late spring of 1969. Haig, who usually worked seven days a week, had rare time off, and Eagleburger had an appointment outside the White House and needed relief. Kissinger was spending the weekend in New York at his parents' home—a trip that, in those early days, he often made.

Morris literally moved into Kissinger's office that day. At one point during the quiet morning, a courier from the Federal Bureau of Investigation came in and left a sealed envelope for Kissinger. Morris brooded about the highly classified document. The courier had explained that the letter contained "very urgent" material. Should he call Henry? Morris could imagine Kissinger's angry impatience at his caution: "Idiot! Of course open it." And so he opened it.

The envelope was from J. Edgar Hoover—for Kissinger's "Eyes Only." "It was this long, detailed account of Martin Luther King's sex life," Morris says. "There were transcripts"—obviously from wiretaps—"and indications that photographs were available." Some of the women with Dr. King had apparently been FBI informants. Morris was appalled.

A few hours later—sometime after lunch—Morris was

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND

PROQUEST.COM.LIBRARY.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

joined by Larry Eagleburger, and Morris quickly showed him the FBI documents. "I was speaking as an old friend and as a Foreign Service colleague and I said, 'This is absolutely scurrilous stuff.' "

"Larry just glanced at the first page or two, with the ho-hum attitude of an aide reading a telephone directory, and said, 'Oh, yeah, we get these all the time.' " Eagleburger then went to a nearby file cabinet, opened it, and pulled out Hoover files on members of the NSC staff, including Morton H. Halperin, who had worked in the Pentagon in the Johnson Administration. Files were being kept on Martin Luther King (who had been slain the previous year), Eagleburger told his distressed colleague, "to blunt the black anti-war movement." Morris was not reassured, but kept his peace.

In the beginning, morale was high among the newly recruited members of Henry Kissinger's National Security Council staff, who felt themselves to be a hand-picked elite assembled not as a result of post-election patronage but solely on the basis of their expertise. Many, such as Roger Morris, were Democrats and former members of the Johnson Administration's National Security Council who viscerally disliked Richard Nixon, but Kissinger had been persuasive in insisting that his staff would be above politics. Bureaucratic life in the last years of the Johnson Administration had been stifling—the White House's foreign policy had been intertwined with the Vietnam War to the exclusion of nearly all other issues. This would change, Kissinger assured his staff. There would be an open system, in which all foreign-policy issues would be analyzed and reviewed and then presented to the President, with options, for his decision. There would be a fresh approach to resolving the Vietnam War and—so Nixon and Kissinger assured their aides—settlement of that exhausting and divisive issue within the year. In fact, nothing would change, because Nixon and Kissinger were obsessed not with opening the system to new ideas but with seizing control of it.

HENRY KISSINGER HAD ENTERED THE WHITE House on Inauguration Day with immense power and no illusions about its source. He understood that his authority would never be disputed as long as he kept his sole client—Richard Nixon—pleased. Kissinger had loyally supported and endorsed Nixon's decision in late February to begin secretly bombing Cambodia with B-52 aircraft from the Strategic Air Command. The bombs were to be reported, even inside the military chain of command, as having fallen in South Vietnam. In April, Kissinger had been among those advocating extreme measures against North Korea when a North Korean aircraft shot down an unarmed Navy electronic-intelligence plane, known as an EC-121, ninety miles off the Korean coast, killing all thirty-one crew members aboard. His loyalty and his toughness in those incidents had strengthened his position, but by the end of April, 1969, the President still seemed unwilling, or unable, to isolate Melvin R. Laird, the secretary of defense, and William P. Rogers, the secretary of state, from White House decision-making.

Sharing his foreign-policy authority with Laird and Rogers inevitably made Kissinger insecure—and this insecurity never really went away while he was in the White House. Being Jewish didn't help. There is no evidence that Kissinger was an anti-Semitic Jew or was in any way ashamed of his Jewishness. But being Jewish was a chink in his armor—a vulnerability that could threaten his position. Nixon clearly viewed Kissinger's Jewishness as a drawback, at least during the early years of his presidency. Immediately after taking office, he assigned all responsibility for the Middle East to William Rogers. It would be the only area of such responsibility for Rogers.

There were days when Nixon would directly castigate liberal Jews in front of Kissinger. "Nixon would talk about Jewish traitors, and the eastern Jewish establishment—Jews at Harvard," senior presidential aide John D. Ehrlichman recalls. "And he'd play off Kissinger. 'Isn't that right, Henry? Don't you agree?' And Henry would respond: 'Well, Mr. President—there are Jews and Jews.'" When Jerome B. Wiesner, former science adviser to the Kennedy Administration, criticized Nixon's decision, in March of 1969, to deploy a limited antiballistic-missile system, Ehrlichman says, Nixon angrily denounced Wiesner in front of Kissinger as "another one of those Jews."

That spring, Morton Halperin quickly became a dominant concern in the White House. During the last years of the Johnson Administration, Halperin had been a marked man to senior military men in the Pentagon—most notably to Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—for his role in turning around the government's policy on Vietnam. Wheeler was later among the first to complain to Kissinger after Halperin joined the NSC staff. Senator Barry Goldwater also complained, in a letter sent April 22, 1969, to John Mitchell, the attorney general. Goldwater described Halperin as among those who "made it so hard for the military to operate in the Pentagon by their strategic papers which were forced down the throats of the Joint Chiefs and Commanders."

Hoover, too, repeatedly expressed doubts about Halperin's loyalty; among other things, he told the White House, Halperin had once sponsored a Vietnam War teach-in at Harvard. Kissinger knew better, of course. Halperin had sponsored the teach-in as a *supporter* of the war. He had been among those advocating a strong military response to the North Korean attack on the Navy spy plane; he had helped set up a newly revised National Security Council system that had provided Nixon and Kissinger with immense personal control over the bureaucracy; his advice on issues ranging from strategic-disarmament talks to the Vietnam War was superb; he was a tireless worker who believed that the Nixon Administration was committed to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

getting out of Vietnam. Throughout the spring of 1969, Halperin repeatedly praised the Nixon–Kissinger team to his friends in Washington and Boston. He was not disloyal.

But Hoover and Mitchell and Goldwater and Nixon thought he was, and so Kissinger began to savage Halperin behind his back. John Ehrlichman later testified about taking notes, as was his custom, on conversations between Kissinger and Nixon in the Oval Office that spring. The men were discussing possible leakers of information, and Mort Halperin was prominently cited by Kissinger, Ehrlichman said, "as being singularly untrustworthy." Ehrlichman added, "I gathered from the context of the conversation that Dr. Kissinger knew him, knew him quite well." During the conversations, Kissinger depicted Halperin as "philosophically in disagreement" with the President on matters of policy. Ehrlichman said that it was his impression that Halperin did more than merely disapprove of the Nixon–Kissinger decisions: "I gather that he sabotaged them."

THE WHITE HOUSE WIRETAPS WERE INITIATED ON May 9, a few hours after the publication, on page one of *The New York Times*, of a highly accurate dispatch from Washington revealing the B-52 bombing of Cambodia, by William Beecher, a military correspondent. Beecher's dispatch did not describe the excessive secrecy and fraudulent record-keeping involved in the bombing, but it did report that the missions were designed to "signal" North Vietnam that the Nixon Administration would be tougher and far more willing to take military risks for peace than previous administrations had been. Kissinger spoke with Hoover four times on May 9, asking him to find the leakers and declaring, according to a Hoover memorandum, that the White House "will destroy whoever did this if we can find him, no matter where he is."

Later, in attempting to deny responsibility for initiating the wiretaps, Kissinger told newsmen that he had met on the day of the article's publication with Mitchell, Hoover, and Nixon to discuss newspaper leaks. He subsequently changed that account and said that the meeting had taken place, according to his less-than-precise office logs, on April 25, in the Oval Office. In all of his comments and testimony about the wiretapping, Kissinger depicted himself as a passive participant in the decision, made by his superiors, to begin the surveillance. "I can say that the idea that this was not common practice or that this was in any sense illegal simply never crossed my mind," he told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in September of 1973. In *White House Years*, the first volume of his memoirs, Kissinger provided a further explanation: his motive in going along with the wiretapping "was to prevent the jeopardizing of American and South Vietnamese lives by individuals . . . who disclosed military information entrusted to them in order to undermine policies decided upon after prayerful consideration . . ."

In truth, the May 9 Beecher article simply provided the rationale for installing the wiretaps; it was a catalyst, not the major factor. Kissinger and Nixon were equally—if not more—concerned about a series of leaks in late April and early May regarding some of the hard-line options that had been discussed after the downing of the Navy's EC-121 reconnaissance plane. On May 6, three days before the B-52 story, William Beecher had published a detailed and accurate account of some of the secret deliberations during the EC-121 crisis. Beecher revealed that Nixon and Kissinger had considered B-52 bombing raids against airfields in North Korea as well as the use of nuclear weapons. Amazingly, the Beecher account was not considered an important story by other newspapers or by radio and television, although it flatly contradicted the White House's public version that Nixon and Kissinger had calmly and coolly decided not to take action. Late in the afternoon on May 5, according to Hoover's office calendar, Kissinger visited the FBI Director at the Justice Department; the meeting was undoubtedly linked to Beecher's report, to be published in the next morning's *Times*, which would tell the nation that the men in the White House were talking war, not peace.

For Nixon and Kissinger, the May 6 Beecher account may have brought additional chills, for they could not be sure how much the *Times* reporter knew about one of the truly important secrets of the EC-121 crisis. Did he know that Nixon had become quite drunk early in the crisis?

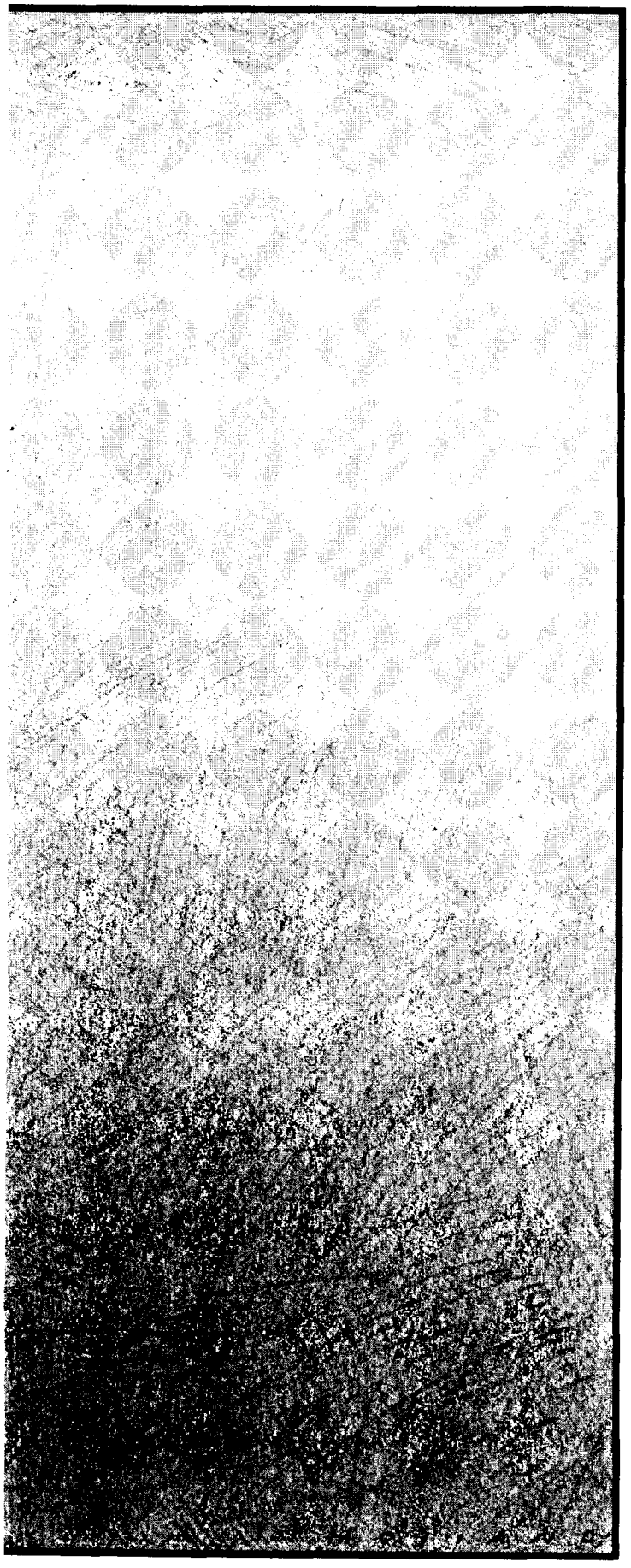
Nixon's drinking had yet to be perceived as a significant problem for Kissinger and his immediate staff, and the incident was quickly hushed. Halperin, for one, was not told. Larry Eagleburger kept a standing lunch date with an old friend that first week after the EC-121 shootdown and was obviously upset. "Here's the President of the United States, ranting and raving—drunk in the middle of the crisis," the shaken Eagleburger told his friend.

There were other secrets to protect, too. Both Nixon and Kissinger knew by early May that if the North Vietnamese did not respond to the administration's offer of mutual withdrawal, to be presented formally at the Paris peace talks and to the American public within days, the response would be escalation of the war. And Kissinger knew, too, that Halperin's support of the administration's policy in Vietnam was based on what Halperin thought that policy was, and not on what Nixon and Kissinger knew it would be. The same held for Halperin's dovish colleagues on the National Security Council staff.

Another factor in the increasing discord in the White House was Alexander Haig, who had been chosen by Kissinger as his military aide. As a certified hard-liner on Vietnam, Haig had little use for the NSC moderates' doubts and concerns about the war. Halperin was a special target, not only because of his role in the Johnson Administration but also because of his closeness to Kissinger. "Halperin was the early once-and-future menace—for everybody," Roger Morris observes. "In essence, everyone

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



believed that Mort was doing what in fact Haig did—moving in on Henry. Nobody gave Haig any credit for moving in."

Al Haig was immensely popular with the young, bright, and ambitious Kissinger aides when he first joined the NSC staff. He was not viewed as an intellectual threat—his first assignment was the routine task of preparing the President's daily intelligence summary—and the Army colonel struck most of his colleagues as open and self-effacing. He laughed easily, held his gin well, and had a lively, scatological wit. Along with handling the daily intelligence summaries, Haig had access to the vast number of private, back-channel messages from Kissinger's office to American officials throughout the world. He saw, as few other NSC staffers could, the enormity of the foreign-policy takeover that Kissinger and Nixon were trying to accomplish by side-stepping William Rogers and Melvin Laird. As an excellent bureaucrat, he knew that more power for Kissinger meant more power for him.

None of the NSC members, in scores of interviews many years later, were quite sure how Al Haig did it, but within months he managed to become indispensable to Henry Kissinger. His loyalty was astonishing: Haig seemingly worked all the time—every day, every night, every weekend—ensuring that the flow of documents in and out of Kissinger's chaotic office was uninterrupted. And Haig was no minor-league courtier; he had learned from his days as an aide-de-camp and in the Pentagon the art of flattering a superior in a way that put him at ease.

Others on the staff—ever sensitive to the bureaucratic pecking order—soon came to realize that Haig's aggressiveness and assertiveness were being encouraged and countenanced by his patron, Henry Kissinger. For Kissinger, Haig's very presence in his outer office served as a way of demonstrating to the senior military men in the Pentagon and to the hawks in Congress and on the President's staff that Kissinger was reliable. "Haig was the guy Henry could point to," one former NSC staff man recalls, "and say, 'If I were a Harvard liberal, a left-wing kook, would I have Al Haig working for me?' He was Henry's insurance policy."

Haig was that, but there was much more. As Richard L. Sneider, Kissinger's aide for East Asian affairs, recalls, "Haig moved in on Henry and he moved in from the very beginning. First of all, he was Henry's butler and his chauffeur. Henry never knew the kind of perks that could be arranged—private planes for trips to New York for dinner, limousines—and he loved it. Haig also was very shrewd politically where Henry was naive. He was advising Henry at first on how to handle Haldeman and Ehrlichman. When Henry had to wear a white tie and tails for his first White House dinner, it was Haig who went to Henry's house and helped him dress for the first time."

Haig knew far more about wiretapping and the government procedures involved than did anyone else in the White House; he had been exposed to FBI wiretap materi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

als while working as a special assistant in the Pentagon in the early 1960s, and had struck up a friendship then with William C. Sullivan, a senior Hoover assistant who was in charge of FBI domestic intelligence activities.

Wiretapping NSC aides was a dirty business, and everybody in the White House and the FBI knew it. Kissinger's method of handling it was simple: he put Haig in charge. It was Haig who, over the next two years, would formally transmit the names of NSC staff members and reporters to be wiretapped. It was Haig who repeatedly went to William Sullivan's office in the FBI to read the wiretap transcripts and summaries. It was Haig who, nearly two years later, transmitted the final order to curtail the surveillances.

It was Haig, too, who gave Kissinger his basic alibi for his role in the wiretapping. "I would not say that I ever said to the FBI, Please tap this individual," Kissinger told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in July of 1974. "My perception is that I would not have said anything to the FBI. That was done by Haig. I would have said to Haig, We have had this leak, give the names of the people who had access to the information."

Haig seemed truly to enjoy the snooping. In subsequent years, he constantly checked up on younger staff members to ensure that they did not meet with journalists. One junior NSC official recalled being braced by Haig for not getting clearance in advance for one such lunch. The conversation was rattling and left a distinct impression that Big Brother was always watching.

Haig seemed to have no ambivalence about what he was doing. In 1973, just before the White House wiretaps became a Watergate issue, he told me: "I have absolutely no apologies to make. The wiretaps for the purposes were justified and anyone who claims otherwise is not filled in." It was as if the National Security Council were an Army boot camp, and the men working for Henry Kissinger were recruits with no right to privacy, aides-de-camp who could be subjected to a dressing-down from an officer at any time. If Henry Kissinger did not fully share that attitude, he at least condoned it.

The wiretaps did not stay secret very long. In June, Roger Morris decided to visit Larry Eagleburger, who had fallen ill with tension and overwork, at the Washington Hospital Center. "He was lying there as we talked," Morris recalls. "Tears welled up in his eyes and he said, 'Don't say anything on your phone. You're being tapped.'" Eagleburger also confided that Halperin was finished in the White House.

Morris may have been the first to know, but within weeks the word was out: Halperin was being wiretapped, and he was in trouble. So were two other liberal NSC aides, Daniel I. Davidson and Richard M. Moose. The messenger was Al Haig. Halperin's demise pleased Laurence E. Lynn, a former Pentagon analyst who had joined Kissinger's staff and immediately engaged in a running battle with Halperin over control of the NSC studies on the SALT talks; both men were constantly passing memorandums to Kissinger without informing each other. At one point, Lynn was offered another spot in the Nixon Administration and—not being an amateur in the ways of bureaucracy—sought to pass the word to Kissinger through Haig. Haig immediately made it clear that Halperin was on the way out, Lynn recalls. Halperin was in trouble with the President and with Senator Barry Goldwater, Haig said, and was being "monitored." Lynn, who understood what Haig meant, stayed on the job.

Early that summer, Davidson, who also was a holdover from the Johnson Administration, left the White House after a talk with Haig, and word quickly filtered through the staff that Davidson had been caught leaking on a wiretap. Larry Eagleburger added to the rumors in these weeks by confiding to Roger Morris that Halperin's name had shown up on an intercept by the National Security Agency of a Japanese Embassy transmission. The NSA reported that Halperin had been discussing sensitive negotiations over the future status of Okinawa with Japanese officials in Washington, who had cabled the conversation to their foreign office in Tokyo. Morris got the impression from Eagleburger that the White House could have made a case against Halperin for treason. (Halperin acknowledges holding private talks with the Japanese; such talks, he says, were also held during the Johnson Administration, and were always considered to be part of the normal bargaining process.) By midsummer, too, Moose, a Foreign Service officer who was known to be a dove on Vietnam, was reported to be on his way out. Moose had spent five months in 1966 on a congressional fellowship program in the office of Senator J. William Fulbright, the Arkansas Democrat who was chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—and Richard Nixon's instant enemy. Moose also had run afoul of Haig, who viewed Fulbright—so he told Moose—as a "traitor" to the United States.

Sometime in June, W. Anthony Lake, a young Foreign Service officer, arrived from a sabbatical at Princeton University to replace the stricken Eagleburger as Kissinger's special assistant. There was an immediate change in the office outside Kissinger's office, in the cramped White House basement quarters. Al Haig moved to Eagleburger's desk, a few feet from Kissinger's private office, and Lake slipped into the desk vacated by Haig. The significance of the shift was not lost on the NSC staff, whose members knew that Haig was getting close to the job many wanted—that of deputy. Lake later revealed to the Watergate Special Prosecution Force that within months he had become aware of the wiretapping and had also begun to suspect that wiretap transcripts were being kept in a top-secret safe in the Situation Room in the basement of the White House. The safe, designed for the storage of the nation's nuclear-targeting materials, as well as the codes to activate and arm America's nuclear weapons, was under twenty-four-hour guard.

Lake and Morris, fellow Foreign Service officers, even-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tually became close friends, and it wasn't long before Lake shared his suspicions about the Situation Room safe.

Over the next two years, a number of personal aides would rotate in and out of Kissinger's immediate office; all quickly learned that the White House was wiretapping some of its aides.

KISSINGER QUICKLY SEIZED UPON THE WIRETAPS, not only as a way of proving anew his loyalty to Nixon but also as a means of verifying the personal loyalty of his own staff. Equally important, the wiretapping would enable Kissinger and Nixon to monitor the loyalty of Secretary of Defense Laird.

Inside the National Security Council the hatred for Laird and his military assistant, Air Force Colonel Robert Pursley, was palpable. In late April of 1969, Kissinger had been infuriated by the refusal of Laird and Pursley to go along with the White House plans for military retaliation in North Korea after the EC-121 shootdown. There were other serious disagreements on policy issues—including nuclear-disarmament talks and the administration's Vietnamization plans. Laird still insisted, to Kissinger's outrage, on making the decisions as to when and where American troops would be withdrawn from South Vietnam. "Cutting out Mel Laird is what we did for a living," Larry Lynn says. "Henry used to joke about Laird's horrible syntax. He'd let us listen in on their conversations and Henry would predict accurately what Laird was going to say and then make gestures and smirk at us as they talked." Another senior NSC aide has recalled, with a laugh, "For a long time, I thought Laird's last name was 'crook.' 'Mel Laird's a crook,' Henry would always say."

Haig's attitude was similar. Charles M. Cooke, Jr., a former Pentagon official who joined the staff of Elliot L. Richardson, then an undersecretary of state, recalled a lunch later in 1969 with Al Haig in the White House mess. It was his first meeting with Haig, who initiated the conversation by reminiscing about his relationship with Cooke's father, a four-star admiral who had briefed General Douglas MacArthur's staff in Japan before the Korean War. Haig was then a junior officer on the MacArthur staff. It began as a pleasant conversation, Cooke recalls. "I didn't know much about Haig. Then he starts telling me what a traitor Mel Laird is. Haig said, 'He's a traitor to the country and will destroy the Armed Forces.'" The appalled Cooke said nothing as Haig continued to rail. "Haig said Laird was trying to destroy our capability to destroy our enemies and our capability to hit North Vietnam," Cooke recalls. One specific complaint stood out, he says; Haig cited Laird's effort to recall the Air Force's F-105 fighter-bombers from duty over North Vietnam because of the planes' high loss rate in combat. A similar proposal had been debated hotly in the Johnson Administration.

Haig's complaint stood out because Cooke, who had been a major in the Air Force and had taught at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs for years, agreed with Laird's view. After lunch, Cooke says, "my decision was that I could not deal with Al Haig—and I never did deal with him again."

It is only against this background of distrust and intrigue that the earliest group of White House wiretaps can be assessed. The first man to be wiretapped was Halperin, whose home telephone was under surveillance shortly after 6 P.M. on the evening of May 9, three days before Attorney General Mitchell formally signed the FBI authorization for the tap. Three other wiretaps—on Dan Davidson, Helmut Sonnenfeldt, and Bob Pursley—were installed on May 12. (Sonnenfeldt, a Soviet specialist, had known Kissinger for many years and had been among the first to be invited to join the NSC staff.) On May 20, NSC staff members Richard Sneider and Dick Moose, the former Fulbright aide, were wiretapped.

Haig, with his simplistic view that those who were against the war were enemies of the state, may indeed have believed that the taps were a necessity. But Kissinger knew better. For him, the wiretaps provided a security blanket, more proof to Nixon, Hoover, and Mitchell that he could be trusted. Kissinger was an ardent leaker himself and knew, as any senior national-security official in Washington quickly learns, what to say and what not to say on the telephone.

Halperin summed up the situation in an interview years after the wiretapping: "The notion that you can find out who's leaking and the notion—which Henry keeps putting forward—that you can prove that somebody was not leaking or exonerate somebody by tapping their phone is absolutely preposterous. I'm not going to come home at night and dial Bill Beecher and say, 'Hey, Bill, we're bombing Cambodia.' I'm sure the FBI knows that Beecher lives about ten minutes from me, and in that particular year we happened to have theater tickets together with our wives. We used to drive down to the Arena Stage [a Washington theater] together, and, obviously, if I was going to tell him anything, which I wasn't, I would have done so on a grassy knoll near the Arena Stage and not on the telephone. You just don't find out whether people are leaking by wiretapping, and I think they knew it, too."

The wiretap on Colonel Pursley must have been one of the most important ones to Kissinger. Kissinger and Nixon believed, and continued to believe throughout Nixon's first term, that Laird was constantly leaking stories in an effort

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to ingratiate himself with the press as a secret dove and to fight Kissinger's growing power. The other wiretaps served a multitude of purposes for Kissinger. To begin with, four of those tapped—Davidson, Halperin, Sneider, and Sonnenfeldt—were Jewish; tapping them not only played into the anti-Semitism in the Oval Office but also demonstrated that Kissinger was able to rise above his religious background, a point Kissinger needed to prove if he was to have any influence on Middle East policy. In addition, Davidson was considered to be a protégé of W. Averell Harriman, a senior Democratic statesman, and Kissinger, by agreeing to that wiretap, would have a new window on the Democratic establishment, a group that he was privately beseeching not to criticize the Nixon policies. And finally, and perhaps most important, the wiretaps on Moose, Sneider, Davidson, and Halperin would tell much about what those men—all known to favor a quickly negotiated settlement in Vietnam—thought of him.

On May 20—according to one of William Sullivan's memorandums to Hoover—Kissinger and Haig came to the FBI offices in downtown Washington to read wiretap logs. The Sullivan memorandum says: "On doing this, he [Kissinger] said 'it is clear that I don't have anybody in my office that I can trust except Colonel Haig here.' He mentioned that he was under great pressures to adopt a soft line on foreign policy. But he said he is not going to do so." Kissinger later denied making the visit, and Sullivan would testify that he had no recollection of it. But the memorandum, found in the FBI files during an inquiry into the wiretaps four years later, remains.

The next stage was to begin wiretapping newsmen. By September, Kissinger and Haig had forwarded the names of three—Henry Brandon, of *The London Sunday Times*, Marvin Kalb, of CBS News, and Hedrick Smith, of *The New York Times*—to the FBI. Brandon and Kalb were close to Kissinger and were direct recipients of many briefings and leaks. National security surely was not a rationale for the wiretaps on them, since Kissinger knew that he was the source of much of their classified information. J. Edgar Hoover had long considered Brandon, who was born in Czechoslovakia, to be an agent for the Czech and British intelligence services, and Richard Nixon and a group of aides in the White House were told by, of all people, Henry Kissinger, late in 1969, that Kalb was an agent of the Rumanian government.

Kissinger knew the allegations against Kalb and Brandon were preposterous. His interest in the wiretaps had nothing to do with such beliefs but was personal: he was playing to the President's prejudices in an effort to ingratiate himself further. He also wanted to learn the identities of Brandon's and Kalb's other sources in the government and perhaps to find out as well what the two reporters were saying behind his back. There was another reason, perhaps irresistible to the White House, for the Brandon wiretap: monitoring the private life of Senator Edward M. Kennedy. Brandon's wife, Mabel, was extremely friendly with Joan Kennedy, and many of their most intimate conversations were monitored by the FBI. (Not everything got to the White House, however. The Watergate prosecutors later learned that one highly personal discussion of Mrs. Kennedy's "problems with Teddy" was typed up and delivered to Courtland J. Jones, a supervisor in the FBI's Washington field office, for transmission to higher officials. Jones told the prosecutors that he destroyed the transcript instead of sending it to the White House. "I knew what those people would do with this stuff," he explained.) Brandon, who was one of the few reporters in Washington to have some access to Nixon, was also known to be talking to Halperin. The FBI had gone beyond mere wiretaps in the case; its agents were able to supply the White House with photographs of the two meeting for lunch in downtown Washington.

In his testimony to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Kissinger suggested that the wiretap on Brandon may have been aimed at him. "I must have been tapped frequently on that tap, because Brandon was the only journalist I knew socially when I came to Washington, and I spoke to him very frequently and I had no conceivable interest in tapping Brandon." There is no evidence, however, that Kissinger was a target of the FBI or of the Oval Office in those early months of the Nixon Administration. His close aides, such as Larry Eagleburger and Al Haig, were not wiretapped, although they, theoretically, also had access to the most sensitive information about the EC-121 incident and the B-52 bombings. And, as Kissinger also knew, Eagleburger was among those who had been leaking to favored columnists and reporters. By the spring of 1969, for example, Eagleburger had established rapport with Robert Novak, one of the authors of the widely syndicated Evans & Novak column, and, at Kissinger's direction, had begun passing along a series of leaks. "We called it 'feeding the animals,'" says Morris.

THE WIRETAP ON HEDRICK SMITH PROVIDES THE most evidence of Kissinger's direct role. The tap was authorized on June 4, 1969, the same day Smith reported in the *Times* that a summit meeting between Nixon and President Nguyen Van Thieu of South Vietnam—previously scheduled for June 8 at Midway Island—might result in an announcement that the number of American troops in Vietnam would be reduced. By that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

late date, however, the Nixon Administration's tentative decision to begin withdrawing American troops had been widely reported. Of perhaps more significance was Smith's exclusive dispatch in the *Times* of the day before revealing that Nixon was willing to return Okinawa to Japanese control and withdraw American nuclear weapons from the American bases there. Smith did not report, however, the essence of the bargain, which assured continued American use of the Okinawa bases. The Smith story was published six days after issuance of top-secret National Security Decision Memorandum Number 13 by the White House. "Our fallback position was thus in print before our negotiations had even begun," Kissinger complained in his memoirs. Nixon also singled out the Smith story for complaint in his memoirs.

On June 4, Kissinger had a previously scheduled meeting with Hoover at the FBI, and before it Haig, ever the alert deputy, presented his boss with a memorandum (marked "Top Secret—Sensitive") summarizing some of the issues to be discussed. Kissinger was first to express his appreciation to Hoover and William Sullivan "for their outstanding support in recent weeks in uncovering security problems within the NSC," Haig wrote. Kissinger was also to ask Hoover "for his views on how we should proceed with Halperin, who has been involved in indiscretions and who obviously has a reputation for liberal views but who has yet to be firmly linked with a security breach." Finally, Kissinger was to ask Hoover "if he has any additional information or guidance which he feels would be helpful in this very difficult situation."

There was one other problem, Haig's memorandum suggested. Nixon was seemingly having second thoughts about the wiretapping, and Haig urged Kissinger to "inquire about the requirement for prolonging the taps, making it clear that the President wishes to terminate them as soon as possible." Haig added that it was his opinion that the wiretaps on Halperin and another NSC staff member "should be kept on for at least another two weeks so that a pattern of innocence can be firmly established." In Halperin's case, the wiretaps remained on until February of 1971, a total of twenty-one months, more than enough time to prove his innocence.

After that meeting, about which no memorandums have been made public, William Sullivan authorized the Smith wiretap, specifically mentioning Kissinger as the official who made the request—the only time Kissinger was so named in the FBI's wiretap files. Sullivan wrote, "Today Dr. Kissinger requested that a telephone surveillance be placed on Hedrick Smith, who has been in contact with individuals on whom we have telephone coverage in this case." In his 1974 Senate testimony, Kissinger discussed an FBI report that Smith had been overheard talking to Dan Davidson on wiretaps. But neither he nor any other government official was able to supply evidence linking those conversations to any of Smith's stories.

Smith's dispatches came at a trying time for Kissinger. There was renewed pressure from Nixon over leaks. And Mel Laird was still insisting on the implementation of his Vietnamization plan. That plan, which called for the South Vietnamese army to take over the function of American troops as they were withdrawn, was initially viewed by Kissinger as an insurmountable drawback to his Vietnam negotiating strategy. How could he negotiate a mutual withdrawal of United States and North Vietnamese forces when Laird and Nixon were beginning to withdraw troops unilaterally?

It seems clear, based on Kissinger's own statements to the press and to various inquiries, that Smith's two stories preoccupied Kissinger when he visited Hoover in his office at 9:30 A.M. on June 4. Yet, in his 1974 testimony to the Senate, Kissinger said he could not remember whether they came up. "I am confident I did not . . . request a tap from Mr. Hoover," Kissinger testified, "but what else was said in this conversation would be very hard for me to reconstruct. These conversations one has to see in the context. It is the wrong idea to assume that one went to Mr. Hoover who passively listened to descriptions of security violations and then reluctantly went along with orders. Usually what happened was that the Director would give one an enormous amount of alleged security violations to which one tried to make a more or less reasonable response." Hoover had died in 1972, so Kissinger could speak without fear of contradiction.

Kissinger had no fears about what he said over the telephone: he knew that William Sullivan and the others involved in the FBI would be terrified, as would any careful bureaucrat, at the prospect of confronting a superior in the White House with evidence of possible indiscretions. During the twenty-one months that Mort Halperin's home telephone was wiretapped, the FBI sent thirty-four letters to Kissinger, Nixon, and H. R. Haldeman, Nixon's chief of staff and closest aide, summarizing the information overheard. Nothing was reported, however, about an extensive phone conversation Halperin and Kissinger had on a Saturday afternoon in early August of 1969. By then, Halperin had been wiretapped for three months and no incriminating information had been obtained. Yet Kissinger had been increasingly isolating him from classified materials inside the NSC, and Halperin was on the verge of resignation. Kissinger spoke very frankly that Saturday in urging Halperin to stay, knowing that his remarks were being overheard, because he had placed the call to Halperin at his home. Kissinger's statements would have outraged President Nixon, if made available to him, and would have threatened Kissinger's Oval Office standing. In the FBI transcript of that August conversation, Kissinger was quoted as praising Halperin's work as extraordinary and urging him not to leave the White House. Kissinger even promised to talk about Halperin's role with Nixon and Attorney General Mitchell—a promise that he knew he could not keep—to see "if they feel we can't tailor something [for Halperin] right now."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The conversation was sheer hokum on Kissinger's part; his only concern was to ensure that Halperin kept his peace. Nonetheless, Kissinger obviously would not have held such a conversation if he thought there was any chance that the FBI would routinely forward a summary to Nixon. It is unlikely that the precise details of the arrangement between the top level of the FBI and Kissinger's office ever will be known, but Kissinger obviously felt free to talk on the telephone to those of his staff—and various reporters—whom he knew to be wiretapped. His enemy in all of this was not Hoover.

Al Haig's conversations also were insulated. None of his telephone talks with Bob Pursley, many of which, Pursley recalls, dealt with classified information, were included in the FBI telephone transcripts. (Pursley did discover, upon reviewing his transcripts years later, that the FBI had been quick, however, to raise doubts about him. In mid-1970, he had taken a brief vacation, his first in years, with his wife. On the morning after his return to work, Mrs. Pursley telephoned and asked him how it felt to be back. "Miserable," said Pursley, not unnaturally. "I wish I wasn't here." At this point in the transcript of the call, an FBI agent noted: "He appears to be a disgruntled employee." Similarly, Morton Halperin's wife, Ina, was constantly telling callers that her telephone was wiretapped. In one conversation with a close relative in the fall of 1969, Mrs. Halperin suddenly exclaimed, "You hear that beeping?" At this point in the FBI logs, the agent preparing the transcripts noted parenthetically: "There isn't any beeping on the line. Ina has a complex her phone is being tapped.")

In a conversation in 1973, conducted at the time on a not-for-attribution basis, William Sullivan told me that none of the wiretaps produced any evidence of NSC wrongdoing. "There wasn't one member of the staff who was disloyal to the country. But they were disloyal to Kissinger, and they were giving him real problems. Some of them began to disagree with him and they weren't with him." (Sullivan was killed in a hunting accident near his home in New Hampshire in November of 1977, six years after he resigned from the FBI.)

Richard Nixon, according to a transcript of a White House tape recording that was made public during the 1974 impeachment hearings, strongly suggested that it was Kissinger who urged the wiretapping. Discussing the wiretaps on Halperin and Tony Lake (who was not wiretapped until 1970), Nixon said, "I know that he [Kissinger] asked that it be done. And I assumed that it was. Lake and Halperin. They're both bad. But the taps were, too. They never helped us. Just gobs and gobs of material: gossip and bullshitting—the tapping was a very, very unproductive thing. . . ."

In his various public statements, Nixon has consistently said that his approval of the wiretaps was based on grounds of national security. Kissinger has also cited national security in defense of his involvement. During his 1974 testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Kissinger was asked whether any of his aides were fired because of indiscretions. His full answer, not included by the committee in its published hearings, amounted to innuendo. "As a result of this program, there were two violations that I remember," Kissinger testified. "In the case of one person, he was separated from the staff over a period of months in such a way that it did not appear that he'd been fired for a security violation. I thought it was an indiscretion. I did not want to blight his whole career, so first I had him transferred out of the National Security Council to another government position and suggested to him as a friend that he resign after a decent interval. . . . It was clearly an indiscretion, but I did not want to have him blighted."

Kissinger was referring to Dan Davidson, a fact privately conveyed to me years later by Al Haig. But Davidson was never accused of any leaks, nor was he transferred to another job, nor, he says, did he have a conversation with Kissinger in which he was advised to "resign after a decent interval." In fact, Davidson recalls being intensely loyal to Kissinger then. "At that early stage, most of us liked him very much," Davidson says. "He was a hypnotic guy." Davidson was told by Al Haig in mid-1969 that his resignation was desired, and he was offered his choice of a new post. He left government instead to begin practicing law in Washington.

In his classified testimony to the Senate, Kissinger also told of the second alleged security violation, which was Halperin's. "In the case of another person, we suddenly separated him from classified documents to a point he felt he wanted to resign, but that was an attempt on my part to minimize the damage to the individuals themselves," Kissinger said. "If they had been overwhelming security violations, we would have thrown them out. They were borderline cases, where you erred on the side of protecting the security but did not feel justified in blighting the whole career of the man."

In 1976, in testimony in connection with a suit filed by Halperin that year, Kissinger significantly altered his account. He testified that as of August, 1969, when he had the extended discussion with Halperin and urged him to stay on at the NSC, "I had no information that would make me—on security grounds—make me change my mind about keeping him." It was "my judgment" that Halperin was not a security risk, Kissinger said.

BY THE FALL OF 1969, KISSINGER HAD STRIPPED his staff of many of those who were deemed to be offensive to the man in the Oval Office. Halperin formally resigned in September, Sneider and Davidson were long gone. All left quietly. Coping with Nixon, pleasing him, and trying to find out what he really wanted were always the most important priorities for Kissinger. If his staff was too Jewish and too liberal for Nixon and his chief aides, Kissinger made the necessary adjustments.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More and more subservient, even fawning, to his patron, Kissinger was increasingly vicious and outspoken outside the Oval Office. The backbiting grew intense by the end of the year. Secretary of State Rogers was a "fag" who had some strange hold over the President; Mel Laird was a megalomaniac who constantly leaked anti-Kissinger stories to the press; and Richard Nixon was a secret drunk of dubious intelligence.

There was a steady stream of private invective from Kissinger, and his personal aides heard it all. One of his major obsessions in the first year was Bill Rogers. At one time Kissinger told his staff that a prominent Georgetown columnist had confided to him that Rogers was keeping a house in Georgetown with a young male paramour in it. (The aides knew that such stories were absurd but also felt that Kissinger to some degree wanted to believe them.) Morris and others who were trusted by Kissinger eventually ended up working on Kissinger's private diary, which was transcribed and edited daily. On some days, Morris says, the Kissinger entries filled fifteen pages—not with high-level diplomatic strategy but with low-level gossip.

"We caught glimpses of Nixon, Laird, Rogers, and Kissinger in action," Morris says. "Nixon drank exceptionally at night and there were many nights when you couldn't reach him at Camp David." The diary was treated as if it were the most sensitive document in the government—which it may have been. Morris recalls that it was stored in an electronically protected safe in Kissinger's office along with materials from the secret Paris negotiations with North Vietnam.

"It was a goldmine of bureaucratic duplicity and maneuver," Morris says. "When Henry went home at night, he didn't discuss policy; he discussed the nature of people. He is really interested in personalities and their weaknesses; he analyzed issues and people the way a good boxer analyzes his opponent's boxing style." The diary was replete with evidence that Kissinger privately held many of his colleagues in contempt, Morris says.

Morris often listened in on Kissinger's conversations with an obviously drunk Nixon. "There were many times when a cable would come in late and Henry would say, 'There's no sense waking him up—he'd be incoherent,'" Morris recalls. The young aide was frightened by the idea of a President who was not fully competent after sundown. He often wondered what would happen if the Soviet Union attacked at night.

Morris said nothing to his outside friends about such goings-on. "It's hard to explain," he said later. "It's a constant barrage. You go around taking it for granted that Nixon's nuts. Henry and others go around wringing their hands for the President and saying Rogers is a fag. After a while, you lose your perspective. You don't feel a sense of outrage. All of the things that you think about later—the drunkenness, the wiretapping—you've become inured to while in the White House. It isn't a matter of constant moral torment when you're there."

Kissinger on more than one occasion told his personal staff about his first formal White House reception and his first meeting with Mrs. Nixon. He naturally began to praise the President lavishly, but Mrs. Nixon leaned over and interrupted him by saying, "Haven't you seen through him yet?" Morris recalls that Kissinger would tell the anecdote to the staff and joke about it, "as if to say, 'This man is not stable.'"

"It's a curious paradox about Henry," Morris says. "Nobody schemed or planned more than Kissinger about his enemies—and yet nobody was as careless. He didn't really conceal his contempt for all of these people, except in face-to-face dealings."

Colonel Bob Pursley similarly recalls that Kissinger and Haig would seek his support, and the support of Laird, for a White House stratagem "by telling me, 'We've got a madman on our hands.' They'd always say that to me; it was a continual thing."

Just how serious was Nixon's drinking problem? Many of his former associates and aides, such as Charles W. Colson, dismiss its significance by saying that the President had a notoriously low capacity for alcohol, and would slur his words and appear to be somewhat drunk after one or two highballs. Yet John Ehrlichman recalls that he had refused to work on Nixon's presidential campaign in 1968 unless Nixon promised to stop drinking. "Nixon promised to lay off during the campaign and he did," Ehrlichman says. "There were times when he got drunk—no question about it. But it wasn't that frequent, and he had a sense of when he was on and when he was off."

Another close aide to Kissinger recalls, however, that Nixon always seemed to be "off" during his many weekends at the Florida White House in Key Biscayne. On those weekends, Nixon spent an inordinate amount of time drinking martinis with two old cronies, Charles G. (Bebe) Rebozo and Robert Abplanalp. "To the extent there was a problem," the aide recalls, "it was very real in Key Biscayne." Kissinger's main concern during those Florida weekend trips, which were working weekends for the National Security Adviser and his staff, was avoiding social encounters with the Nixon entourage. "We always played hard to get for Nixon," the aide says; his job was to find a way to say no without saying no. On occasion, Nixon himself would telephone with a request, and Kissinger would go. One night in Miami, Nixon stopped an attractive woman as he left a restaurant—after having had a few drinks too many—and offered her a job in the White House. "She looks like she's built for you, Henry," the President said. The Kissinger aide learned of the encounter from a Secret Service man. "Hearing this kind of a thing made my veins hurt," the aide says. "The President of the United States, drunk in a restaurant, making crude remarks and engaging in familiarity with a strange woman in a public place—all clearly attributable to martinis . . . " Nonetheless, the aide says, "I didn't think of his drinking as a real problem—although you sort of wondered what would happen if there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was ever a nuclear threat." Most of the time, he says, "it was one of the things you knew about in terms of handling papers—'Oh, no, this is not the time to get him to sign these.'"

Whatever the truth, Kissinger's personal aides—who rarely saw Nixon—were convinced that they were dealing with a defective President, and Kissinger did little to reassure them.

Keeping certain people cut off from the flow of information was a way of life in the Kissinger White House. Most of Kissinger's staff in the Old Executive Office Building simply did not know what he was doing. Mort Halperin recalls that the process began early. "The President's trip to Asia [in July and August] was planned and conceived without the guy in charge of Asia knowing about it. The guy working on Vietnam did not know about the President's letter to Ho Chi Minh [in July]. The Kissinger operation right from the beginning was a one-man operation with a couple of staff guys."

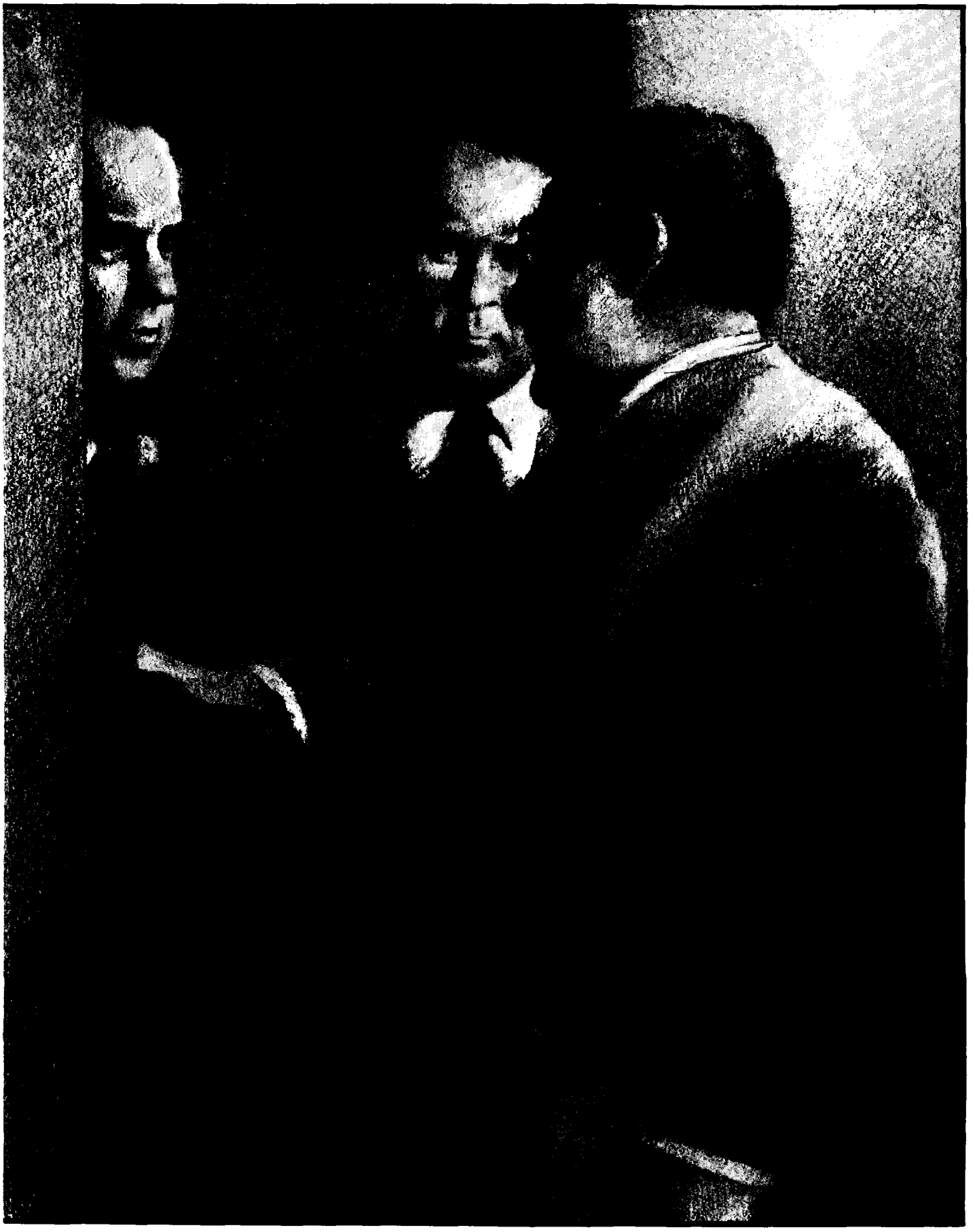
At a much more trusted level were Kissinger's personal staff aides, who included at varying times in 1969 Eagleburger, Haig, and Tony Lake. In August, William Watts, one of Kissinger's former colleagues from the 1968 Rockefeller presidential campaign, arrived to replace Dick Moose as staff secretary. He, too, was given a position of trust, and spent much of his time in the West Wing basement offices when Kissinger was traveling. These men not only saw all of the highly classified documents that streamed into Kissinger's office but were also very much aware of his effort to isolate other staff members and the bureaucracy from the decision-making process. These men further saw many of the FBI documents that were sent by Hoover to Kissinger, including the wiretap summaries. The office secretary, and occasionally one of the personal aides, monitored Kissinger's telephone conversations with the President and other officials in and out of the White House. Kissinger's personal staff was also responsible for drafting and monitoring the flow of memorandums from Kissinger to Nixon.

Many of the NSC staff members got a chance to see Nixon in action in the first few months, usually at the National Security Council meetings. Nixon was impressive. Staff members recalled that he seemed to have done his homework and understood the intricacies of the foreign-policy issues under discussion.

Within a few months, however, as Nixon and Kissinger tightened their hold on the bureaucracy, the formal meetings were recast as caricatures—ritualistic devices by which the President could be exposed to his Cabinet and his senior advisers under tightly controlled conditions. By mid-1969, Kissinger was ordering his staff to include the admonishment that "no decisions will be made here" in presidential briefing papers submitted prior to the NSC meetings.

By then, too, Nixon seemed to be giving far less attention to the formal meetings, and far less attention to his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

homework—the many studies and documents prepared by the NSC staff. The talking papers prepared for Nixon prior to formal Security Council meetings soon began to include word-for-word dialogue. One staff aide vividly recalls the first of many such papers he wrote for Nixon: "It was like a first-grade primer—'Run, Spot, Run' kind of thing," the aide says. In his script, Nixon began the meeting by saying, "Gentlemen: Today we are dealing with etc., etc. There are four issues: first, we have etc., etc." After stating the issues, Nixon was to call on Kissinger and ask him to summarize the available options. When Kissinger had done so, the script called for Nixon to say, "Thank you, Dr. Kissinger." Then Nixon was to say, "Now it's Mr. So-and-so's turn," the aide says, and bring in a Cabinet member for discussion. The astonishing thing, the aide recalls, was that Nixon followed the script exactly.

Kissinger's NSC staff mushroomed to 114 members and secretaries by fall. One addition was particularly vital to the National Security Adviser—that of Peter W. Rodman, his former student from Harvard University. From the moment of Rodman's arrival, some of Kissinger's close aides understood that his mission was to assemble and prepare the documents for Kissinger's memoirs. "He indexed everything that came in," Roger Morris recalls. Morris later became convinced that another Rodman mission was to be ready to "evacuate the personal files" within hours if Kissinger ever felt that he was on the verge of being forced out by Haldeman and Ehrlichman. Even as early as 1970, Morris says, Rodman was routinely shipping the most sensitive Kissinger files to Nelson Rockefeller's estate at Pocantico Hills, New York.

By then, the bureaucratic intrigue and personal betrayal in the National Security Council were taking their toll. "There was a dawning recognition that this was a frightening place," Larry Lynn recalls. "It was like walking into a room with a bad odor. After a while you get inured. You realized that this is not the way the government should work. I had to do a lot of things out of loyalty to Henry that I preferred not to do—the secrecy, the confinement of activities to certain agencies, the confinement of communications to certain people, the centralization of power. Henry used to kid me a lot. He used to say, 'You've got too much integrity.' "

Many of the young NSC staff members had joined Kissinger in the hope that, somehow, he and Nixon would do what Lyndon Johnson could not: reverse America's policy in Southeast Asia, as Nixon had promised in the 1968 campaign. Instead, to the dismay of the aides, the White House came perilously close in the fall of 1969 to a drastic escalation of the war. Nixon and Kissinger planned an operation—code-named Duck Hook—that would have led to the mining of Haiphong harbor and the B-52 bombing of major cities, including Hanoi and Haiphong. The offensive was canceled at the last moment by Nixon, after a huge anti-war demonstration in Washington on October 15. The young aides clung to hope even as such planning continued. Kissinger began his secret peace talks in Paris with Le Duc Tho, a member of North Vietnam's ruling politburo, and there were renewed contacts with the People's Republic of China. In late April of 1970, Nixon and Kissinger decided to invade Cambodia. Tony Lake, Roger Morris, and Bill Watts immediately resigned. Larry Lynn's resignation came later. The aides were convinced that the White House's policy of threats and escalation in Cambodia and elsewhere would not work; the war was still in the south, and had to be resolved there. Inside the White House that spring there was talk not of negotiation but of victory. Nixon and Kissinger were determined to show Hanoi's leaders—and the Soviet Union—that they were willing to risk all to bring North Vietnam to its knees.

THE WHITE HOUSE WAS STUNNED BY THE INTENSITY of the outcry over the President's decision to extend the war to Cambodia. The nation was suddenly alive, once again, with protests against the war and against the men running it. The pressure grew on May 3, when Bill Beecher of the *Times* reported that Nixon had renewed the bombing of North Vietnam; the President had ordered the most intensive raids since the bombing-halt agreement that was negotiated by the Johnson Administration shortly before the 1968 elections. Kissinger had unsuccessfully sought to prevent the article's publication with a personal plea to Max Frankel, Washington bureau chief of the *Times*, and when that failed, he and Nixon turned again to wiretaps.

On the evening of May 2, shortly after Kissinger first learned of the Beecher story, Beecher's article was cited as a "serious security violation" by Al Haig in a formal request to the FBI for four more wiretaps. This time Kissinger and Nixon were going for broke, seeking to learn who inside the administration was loyal and who was not. Bob Pursley was to be wiretapped again at home and in his office, the real target clearly being Mel Laird. Richard Pedersen, a State Department counselor who was known to be close to Bill Rogers, was also to be wiretapped at home and at work; he shared two private lines on his desk with the Secretary of State. William H. Sullivan (no kin to the FBI deputy), the former ambassador to Laos who was then a deputy assistant secretary of state, was on the list. And finally, Bill Beecher, whose articles since early 1969 had been a source of grief for the White House, was to be wiretapped, Haig told the FBI, at home and at the *New York Times* offices. However, taps through the large switchboard at a newspaper or a government agency were not feasible, and were not installed. The FBI wiretaps on the four men stayed on until February 10, 1971.

Kissinger explained in his 1974 testimony to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that all four men were wiretapped because they had access "to the information, to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sensitive information that had leaked," and thus could logically be considered suspects. In fact, as Kissinger had to know, none of the four—not even Beecher—was aware of the real secret involved in the May 3 story: Laird had not authorized the bombing but had been bypassed.

On May 9, the White House wiretaps produced a conversation between Mort Halperin and Daniel Ellsberg, a former Pentagon official and Vietnam analyst for the Rand Corporation who had worked briefly for Kissinger early in 1969. Ellsberg was renowned inside the government as a former hawk who had turned against the war, and who now was telling all who would listen that the war could not be won. Halperin told Ellsberg, so the wiretap revealed, that he had decided after the invasion of Cambodia to sever all ties to the National Security Council. At the time, Halperin still was a consultant to the White House. Halperin also told Ellsberg, according to an FBI transcript of their talk, that "the major and most certain consequence" of the Cambodian invasion "is that a large number of Cambodian civilians will be killed and labeled Viet Cong." Two days later, J. Edgar Hoover rushed Nixon and Kissinger "Eyes Only" letters reporting Halperin's views. Earlier, Halperin had been overheard informing a caller that Mel Laird and Bill Rogers had disagreed with Nixon's decision on Cambodia. Halperin also said, as Hoover reported to the White House, that "in his opinion the President had never had the intention of getting out of Vietnam." He added, "The only effective way to oppose the present policy is to elect a Congress which will stop the war by cutting off funds."

Nixon, Kissinger, and Haig have given conflicting accounts of what happened next, but it is known that the Halperin intercepts led to a frenzy of high-level action. On May 12, the FBI was requested by Haig, who cited Kissinger's name, to wiretap two more members of the NSC staff—Tony Lake, who had announced his forthcoming resignation, and Winston Lord, a Halperin protégé who had proved his mettle in Kissinger's and Haig's eyes by not joining the others in resigning over Cambodia. Lake and Lord were wiretapped for the next nine months.

On May 13, Hoover attended a White House meeting with Nixon and Haldeman, and perhaps others, at which he was told to deal only with Haldeman on the White House wiretaps from then on. Kissinger and his office were no longer to be included on the mailing list for wiretap summaries. On that day, too, Hoover provided the White House with some of the FBI's verbatim logs of the Halperin wiretaps upon which the summaries had been made.

At this point, Kissinger had reached a new height of power and authority inside the Nixon White House, and it was inconceivable that Nixon would punish him by stripping him of direct access to the wiretap information. One obvious factor in the procedural change was Tony Lake, who was going to remain on the NSC staff for the next few months, and thus might learn of FBI reports on his own wiretap—just as he had learned of the wiretaps on others. Similarly, Winston Lord was going to be playing a far greater role in Kissinger's immediate office, something that Kissinger surely knew, and would also be exposed to the FBI records. Lake was wiretapped not for any indiscretion but because of what he knew and the White House's fear that he would begin talking—which he did not. Lord had been brought into the National Security Council by Halperin, for whom he had worked in the Pentagon, and was thus a prima facie suspect in the hysteria over Mort Halperin that persisted in the Oval Office.

What is baffling about the history of the White House bureaucratic maneuvering on May 13 is how all the principals lied about it in subsequent investigations and managed to get away with the lies. President Nixon told J. Edgar Hoover, as reported in an FBI memorandum, that Haldeman was to be the sole recipient of the wiretap summaries "inasmuch as the President is anxious to cut down leaks that are occurring at the present time." In his deposition in the Halperin wiretap lawsuit, however, Nixon volunteered a different reason for making the change: "General Haig came in to see me. He expressed great concern about Dr. Kissinger's very emotional and very concerned reactions to the Cambodian action, not that he was opposing it . . . He said we have simply got to get some of the load off. . . . He wanted it transferred to someone else and suggested that it might be Mr. Haldeman." But Haig, in his deposition, said that he had learned of the switch in policy only when Kissinger told him about it. Kissinger "said the decision has been made that we are out of it and there was a decision that I welcomed," Haig testified. In testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee a few months earlier, however, Haig acknowledged, "I had urged Henry to disassociate the National Security Council staff, meaning me or anybody else, from what was essentially an internal-security matter. . . . I know he either took that matter up with the President or Mr. Haldeman or somebody outside of our office, and he informed me that we would in fact be out of it." Kissinger, in his Senate testimony, explained that the transfer to Haldeman's office "was no climactic event. During the course of the spring it had become clear to me that while I was getting occasional reports, I was in no position to do anything with these reports and I would just look at them and throw them into my out basket. I, therefore, pointed out on a number of occasions to the President that my office would serve best if it concentrated on foreign-policy matters and if internal-security matters were shifted somewhere else." After Cambodia, Kissinger said, "when I had mass resignations from my staff . . . I believed then that it was probably decided that the combination of my preference and some of the difficulties that had existed on my staff made it desirable to accede to my recommendation and shift it to another office. I was informed of this as a routine matter several days later. . . . The President never spoke to me about it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kissinger did not testify about a communication between his office and John Mitchell that may have explained why he was anxious to get out of the wiretap business. In an interview with the FBI after the Watergate scandal broke out, Mitchell recalled discussing the White House wiretaps with either Haig or Kissinger or both. The FBI quoted Mitchell as agreeing with Haig and/or Kissinger that "the wiretaps could become 'explosive'" and that the whole wiretap operation was "a dangerous game we were playing." Mitchell later told me that, in his opinion, Kissinger simply "wanted to get out" of the wiretap operations that spring. "He was just ducking—running for cover," Mitchell said.

Exactly what provoked the procedural change remains a mystery. The change did remove Kissinger from direct control of the wiretap operation. By then, his NSC staff had been purged: those who were malcontents or disaffected had already left his office or were in the process of resigning. Morris, Lake, Watts, and Lynn would be replaced over the next few months by aides who were far less mercurial, independent, and brilliant—but far more trustworthy, from Kissinger's point of view. The new NSC aides would learn to follow orders without question. Cambodia was a watershed for Kissinger; no longer would he permit himself to become personally fond of those on his staff as he had of Lake and Morris. Kissinger also began to delegate to Al Haig much more of the work in handling the NSC staff members and their papers.

BY JUNE, HAIG, NOW A BRIGADIER GENERAL, had finally been appointed as Kissinger's deputy and was firmly in charge of the day-to-day work of the National Security Council staff. Kissinger continued to operate his office on the same principle: ruthless exclusion of staff members from any contact with Richard Nixon. He was able to do so in mid-1970 with one exception: Alexander Haig. Haig's relationship with Nixon had become close after Cambodia, a period in which Haig was outspoken inside the White House in defense of the invasion. Haig's militarism and his hard-line approach to foreign-policy problems, which Kissinger had seized upon as a shield, were attractive and reassuring to Nixon. Haig began appearing more frequently on Nixon's appointments calendar, as maintained by the Secret Service, in early April of 1970. One of Kissinger's personal aides recalls, with a visible shudder, the first time the President telephoned Haig directly: "There was more tension than I can ever recall in that office," he says. Kissinger was in his outer office, conferring with his secretary, Julie Pineau, when Nixon's direct line rang. "Julie picked it up," the aide says, "and Henry started walking back to his office. [Kissinger always took the President's calls in privacy.] Julie said, 'It's for you, General Haig.' Haig went to his office and Henry stood by the door [of Haig's office] as Haig and Nixon talked." After a moment or two, the aide says, Kissinger resignedly "walked into his office and shut the door. He stayed in there for hours." Haig, meanwhile, was "drenched in sweat" by the time he concluded the presidential call. The aide was convinced that neither Haig nor Kissinger discussed the call that day. "From Henry's point of view, someone else now had access to the President," the aide says—and thus Kissinger had suffered a loss of his personal power.

Kissinger's concern about Haig's rise in influence must have created doubts, but he could not afford to turn on Haig openly, for the same reason that Nixon eventually was unable to turn on Kissinger: each knew too much about the other. Kissinger knew that Haig was a double-dealer who had ingratiated himself with Nixon and Haldeman and other senior aides by savaging Kissinger behind his back and spying on him. But Kissinger also knew that Haig's expertise on the Pentagon was invaluable if he and Nixon were going to maintain their ability to circumvent Laird and Pursley and directly order military action in the Middle East or in Southeast Asia. Haig could also be trusted to execute orders conscientiously and discreetly in the back channel. Haig, on his part, was aware of the complications in the Nixon–Kissinger relationship in a way no one else in the White House could be: he was constantly hearing each man's complaints about the other. Nixon did enjoy the savaging of Kissinger that repeatedly went on in his office, Haig knew, but the President also realized that among his aides only Kissinger had the intellectual stamina and the deviousness to be successful at conducting simultaneous back-channel negotiations with the Soviets and the Chinese. Haig also understood in early 1971 that future promotions lay with Kissinger as much as with the President.

Kissinger and Haig also shared knowledge about the White House wiretapping that, they knew, would cause serious—and perhaps fatal—problems for themselves and the Nixon presidency if made public. The wiretapping must have been particularly sensitive for Kissinger in early 1971, for the main target of the White House program—Morton Halperin—was a constant reminder to Nixon, Mitchell, and Haldeman of Kissinger's poor judgment in initially filling his office with liberals and Democrats who were not loyal to Nixon and his policies. Kissinger was saying little by early 1971, at least to the NSC staff, about Halperin and the three close aides who had resigned over Cambodia—Roger Morris, Tony Lake, and Bill Watts. But Haig could be irrational about them. The three were "traitors" to Kissinger and the NSC staff, Haig told one NSC newcomer in a rage, and Halperin was a "Communist." Haig had a special reason for being exceedingly angry with Halperin: he knew what the former Kissinger aide was saying about him on the telephone. In one conversation with a former colleague, for example, Halperin depicted Haig as a "blabbermouth who hears everything. . . . all phone conversations to the President and everything."

The wiretapping remained an important program for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kissinger and Haig through early 1971. Kissinger no longer received direct "Eyes Only" letters from J. Edgar Hoover summarizing important conversations, but he was still very much in the flow. The conduit was Haig, who continued to maintain the NSC's wiretap files and continued to visit FBI headquarters to read verbatim transcripts of conversations. William Sullivan, the FBI assistant director, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that Haig had visited his office "about twelve to eighteen times between May, 1969, and February, 1971," when the wiretaps were turned off at Hoover's request. Sullivan, whose memory seemed to grow more vague every time he was ordered to testify, also told the committee that his estimate of the number of Haig's visits was "a guess." Asked specifically whether Haig continued to visit his office to read transcripts after May of 1970—the time by which Haig and Kissinger, according to their repeated testimony, had ended their active role—Sullivan said: "Yes, he did come to my office after May, 1970."

Just why Haig and Kissinger were so adamant in denying involvement with the wiretap program after that date is not clear. Whatever stigma—moral, legal, or other—they felt for having participated in the program would not be erased by their having stopped midway.

THE WIRETAP ON MORT HALPERIN'S HOME TELEphone was by far the most significant. Halperin, no liberal when he joined Kissinger's staff, was increasingly outspoken in his opposition to Nixon's and Kissinger's Vietnam policies after he left the White House. By mid-1970, he was a member of the foreign-policy group advising Senator Edmund S. Muskie, of Maine, the Democrat who was considered to be Nixon's strongest challenger for the presidency in 1972. FBI summaries sent to Bob Haldeman in the fall and early winter of 1970 consistently reported on Halperin's wiretap, and showed the former Kissinger aide to be heavily involved in Democratic and anti-Nixon politicking. On October 14, for example, Haldeman was told by Hoover that Halperin had discussed publishing an article on the workings of the National Security Council with a reporter for a German newsmagazine—a prospect that must have filled Kissinger with dread. A few weeks later, Halperin published a trenchant analysis of Vietnam policy in *The New York Times*. Nixon was refusing to force a political settlement on Saigon, Halperin wrote, and his Vietnamization policy "will at best lead to an indefinite presence in Vietnam of thousands of American troops. It could well drive the President to massive escalation, the mining of Haiphong Harbor and saturation bombing of North Vietnam." Such escalation was still a subject of constant debate among Nixon, Kissinger, and key aides. The men at the top in the White House had to conclude that Halperin had somehow learned of the planning. Halperin's essay in the *Times* undoubtedly helped ensure that the wiretap on Winston Lord, who had become one of Kissinger's personal aides after Cambodia, would remain active until the very end. Six days after publication of the Halperin assessment, Hoover reported to Haldeman that Halperin had been in contact with Leslie Gelb, a former Pentagon aide to Clark M. Clifford, Lyndon Johnson's secretary of defense, and Paul C. Warnke, a Clifford deputy, and the three had discussed a Muskie advisory-group meeting on "China policy."

In early December came another FBI report on Halperin, this one dealing with a planned trip to Moscow by Senator Muskie. The trip had been recommended—so Halperin told Gelb in a conversation monitored by the FBI—by Averell Harriman, an outspoken critic of Nixon's policies. Harriman so alarmed the White House that the FBI had been instructed to report verbatim every conversation he held with Tony Lake. On December 30, Haldeman received another FBI report on Halperin and Gelb revealing that Bob Pursley, who was also being wiretapped at his home, had sent some papers to Clark Clifford's office. Gelb told Halperin that Clifford had asked that he come to his office to look over "about twenty pieces of paper that Pursley sent over." Gelb, Halperin, and Pursley had worked closely together in the Pentagon during the last years of the Johnson Administration, and also shared detailed knowledge of the conclusions of the Pentagon Papers. The papers, a 7,000-page top-secret study of the history of America's involvement in Vietnam, had been undertaken in 1967 at the request of Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, and assigned to Gelb, then deputy director of the Defense Department policy-planning staff.

The Halperin wiretap reports were extremely useful not only to Haldeman, who maintained strong control over all of the White House political operations, but also to Kissinger, who was obviously informed of Muskie's foreign-policy planning and of the fact that Halperin was still in touch with current NSC staff members. In early November, the FBI reported that Winston Lord had made uncomplimentary remarks about Kissinger and Nixon on his home telephone. A summary of that conversation, as published by the House Judiciary Committee, did not give further details, but Lord was still in touch with Mort Halperin and, according to Halperin's wiretap logs, would occasionally share some gossip with him. One of Kissinger's personal aides depicts this period as one of "general paranoia" inside Kissinger's office.

The stream of secrets was intense. There were the bad

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

secrets, dealing with the continuing White House wiretaps. There were the good secrets, such as the back-channel negotiations with China and with the Soviet Union that would lead to breakthroughs—without any State Department involvement—before the year was out. And there were the routine secrets, the enormous flow of documents and cables that were handled by Kissinger and his staff as he continuously expanded his influence. As the flow of secrets intensified, so did Kissinger's concern about the security of his immediate office. His telephones were still being repeatedly swept for signs of wiretapping, but Kissinger insisted that such surveillance not be placed on a routine basis with any single agency. Special teams from the Secret Service, CIA, FBI, or National Security Agency would be summoned to his office at random and on short notice to inspect the telephones, raising the inevitable question among Kissinger's staff: Who was the enemy? One aide, asked why Kissinger did not simply permanently assign the FBI to monitor his phones, responded: "Who trusted Hoover?"

In 1974 testimony to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Kissinger repeatedly sought to minimize his interest at this period in the White House wiretap program. "After May of 1970," he said, "I had no basis for knowing whether a tap had been initiated or was continuing. . . . I construed my instructions from Mr. Haldeman to mean that my tangential connection with the program was being terminated." Kissinger testified that in mid-October of 1970, when a second wiretap was authorized for Hal Sonnenfeldt, who was then Kissinger's closest personal friend on the NSC staff, his role was even more tangential. ". . . it is hard to imagine the flood of material that goes across my desk. I am apt to look at something and say this is for somebody else and throw it into my out basket. Most of these documents are not noted for extraordinary precision." The less-than-precise document in question in Sonnenfeldt's case, however, was an FBI summary of a wiretap on the Israeli Embassy in which Richard N. Perle, an aide to Senator Henry Jackson, was overheard discussing classified information that had been supplied to him by someone on the National Security Council staff. Hoover, following normal practice with sensitive materials from embassy wiretaps, had sent the document to Kissinger. Kissinger hesitated a few days. Then, despite his insistence that he was out of the internal-security business after May of 1970, he forwarded the material to Haldeman, who immediately telephoned Hoover, according to FBI documents, and ordered that the FBI be assigned to determine which NSC staffer was in contact with Richard Perle.

Haldeman and Nixon must have hit the roof. In a telephone call on October 15, 1970, to Hoover, Haldeman invoked the name of Henry Kissinger in asking for another wiretap on Sonnenfeldt. Kissinger had to realize that Haldeman and Hoover would suspect Sonnenfeldt, who was known from previous wiretaps to have close ties to the Israelis as well as to Perle. Sonnenfeldt, a former State Department intelligence official, had been repeatedly investigated by the FBI for other suspected leaks early in his career, and Kissinger, as he told the Senate committee, was aware that Sonnenfeldt had "been the subject of a malicious campaign by a group of individuals who had been out to get him for a long time." But Al Haig was now part of that group—another fact Kissinger surely knew. Sonnenfeldt had been among Haig's early rivals in 1969 for the job as assistant to Kissinger; that, plus Sonnenfeldt's continued closeness to Kissinger—despite the mistreatment Kissinger handed out—was enough for Haig to mark him permanently as the enemy. It was inconceivable that Kissinger would not realize the consequences of his act in turning over the Israeli Embassy wiretap to Haldeman, who would inevitably link Sonnenfeldt, a Jew, to the intercepted conversation. Kissinger was, in essence, turning in his closest remaining friend on his staff. It had to be, at best, a painful moment. Kissinger handled questions about the Sonnenfeldt wiretap from the Senate committee in his usual fashion: he dissembled. "I have no recollection of this at all," he testified. "All that could have happened is that the FBI sent over something off a tap on the Israeli Embassy which I did not think was relevant to my concern and on which I wrote, 'Give this to Haldeman.' " The committee members apparently accepted that explanation.

MORT HALPERIN'S WIRETAP NOT ONLY PROVIDED valuable political information about Senator Muskie's foreign-policy planning, as relayed by Les Gelb and others, but also enabled the White House to learn more about the one former insider who truly was capable of leaking vital secrets—Daniel Ellsberg.

Ellsberg, like Halperin, was a source of embarrassment for Kissinger, who had permitted him—despite his dovish reputation—to draft one of the administration's first options papers on the Vietnam War. Ellsberg had spent the month of March, 1969, in Washington, working quietly on Vietnam issues for the White House. He had worked with Kissinger in South Vietnam in the middle 1960s, and the men had been impressed with each other. Kissinger would tell his colleagues that he had "learned more about Vietnam" from Ellsberg than from any other American. Ellsberg thought Kissinger understood, as he had come to, that the war was unwinnable. During the twenty-one months of the wiretap on Halperin, Ellsberg was over-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard fifteen times by the FBI. Their conversations revolved around Vietnam and what both men correctly perceived as the administration's secret plan to escalate the war. Halperin was careful, of course, on his telephone, but Ellsberg was not. He talked openly about drug use and sex. It is not known how Nixon, Haldeman, or Mitchell reacted to the connection of Ellsberg, drugs, and Morton Halperin; such revelations, however, could not have enhanced Kissinger's reputation as an employer of prudent aides. Halperin and Ellsberg knew literally hundreds of government secrets, ranging from the most specific information about America's nuclear-targeting procedures to the working of the National Security Agency's far-flung electronic eavesdropping operations. The White House's concern was not limited, however, to past secrets that Ellsberg and Halperin could expose; the men at the top were worried about what Ellsberg and Halperin thought the administration's future war policy was. Late in the summer of 1969, Ellsberg had visited with Halperin, who was still a White House consultant, to share his insights into the war policy, and it was then, Ellsberg recalls, that Halperin first informed him of the B-52 bombing of Cambodia and of a secret warning by Kissinger to the Soviets about escalation in Vietnam. Halperin also described Kissinger's repeated studies on the mining of Haiphong harbor, and speculated that Richard Nixon would not go through the 1972 election without putting his escalation plan into effect.

Both men knew that the Johnson Administration had much earlier sought to bully North Vietnam into accepting a defeat in the south. Diplomatic documents, still unpublished then, showed that Ho Chi Minh was warned in August of 1964 that unless his nation ceased its support of the Viet Cong in the south, "it can expect to continue to suffer the consequences." The warning, delivered by J. Blair Seaborn, the Canadian member of the International Control Commission, came a few days after American planes bombed the north for the first time, in retaliation for what Washington said was a North Vietnamese attack on American warships in the Gulf of Tonkin.

Ellsberg had been officially aware of the Seaborn mission, and he recalls the response to the threat: within months, one of the best North Vietnamese battalions had begun infiltrating the south. "They did it when they were staring right down the barrel at LBJ's threats," he says. He was convinced after his talks with Halperin that Nixon and Kissinger were going to make the same threats with the same results. Ellsberg began to brood about doing what Halperin would not—talk publicly against the war.

Over the next year, he began to meet privately with influential journalists and business groups to attempt to describe what he thought was the real Nixon strategy. His message was that Nixon's coercion strategy was a contingency plan that would go into effect only if the threats made against the North Vietnamese did not work. "I wasn't saying," Ellsberg recalls, "that they had a conscious plan that on a certain date they would enlarge the war. Escalation was not in their thoughts, but they were committing themselves to threats that would fail." Ellsberg told his audiences that the administration was being honest, to a degree, in publicly claiming that it did not want to enlarge the war and did not expect to do so. But there was a missing link, one he sought futilely to provide to his listeners: "They were making explicit threats which they expected to be effective without being carried out, and it was this that they were not hinting at or telling anybody." No one paid much attention—except in the White House.

In September of 1970, Kissinger agreed to meet with Ellsberg at San Clemente. Why Kissinger did so is not clear—needless to say, Ellsberg was not mentioned in the first volume of Kissinger's memoirs. Whatever Kissinger's motive, there was nothing outwardly unseemly about their meeting: as of September, 1970, Ellsberg had yet to be linked to any leak of classified materials and was widely known inside the government as a leading theorist on decision-making. The appointment coincided with a burgeoning crisis over the PLO and Jordan in the Middle East. Kissinger began, Ellsberg recalls, by saying, "I'm afraid Rogers's policy is going to explode." Ellsberg responded, "Well, Henry, I'm here to talk about your Vietnam policy. I'm afraid *it* may explode." For the next ten minutes or so, Ellsberg quickly summarized his view of the White House's threat strategy in Vietnam, which hinged on a series of escalations that included an invasion of Laos and the mining of Haiphong harbor. "I thought to myself," Ellsberg says, "if I'm right, he's got to be hemorrhaging inside." Kissinger said nothing, drumming his fingers on a table and staring intently as Ellsberg talked. When Ellsberg concluded, Kissinger said only, "I do not want to discuss our policy; let us turn to another subject." Ellsberg, who was not easily put off, turned the talk to the Pentagon Papers. He knew that Kissinger was aware of the history project and had been invited to be a consultant in its initial stages. Kissinger acknowledged that there was a copy in the White House safe but said that he had not looked at it. Should he? Ellsberg recalls that he urged Kissinger to read at least the summaries, the few pages condensing each volume. Kissinger said he did not want to do so. "Do we really have anything to learn from this study?" he asked. At this point, Ellsberg says, "My heart sank."

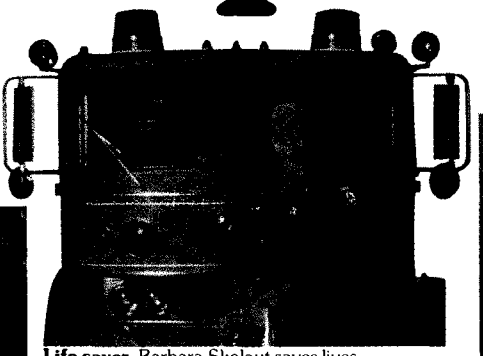
"The major lesson of the study was that each person repeated the same patterns in decision-making and pretty much the same policy as his predecessor without even knowing it. I thought, 'My God! He's in the same state of mind as all the other makers of decision in this long process, each of whom thought that history had started with his administration, and had nothing to learn from earlier ones.'" Ellsberg, who had begun illicitly photocopying the Pentagon Papers late in 1969, would soon turn to a newsman he knew from Vietnam, Neil Sheehan of *The New York Times*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good people c

Helper of the handicapped. Ad Demmers of Holland helps handicapped children and their parents.

Nature preserver. Erwin Kaempf volunteers 15 to 20 hours a week as an auxiliary gamekeeper in Neuchatel, Switzerland.



Life saver. Barbara Skolaut saves lives and property for the Manchester (Virginia) Volunteer Fire Department.

Home providers. Mike Gay and his wife Anita thought about adoption, decided they could help more children by volunteering to provide a foster home for Houston's homeless children.

Church worke Fox joined the c works seven da as a church serv volunteer in Ma

Rescuer. In Germany, Alfons Thomann works as an unpaid volunteer diver for the Bavarian Red Cross when underwater catastrophes occur.

Fund raiser. Irene Pitcock gives her time to the American Legion Ladies Auxiliary in Louisville raising funds through bake sales, picnics and bingo games for hospitals, handicapped children, the blind, the needy.

Teenagers' friend. Joyce Cranon works with disadvantaged youngsters in St. Louis, Mo. to help the teenagers realize their full potential.

Beauty restorer. Nora Kennington works to restore neglected gardens in N.Y.'s Central Park.

On-the-spot Samaritan. As a volunteer for the Milwaukee Red Cross, Dale Clark brings his emergency services van right to the scene to aid victims of fires and other disasters.

Food provider. Manuel Jaquez helped found a cooperative supermarket that provides his Dominican Republic community with quality food at reasonable prices.

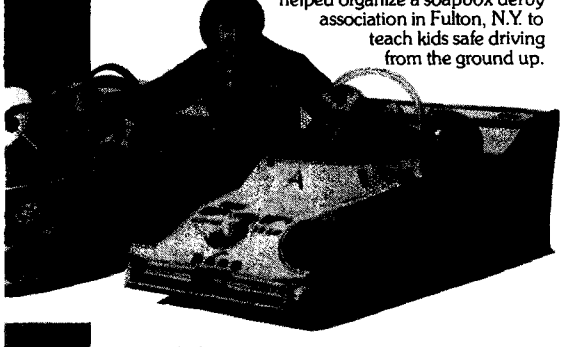
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lo good things.

MS angels. In Melbourne, Australia, Shirley Delamott, Pat Kein and Heiltje Grieve raised over $6,000 for the Multiple Sclerosis Society with picnics, a movie and supper evening, plant and recipe book sales and raffles.

Animal protector. Last year Debbie Goik helped over 100 injured or neglected animals as a volunteer for the Humane Society in Livingston, Michigan.

Soapbox safety teacher. Alan Lane helped organize a soapbox derby association in Fulton, N.Y. to teach kids safe driving from the ground up.



Aid organizer. S.K. Patankar donates his time to the Bombay Lions Club to help raise funds and organize aid to the elderly, handicapped and blind.

The good people you see at left are (as they would be the first to tell you) just a sampling of the thousands of people within our Philip Morris family who work as volunteers in our hometowns around the world.

They look quite ordinary; and they are, in reality, quite extraordinary. They work hard for a living, and then, in their off-time, they work hard for nothing. They want to help those who are less fortunate than themselves, and in doing so, they help all of us. For the hard fact is that without these good people, our societies and our lives would be a lot less liveable.

And the delightful fact is this: Every man and woman you see here testifies that the volunteer work they do is "fun," "enjoyable," "rewarding."

They also say "It's easy to get started." Right now you can probably think of some school, library, hospital or church—or some service, cultural or community group—that would love to have you pick up the phone and offer your help for maybe an hour or two a week.

We think you will. After all, good people do good things. And you wouldn't have read this far if you weren't a pretty good person yourself.

Philip Morris Incorporated

Good people make good things.

Makers of Marlboro, Benson & Hedges 100's, Merit, Parliament Lights, Virginia Slims and Cambridge; Miller High Life Beer, Lite Beer and Löwenbräu Special and Dark Special Beer; 7UP and Diet 7UP.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kissinger and Ellsberg met face to face once more before publication of the Pentagon Papers, at a private conference on the war held at MIT on the last weekend in January of 1971. The weekend meeting was sponsored by a moderate group of student leaders, academics, journalists, businessmen, and former government officials, and Kissinger, still the administration's most effective lobbyist with such a group of establishment liberals, as Nixon viewed them, flew from Washington to speak off the record. It was a tour de force at first, with Kissinger being charming and disarming as usual, confiding to the group that Richard Nixon had not been his first choice for the presidency and telling a questioner that he would resign his position if, as Ellsberg recalls, the "whole trend of the policy became morally reprehensible to me." Even then, he added, he would not publicly attack the President if he did resign—"unless gas chambers were set up or some horrendous moral outrage." Finally Ellsberg rose. The NSC staff, he said, was known to have made estimates on the number of Americans who would be killed during the next year of the war. "What is your best estimate of the number of Vietnamese who will be killed in the next twelve months as a consequence of your policy?"

Derek Shearer, a former Yale University student who attended the conference, described in *The Nation* what happened next. When Kissinger responded, "his voice sounded suddenly less certain; he hesitated, then called Ellsberg's question 'cleverly worded.' 'I answer even if I don't answer,' he said. Ellsberg interrupted to say that he had no intention of being clever, that this was a basic question—were such estimates made? Kissinger started to say that one had to consider the options. 'I know the option game, Dr. Kissinger,' said Ellsberg, 'can't you just give us an answer or tell us that you don't have such estimates?' Kissinger again evaded the question; he said the question had racist overtones. Ellsberg pressed him again. For the first time the meeting took on the air of confrontation—then the student moderator stood up and abruptly ended the questioning, saying that Dr. Kissinger was tired and thanked him for coming. The audience, save a few of us, applauded."

On June 13,1971, The New York Times *began to publish the Pentagon Papers, ending Daniel Ellsberg's twenty-month attempt to get those documents on the public record. By the afternoon of June 14, the White House had decided to challenge the nation's most influential newspaper directly, and the next day filed suit in federal court seeking to halt publication of the material. Richard Nixon had chosen to defend the record of his Democratic predecessors in Vietnam. The administration's court suit turned what had been a first-rate newspaper story into a national event. The papers and the man who leaked them, Daniel Ellsberg, were the most prominent news story in the country for a month—until it was announced, on July 15, that Henry Kissinger had silently stolen into Peking for his astonishing meeting with Chou En-Lai, ending a diplomatic impasse between the United States and China that had begun in 1949.*

II. THE PLUMBERS

IN THE EARLY EVENING OF JUNE 17, 1971, HENRY Kissinger held forth in the Oval Office, telling his President, and John Ehrlichman and Bob Haldeman, all about Daniel Ellsberg. Kissinger's comments were recorded, of course, on the hidden White House taping system, and four years later, a portion of that tape was listened to by the Watergate Special Prosecution Force, which was then investigating the internal White House police unit known as the Plumbers.

The special prosecution force had informally agreed with the White House early in the Watergate inquiry that all of the Nixon–Kissinger meetings were prima facie concerned with national-security matters, and none of their extensive conversations was ever subpoenaed. Prosecution files made available to me show, however, that Kissinger, who took part in the fifty-minute meeting on June 17, was inadvertently overheard expressing concern not only about Ellsberg's leak of the Pentagon Papers but also about other documents and secrets he might make public. On that day, or the day before, perhaps, the White House learned that Ellsberg had also provided Senator Charles McC. Mathias, Jr., a liberal Republican, of Maryland, with a copy of one of the administration's first studies on Vietnam. Mathias had brought the top-secret document to the White House Situation Room, where it was verified as authentic.

Nixon was most anxious about the Brookings Institution, a liberal think-tank in Washington to which Mort Halperin had gone after leaving Kissinger's staff. Also at Brookings was Leslie Gelb, who, many in the White House believed, was involved in the Pentagon Papers leak to the *Times*. At one point during the meeting, prosecution files show, Nixon and Kissinger spoke of the possibility that other top-secret documents were stored in Halperin's or Gelb's safe at Brookings, awaiting future release. "They've got the stuff over there," Nixon said. "Stuff that we can't even get out of there from the Pentagon." Kissinger responded: "Can't we send someone over there to get it back?"

No attempt was actually made by the White House to get access, legally or by other means, to the documents believed stored by Halperin and Gelb, although many plans—including a proposed fire-bombing—were dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cussed over the next few weeks. Kissinger was not a target of the Special Prosecution Force, and his taped comment had no immediate relevance. Knowledge of the June 17 tape was kept tightly sealed inside the Special Prosecution Force's files. "There was incredible ambivalence about the whole thing," one Watergate attorney recalls. "Do you want to go up against him? Kissinger was being promoted by everybody as the one guy in the administration who's solid—and he's threatening to resign. I got a sense that if we found something that finished Henry, the country was going to be in bad shape."

Kissinger escaped any serious investigation during Watergate, as those attorneys who had some doubts soon found themselves immersed in various other matters. One prosecution official, discussing that White House tape recording years later, recalled a quality of Kissinger's conduct in front of Nixon, Ehrlichman, and Haldeman that made him wish he could have listened to more of Kissinger's Oval Office meetings. "He was like one of the boys, talking tough. One says, 'Let's bring knives.' Another says, 'Let's bring bats.' And Henry pipes up, 'Let's bring zip-guns.'" The prosecutor recalled his surprise at hearing Kissinger: "I thought he might have been classier."

Kissinger dominated the meeting on June 17 with his description of Ellsberg and the threat to national security he posed. Ehrlichman's notes of the meeting, as later published during the House impeachment inquiry, showed that Kissinger depicted Ellsberg as a half-crazed genius whose views on the war had turned dovish with excessive drug use and aberrant sexuality. It was a shrewd performance, which played perfectly to the prejudices and preconceptions of Nixon and his two top aides. It was also an exercise in character assassination, similar in intent, if not in degree, to Kissinger's performance in maligning Morton Halperin in front of the President. Ehrlichman's notes showed that Kissinger described Ellsberg as a "genius" who was the "brightest student" Kissinger had ever had at Harvard. (In fact, Kissinger had never taught Ellsberg.) Ellsberg was further described by Kissinger as one who "shot at peasants" while serving in Vietnam and who seemed "always a little unbalanced." (Ellsberg has emphatically denied ever shooting at civilians while in Vietnam.) Kissinger then recounted Ellsberg's alleged use of drugs, information that he could have learned only from the White House wiretaps. Kissinger said that he hadn't seen Ellsberg in one and a half years, except for the meeting at MIT at which Ellsberg "heckled" Kissinger—another lie, for the two had met the previous September at San Clemente, where Ellsberg had urged Kissinger to read the Pentagon Papers. Ehrlichman's notes at that point included the phrase "Murder in Laos," a reference, obviously made by Kissinger, to an early 1971 essay by Ellsberg in the *New York Review of Books* in which Ellsberg restated the theme, initially expressed at MIT, that the White House had made no estimate and took no account of civilian casualties in analyzing its Vietnam programs.

Kissinger's performance on June 17 was all the more remarkable because he had, in essence, run through the same allegations the day before in front of the President, but not in front of Haldeman and Ehrlichman. On June 16, Charles Colson had taken two young Vietnam veterans, John O'Neill and Melville L. Stephens, both of whom were supporters of the White House's war policies, to visit the President in the late afternoon. After a few moments of conversation, Colson recalls, the President summoned Kissinger to his office. Responding with enthusiasm to the President's obvious cue, Kissinger proceeded to give a twenty-minute diatribe on Ellsberg, which Colson recalls as "one of his most passionate tirades. He described Ellsberg as a sexual pervert, said he shot Vietnamese from helicopters in Vietnam, used drugs, had sexual relations with his wife in front of their children. Henry said he was the most dangerous man in America today. He said he 'must be stopped at all costs.'" Melville Stephens, who later joined the White House staff, confirms Colson's account and recalls leaving the Oval Office convinced that Ellsberg "obviously had access to lots of other sensitive documents."

Nixon's and Kissinger's concern about Ellsberg was real, but there was obviously also an element of performance in the White House hysteria that Kissinger created and Nixon encouraged in the first few days after publication of the Pentagon Papers. These must have been extremely difficult days for Kissinger. (He was, for one thing, on the eve of his secret trip to China.) He had to distance himself from Ellsberg quickly and decisively to ensure the President's continued trust. After all, he had brought Ellsberg onto the Security Council staff as a consultant and encouraged him to work on the review of Vietnam policy in early 1969 that had ended up in Senator Mathias's office. Furthermore, Kissinger himself was mentioned in the Pentagon Papers in connection with his role in the Johnson Administration in seeking diplomatic contact with the North Vietnamese. Kissinger also knew far more about the project than anyone in the White House: despite his later disavowals, he had read some of its most sensitive volumes, dealing with negotiations to end the war. Thus, the publication of the papers directly threatened Kissinger by serving as yet another example of his poor judgment—in the view of the President and his advisers—in the staffing of his office. Ellsberg was a personal-security threat.

Richard Nixon understood almost immediately that the Pentagon Papers posed no threat to national security but provided a vital opportunity to score political points against the anti-war movement and the liberal Democrats. Now he could cite national security as the basis for striking at a small group of Muskie advisers, including Mort Halperin, Tony Lake, and Leslie Gelb, who had been overheard repeatedly denigrating the White House on the wiretaps.

By mid-June of 1971, the White House had already been threatened with exposure of its wiretapping by J. Edgar

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hoover, who understood only too well—and let the President and his advisers know he understood—that national security had little to do with the twenty-one months of wiretapping. If there was to be a break-in at Brookings, or other clandestine activities against the Democrats, the national-security justification would have to be airtight. Kissinger, with his harangues against Ellsberg and his warnings of national calamity, was providing Nixon with the rationale and the protection he needed to initiate what Hoover had stopped in 1970—the Huston plan, with its call for the FBI, with the aid of other intelligence agencies, to make aggressive use of wiretapping, illegal break-ins, and other techniques to monitor and combat the more extreme elements of the anti-war and black-liberation movements.

IN LATE JUNE OF 1971, KISSINGER WAS FAR BUSIER than anyone else in the White House. Planning for the secret trip to China was imposing enough, but he had other travel plans as well. He was scheduled to meet with Le Duc Tho in Paris on June 26, to receive Hanoi's response to a revised American peace offer that had been made secretly in May. Kissinger arranged for a public two-day visit to London beginning on June 24, in part to disguise his mission across the English Channel. There were other pressing issues: the fall presidential elections in South Vietnam; the nearly concluded four-power talks on Berlin (which Kissinger and Nixon were trying to manipulate in the back channel, to prevent the State Department from claiming a success); and the continuing efforts by the State Department to work out a Middle East settlement.

Despite Kissinger's growing ascendancy inside the White House, Secretary of State Rogers was still a constant source of insecurity for him and one reason he saw the China trip as all-important. A successful visit to Peking would deliver a telling blow to Rogers's prestige and effectiveness, Kissinger realized. There was nothing in the Pentagon Papers that would jeopardize the China rapprochement; the far greater threat came from Ellsberg and the President's obsession with the idea that the NSC staff was not trustworthy. Over the next few months, as Nixon continued to focus on the Pentagon Papers and other leaks, Kissinger would not dare to do other than fully support his President. His heavy travel schedule posed an obvious problem, and it was Al Haig who inevitably was assigned the major liaison role for the National Security Council as the White House organized the Plumbers unit in early July.

During the 1973 Senate Foreign Relations Committee inquiry into wiretapping, Kissinger was asked—almost casually—about the White House attempts in mid-1971 to make political use out of the Pentagon Papers. Kissinger's response seemed plausible: "There were a number of individuals in the White House who occasionally made requests of various kinds, which, as a matter of principle, I refused. . . . I frankly thought there were a few Boy Scouts who were trying to win some points, and I always rejected them."

In the first volume of his memoirs, Kissinger went even further in his protestations and suggested that the political opportunism that the Pentagon Papers provoked in the Oval Office had little to do with him: "The sudden release of over 7,000 pages of secret documents came as a profound shock to the Administration. The documents, of course, were in no way damaging to the Nixon presidency. Indeed, there was some sentiment among White House political operatives to exploit them as an illustration of the machinations of our predecessors and the difficulties we inherited. But such an attitude seemed to me against the public interest: Our foreign policy could never achieve the continuity on which other nations must depend, and our system of government would surely lose all trust if each President used his control of the process of declassification to smear his predecessors."

Kissinger found it easy to take the high road in his memoirs, but the reality of the White House in 1971 did not permit such indulgence. To stand aside quietly and allow a group of political operatives to become involved in an investigation of national-security leaks involving his office, and his judgment, was unthinkable. The delicate task of defending both the National Security Council staff and Henry Kissinger inside the Oval Office fell to Al Haig, who played a pivotal role in the summer and fall of 1971 as the White House began its illegal activities against Daniel Ellsberg and others conveniently believed by John Mitchell and some of his aides in the Justice Department—as well as by the President—to be involved in a political conspiracy against the White House and the Vietnam War. Haig had been faithful to Kissinger during the nearly two years of wiretapping. It was Haig who directly exposed himself by regularly consulting with FBI officials and who was responsible, in large measure, for drafting and signing the documents that relayed Kissinger's wiretap instructions to the FBI. Haig was bureaucratically sophisticated, as an ambitious Army officer had to be, and he would know how to protect Kissinger when things got rough behind his back—as Kissinger knew they would. Kissinger's decision in late 1968 to bring Daniel Ellsberg into the White House as a consultant had turned out to be a mistake for which he would pay in the Oval Office; the issue was how to limit the damage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS GOING ON?

"FOREIGN POLICY offers diverse but authoritative perspectives on issues of immense and immediate significance to our country."
Senator Howard Baker, Jr.

"FOREIGN POLICY... important reading in an uneasy world where foreign policy is everybody's business."
Senator Gary Hart

"FOREIGN POLICY consistently attracts the most impressive authors on current affairs. ...provocative...readable."
Hedrick Smith
The New York Times

Yes, FOREIGN POLICY Is *my business*!

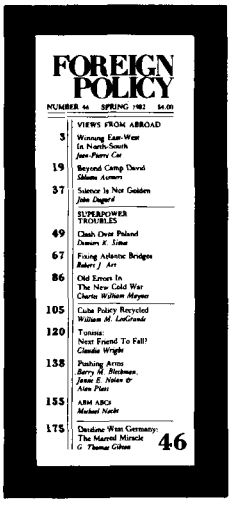
Please enter a one-year subscription (4 issues) for only $12 — 25% off the regular newsstand price of $16.

GUARANTEE
I understand that full refund is guaranteed if I cancel on seeing the first issue.

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me

Name _____
(Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Outside U.S.A.: add $3 surface, $15 air.



Send to:

FOREIGN POLICY
Subscription Department
Box 984
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737

7AM2

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nixon began his attacks on the National Security Council staff within days of Kissinger's departure for Peking. On July 2, Ehrlichman was assigned full responsibility for investigating the Ellsberg case by the President, and ordered to appoint a staff aide to devote himself full-time to the "conspiracy" involving Ellsberg and his fellow Democrats. A continuing Nixon concern was Hoover and the FBI, which, the White House believed, was less than enthusiastic about the investigation of Ellsberg and his fellow conspirators. On July 6, Ehrlichman's notes quoted Nixon explicitly expressing his feeling about Kissinger's staff: "Can't assume NSC staff not participants" in the assumed conspiracy. The President suggested that Larry Lynn, the former Kissinger aide who was then an assistant secretary at HEW, be given a lie-detector test to determine his involvement. He told Ehrlichman to "put a non-legal team on the conspiracy"—and thus the Plumbers unit was born.

There was also talk that day of a "Communist" link to Ellsberg—a connection that no government agency was ever able to demonstrate. Three days later, while Kissinger was in China, the President told Ehrlichman and Haldeman that Kissinger's "staff must be cleaned out." By that day, too, Ehrlichman had found the right man to direct the "non-legal" team sought by the President—David Young, one of Kissinger's former personal aides. Nixon approved the choice and asked Ehrlichman to bring Young in for a face-to-face meeting. One of Young's functions would be to investigate Kissinger's NSC staff. Kissinger, in China, was not to be bothered by the new "special duty" for Young, but Al Haig would be informed, Ehrlichman's notes showed.

By mid-1971, Young was one of the few remaining members of the National Security Council staff who had worked closely with Kissinger and befriended him prior to Nixon's election. Young, then thirty-four years old, had met Kissinger while working on Nelson Rockefeller's 1968 presidential campaign. His credentials seemed impeccable: he was associated with a prominent Wall Street law firm and had attended Oxford before graduating from Cornell University law school in the early 1960s. After Nixon's election, Young approached Kissinger to volunteer his services, and he was put on the NSC staff in early 1970 to help handle Kissinger's scheduling and other personal matters. By all accounts, the balding, seemingly self-assured lawyer was dutiful in his loyalty to Kissinger. Young's wife took care of Kissinger's laundry, and he, according to former NSC aides, was responsible for buying some of Kissinger's clothing. One aide recalls inadvertently finding a note from Young to Kissinger asking, in essence: "Did you like the tie? I thought it would go well with your blue suit." The Kissinger–Young relationship soured, nonetheless, as did most of Kissinger's relationships with his personal aides, and David R. Halperin, a former Navy officer, was added to Kissinger's personal staff. Young had been unable to outmanipulate Haig, and by late 1970 began to tell his friends inside the White House about his desire to assume a more substantive role in the government.

In the second volume of his memoirs, *Years of Upheaval*, Kissinger acknowledged that Young had run "afoul" of Haig, and claimed that he had been shifted in January of 1971 "from my immediate office to a make-work job of research in the White House Situation Room." There is evidence, however, that Young—his "make-work job" to the contrary notwithstanding—continued to be directly involved in some of the most sensitive and closely held issues in the White House. On January 25, 1971, for example, Kissinger brought Young and no other aide to a meeting with the chairman, general counsel, and chief security officer of the Atomic Energy Commission to discuss the security clearance of the operator of a nuclear-fuel-processing plant in Pennsylvania, who was suspected of helping to divert 200 pounds of highly enriched uranium to the Israelis. Adding to the sensitivity of the meeting was the fact that agents from Mossad, the Israeli intelligence service, were believed by some CIA officials to have been involved in the diversion of the uranium—enough material to make five to ten nuclear bombs. Within months, however, Young's meaningful role inside Kissinger's staff had eroded to the point where he approached John Ehrlichman and appealed for a job on the Domestic Council. "Young came to me," Ehrlichman recalls, "and literally broke down and cried. He felt he'd been badly treated by Kissinger and didn't know what to do." Young complained that Kissinger no longer "was seeing him," Ehrlichman says, "and Haig was bedeviling him." It was against this background that Ehrlichman had proposed Young for the Plumbers job in early July of 1971, before Kissinger returned from China, in the belief that Kissinger would not object. Young later told a friend on the NSC staff that Kissinger's heated objection created a "major battle" that was settled, after Nixon's intervention, with a compromise. Young's friend, one of few in whom Young confided, further recalls: "David told me that the deal that was worked out was that David would be on loan to other people but Kissinger could call on him whenever he wanted. He did see Henry from time to time; he said Henry still had some kind of claim on him."

By July 6, there was an added element in the White House anxiety: Nixon's insistence once again that the Brookings Institution be penetrated and that Gelb's and Halperin's files be removed and returned to the White House. The catalyst in Nixon's renewed concern was Charles Colson, the President's political aide, who had obtained a 1969 Brookings brochure announcing a two-year history project on the Vietnam War by Leslie Gelb, which was to culminate with the publication of a "balanced and accurate history . . ." Ellsberg, according to the brochure, was on an advisory panel for the study, along with John J. McCloy, the international lawyer, and Stanley Hoffmann, the Harvard political scientist. The timing indicated, Colson told Ehrlichman in a subsequent memorandum, that "another

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

installment of the Pentagon Papers" would be made public in a few months. When Nixon learned of the new study, Colson recalls, he "blew up at Haldeman" and said, "Goddammit, Bob, haven't we got that capability in place? How many times am I going to have to tell you? Get 'em [the White House documents believed to be in Brookings] back." After the meeting, Haldeman took Colson aside and said, Colson recalls, "Well, you heard the President. Take care of it."

Over the next two months, there was repeated and serious talk inside the White House of a possible fire-bombing of Brookings in an effort to steal the classified papers believed to be stored there. The project eventually came to the attention of G. Gordon Liddy, the former FBI agent, and E. Howard Hunt, the former CIA operative, who had been hired, with Ehrlichman's eventual approval, to work in the Plumbers unit. In his memoirs, Liddy wrote that he and Hunt developed a plan in September to buy a used fire engine and firemen's uniforms for a squad of Cubans who would be trained in fire-fighting techniques "so their performance would be believable." Brookings would "be firebombed" with delayed-timing devices; the Cubans would respond, "hit the vault [where Nixon believed the documents were held], and get themselves out in the confusion. . . ." The plan was rejected as being too expensive, Liddy wrote. (All of this scheming took place after Liddy, Hunt, and the Cubans had broken into the Beverly Hills office of Dr. Lewis J. Fielding, Ellsberg's psychoanalyst, in a futile effort to find Ellsberg's psychiatric records or other possibly detrimental information.)

KISSINGER WAS BEING PROTECTED FROM DIRECT participation in all of this by Al Haig, who emerged over the summer as more indispensable than ever. There is no evidence that Haig had knowledge of the proposed fire-bombing of Brookings in mid-1971, but according to Haldeman's memoirs, he had joined in similar planning with Haldeman in 1969 at Nixon's request. More significant, there *is* evidence that Haig was involved in an effort during the summer of 1971, also triggered by the President, to conceal the fact that Ellsberg had been overheard on the White House wiretaps.

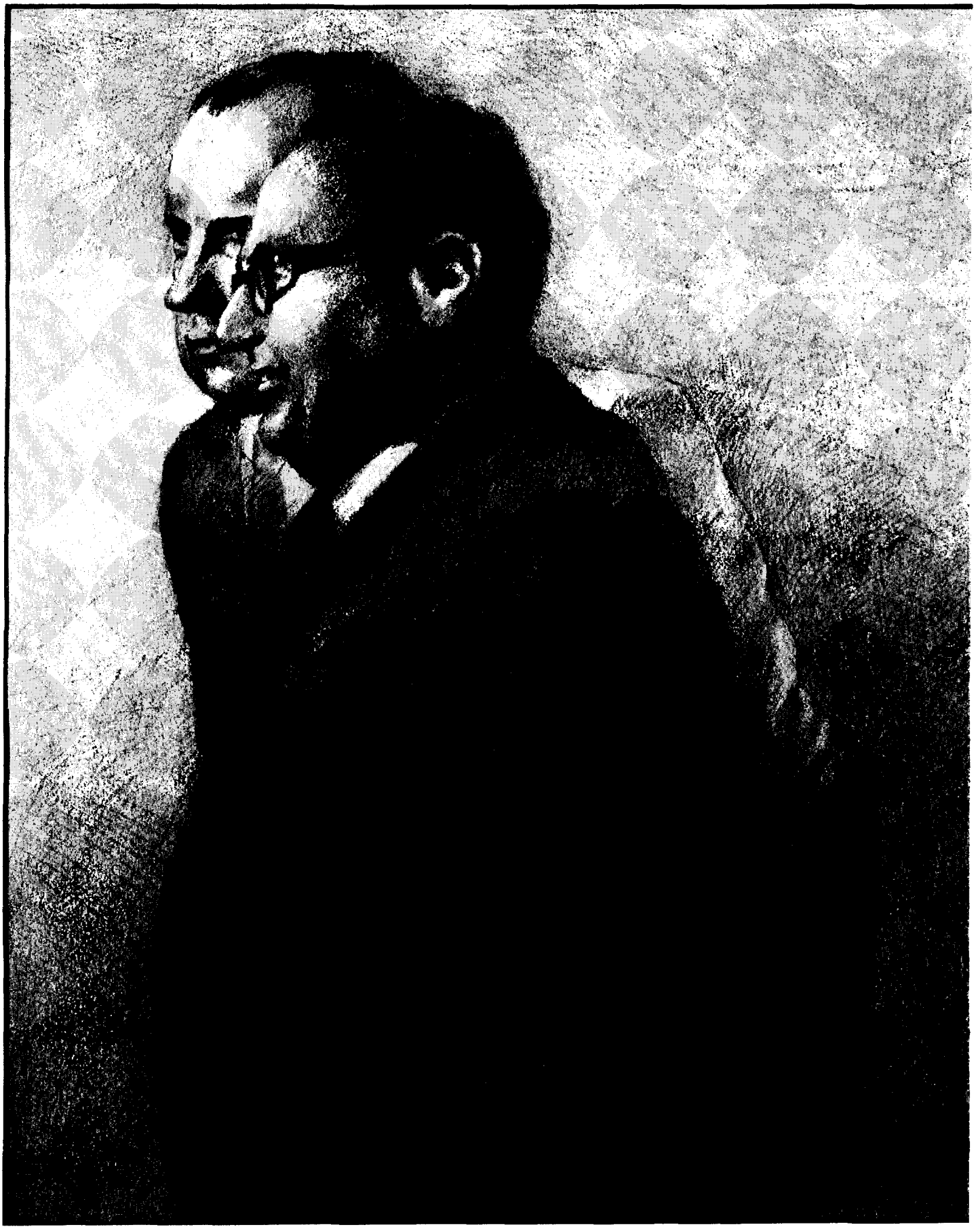
Haig's first known involvement in the White House's campaign against Daniel Ellsberg—according to unpublished records of the Watergate Special Prosecution Force made available to me—was on July 12, 1971, at San Clemente, where Nixon and his top aides gathered to discuss the question of Ellsberg's repeated appearances on the White House wiretaps. Ellsberg had been indicted on June 28 by the Justice Department and charged with violations of the theft, espionage, and conspiracy statutes for his act in photocopying the Pentagon Papers. Within a few days, the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department, following routine practice, formally requested that the FBI check its wiretap logs to determine whether Ellsberg had been overheard. On July 9, the Internal Security Division filed a second request, asking the FBI also to check its records on potential grand-jury witnesses in the case, including Morton Halperin, Leslie Gelb, and Neil Sheehan, the *New York Times* reporter to whom Ellsberg had provided access to the papers.

The duplicity in all of this was immense, because the head of the Internal Security Division at the time was Robert Mardian, and he, as Watergate prosecutors later learned, knew of the White House wiretapping. On July 6, Nixon, Mitchell, Ehrlichman, and Haldeman met in the Oval Office and discussed—almost casually—the importance of reviewing the wiretap records to see whether some detrimental information about Ellsberg and his suspected collaborators would be revealed. "In light of this," Haldeman said at one point, according to an unpublished Watergate Special Prosecution Force transcript of that meeting, "some of that stuff may be a hell of a lot more meaningful now . . ." Mitchell responded: "I've had them reviewed in the Bureau [FBI]." Haldeman said that there were "a lot of conversations with Sheehan in them, to my recollection." Mitchell, after some discussion, acknowledged, "Bob is right. You never know what those taps mean . . ."

The revived interest in the White House wiretaps also prompted William Sullivan, who was then in the midst of a bitter dispute with J. Edgar Hoover, to visit Mardian and warn him, as Mardian later testified, that Hoover could not be trusted and might seek to blackmail Nixon, as he had blackmailed other Presidents, because of the wiretap material. Sullivan, who suspected that he would soon be fired by Hoover, also told Mardian that he had physical possession of the FBI's set of wiretap logs and summaries. On July 11, Mardian flew to the California White House for a meeting with Nixon and his closest aides the next morning. By then, the FBI still had not responded to the Justice Department requests for wiretapping information on Ellsberg and the potential grand-jury witnesses.

John Ehrlichman's notes of the July 12 meeting, from the still-unpublished prosecution files that were made available to me, suggest that Mardian raised the issue of the Hoover threat with the President; the President and his aides also discussed the problem posed by formally admitting that Ellsberg had been overheard. To do so would obviously reveal the Kissinger wiretaps. Nixon, according to Ehrlichman's notes, ordered Haldeman to "recover documents from Haig"—that is, the set of wiretap summaries

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and logs in Kissinger's office. The President then said: "O.K. Obtain and destroy all logs. . . . Tell Hoover to destroy." A few moments later, according to the notes, the President, again discussing the wiretap records, ordered Haig, who was not at the meeting, to return the White House copies of the summaries and logs to Sullivan's office in the FBI. Sullivan was then to forward all the documents to Mardian's office "for destruction," Nixon ordered. There was to be an additional role for Haig, Nixon said, according to Ehrlichman's notes: "Haig request the F.B.I. (Sullivan) to destroy all special coverage." Thus Haig, who had played a role in setting up the White House wiretaps, was ordered to help get rid of the evidence, along with Mardian, the senior Justice Department official who had signed the formal letter to the FBI requesting all wiretap information on Ellsberg and the others. The FBI eventually reported that Ellsberg had not been overheard on a wiretap and also said that Halperin and the other potential grand-jury witnesses had not been the subjects of direct wiretaps. (The failure of senior FBI officials to respond honestly to the Ellsberg requests later became the focus of an extensive criminal investigation by the Watergate prosecutors, but no charges were filed.)

Haig, even more than Kissinger, was a presidential insider that summer, one who could be trusted to play "hardball"—even on an issue as sensitive and potentially damaging as the destruction of Ellsberg wiretap evidence at the height of the government's prosecution of the heavily publicized Pentagon Papers case. Kissinger returned from Peking and Paris early on the morning of July 13, the day after the fateful decision on the wiretaps. Did Haig tell Kissinger what was going on? Former National Security Council staff aides, in scores of interviews, have said it is inconceivable that he did not. Kissinger's denials—often made—of any knowledge of the White House's activities involving Daniel Ellsberg or the Plumbers unit were taken at face value by many in the public and the media throughout the Watergate inquiry in the mid-1970s, largely because so little was known about the full extent of Haig's complicity. Haig did more than merely know what was going on in the White House: he was part of it.

Later on July 13, two days before Nixon's announcement of the secret visit to Peking, Kissinger was formally told by Ehrlichman that David Young was leaving his staff to work on the Ellsberg investigation. In an interview with me, Ehrlichman recalled an extended conversation with Kissinger aboard the presidential helicopter at San Clemente in which the functions of the Plumbers operation were specifically discussed: David Young would be investigating leaks. Kissinger resisted bitterly, Ehrlichman recalled: "Henry had no objection to the activity, but he didn't want to give up Young." The President decided that Young would join forces with Egil (Bud) Krogh, Jr., one of Ehrlichman's aides on the White House Domestic Council, to set up the "non-legal" internal-investigations unit. Kissinger's concern about Young's departure was inevitable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and, in part, almost reflexive: aides such as Young, who were permitted access to many of the back-channel secrets and some of Kissinger's private telephone conversations, knew far too much. Young knew, for example, about the White House wiretaps, and was provided with, or took, copies of some of the wiretap summaries and perhaps some of the original FBI logs of the Halperin–Ellsberg conversations when he went to the new Plumbers office in the basement of the Old Executive Office Building.

David Young would escape prosecution in the Ellsberg case by cooperating with the Watergate Special Prosecution Force's investigation of Ehrlichman, who was convicted in 1974 of violating Ellsberg's civil rights and lying to a grand jury; no investigator from the prosecution force or the House Judiciary Committee ever formally questioned him on the link, as co-director of the Plumbers, to Henry Kissinger.

In his public statements, Kissinger has insisted that he did not know in 1971 that Young had left his staff to set up Nixon's special investigation unit. In a private briefing for a group of *Time* magazine executives in early 1974, Kissinger declared: "Let me put David Young's relationship to me in perspective. He was not a big man in my life, and I was in his life." As far as he was concerned, Kissinger said, Young had been reassigned only to handle declassification matters for the President. That, of course, was the cover story used by Young to explain his new job to his friends and associates. Kissinger, despite his denials, not only knew the truth about Young's important new role but must have suspected that Young's most urgent assignment would be to investigate the NSC staff and even Kissinger's personal involvement with White House leaks.

The President and all of his senior advisers—with the exception of Kissinger—were enthusiastic about the Plumbers and the concept of the White House taking charge of "national-security" investigations. Richard V. Allen, Kissinger's former aide who had returned to the White House in 1971 to help handle foreign-trade issues, recalls hearing Haldeman describe Howard Hunt that summer as a "balls-out" CIA operative. Nixon was then moving to the right politically as part of his drive to capture the hard-hat Middle America vote, and punishing Daniel Ellsberg for releasing the Pentagon Papers fit right in. The President also began relying more on John Connally, the conservative Texan who had been named treasury secretary in late 1970, and who was emerging—to Kissinger's dismay—as a rival for the President's ear. Men such as Gordon Liddy and Howard Hunt were viewed as exciting additions to the Plumbers unit; they were tough and experienced agents ready to operate clandestinely on behalf of the President and his re-election. Egil Krogh, Ehrlichman's aide who was assigned to direct the Plumbers along with David Young, could also be tough when it came to the President and national security.

Charles Cooke, Elliot Richardson's longtime aide, initiated a series of casual lunches at the White House and elsewhere with Krogh shortly after moving with Richardson to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, in 1970. Although he and Krogh had many domestic issues to discuss, Cooke recalls, they invariably talked about Vietnam. Late in the year, after Nixon ordered the resumption of bombing in the north, Cooke started to summarize all of the arguments against it, beginning with the fact—obvious to him—that the war was in the south and could only be won on the ground there. "Krogh just blew up," Cooke recalls: "'My God, don't you people understand—the man [Richard Nixon] is going to blow them off the face of the earth unless they cave in.' That was our last lunch," Cooke says.

Krogh knew little about foreign policy in 1971. He had been brought by Ehrlichman on to the White House Domestic Council in early 1969, after having worked part-time for Ehrlichman's Seattle law firm in the late 1960s, while he was a student at the University of Washington law school. Krogh's primary responsibilities on the Domestic Council revolved around narcotics control, crime prevention, and transportation policy; he also ran the White House command post during the many anti-war rallies that convulsed Washington in the early years of the Nixon Administration. Krogh and Young knew each other casually in mid-1971, but they were not close friends; both were members of a group of White House aides who met occasionally in a Georgetown bar for drinks and free-wheeling gossip (although Krogh, a Christian Scientist, does not drink).

Shortly after their assignment as co-directors of the Plumbers, Krogh recalls, Young began doing exactly what Kissinger feared: gossiping about the Kissinger–Nixon relationship. In one of their first extended conversations, Krogh says, Young "told me of the time he was on the phone [listening in] when Nixon and Kissinger were talking. Nixon was drunk and he said, 'Henry, we've got to nuke them.'" The anecdote was chilling, Krogh says, and added a sense of urgency to his mission: the Vietnam War had to be won and Dan Ellsberg had to be stopped. "We were going after an espionage ring, not just Daniel Ellsberg," Krogh explained to John Ehrlichman in 1973 during the Watergate crisis. "We had guys like [Paul] Warnke, Gelb, and Halperin . . . Halperin had even been tapped when he was on the NSC staff because they didn't trust him. They thought he was a traitor. We didn't know if there were spies all over this country at that point . . ."

Krogh, with his inexperience in foreign policy, may well have believed that such a conspiracy existed. David Young's beliefs are much more difficult to assess. Young knew that a success in the Plumbers job would put him in line for a senior appointment in the Nixon Administration. Did Young really suspect that Ellsberg was part of a conspiracy involving Mort Halperin and other Democrats? Young had access to the Halperin wiretaps, and knew that Ellsberg was as hostile privately about Nixon and Kissinger as he became in his public statements and writings

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by 1971. But the wiretaps were devoid of any disclosures of national-security information; Ellsberg may have been able correctly to predict the administration's future course of action in the Vietnam War, but he was not violating any laws in so doing. Most of the significant leaks of national-security information, as Young knew, originated in Henry Kissinger's office. Young was also aware that Ellsberg had met with Kissinger the previous September to urge an end to the war; he may have known that Kissinger requested that Ellsberg meet again with him. All of this meant, as Young clearly had to understand, that the issue of Ellsberg was far more complicated than Krogh, Ehrlichman, and the President believed. Yet Young joined with alacrity in the White House machinations against Ellsberg in the summer and fall of 1971.

Further evidence of Haig's—and hence Kissinger's—direct involvement with the Plumbers was provided in a series of FBI documents released to the *Times*'s William Beecher in a Freedom of Information suit. The documents show that Young and Krogh worked directly with Haig to investigate yet another Beecher revelation—a July 23, 1971, dispatch outlining the administration's revised SALT negotiating position. The *Times* story, which publicly revealed that the administration had decided to seek controls over submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs), enraged the President and the disarmament community. Nixon summoned Egil Krogh and Ehrlichman to an Oval Office meeting on the next day, a Saturday, and ordered widespread polygraph tests and a revision of the classification system. A few hours later, Krogh called a meeting of his own to discuss the Beecher story; those in attendance included two senior FBI officials, Robert Mardian, Al Haig, Howard Hunt, and David Young, among others. According to an FBI summary of the meeting, Krogh described the President as being "up on the ceiling" about the leak and wanting the sources located within thirty-six hours. General Haig then reported, the FBI memorandum said, "the results of his coordinating and he found that over 200 persons in various agencies, excluding clerical personnel, had access to the [National Security] Decision Memorandum relating to the U.S. proposals." Haig was thus more than merely participating in the SALT leak inquiry; he—along with Krogh, Young, and the other Plumbers—was one of its administrators.

Kissinger himself got directly into the internal-security business once again, shortly after his return in late July from another secret meeting in Paris with Le Duc Tho. His target was William Beecher. On July 29, Beecher had done it again—reporting that the Nixon Administration had ended its long-standing spy flights over China in an obvious effort to avoid any serious incident before Richard Nixon's summit meeting in early 1972. In a memorandum for the record, W. Donald Stewart, the Pentagon official in charge of investigations, reported that Kissinger had personally telephoned William Sullivan of the FBI to relay "his great concern" about Beecher's new story and to urge a full investigation. Such a request would be perfectly appropriate for the President's national security adviser, but Kissinger, it should be stated again, repeatedly testified during the various Watergate inquiries that he chose to stop dealing in internal-security matters as of May, 1970, when the White House ordered all wiretap summaries to be sent only to Bob Haldeman's office.

ON AUGUST 5, JUST A FEW DAYS AFTER KISSINGER'S complaint to William Sullivan about the Beecher story, one of the final steps in the wiretap saga took place in Kissinger's office. Robert Mardian, to whom Nixon had assigned the task—along with Haig—of getting rid of the White House wiretap records, visited the NSC offices that day to inspect Kissinger's wiretap records. Mardian had earlier discovered that some copies of the FBI summaries had disappeared in the Justice Department; the suspected culprit was none other than J. Edgar Hoover, who had made clear to the President that he would stop at nothing to protect his job. Exactly what happened to all of the wiretap documents is not known.

The prosecutors did learn, according to unpublished files, that sometime in mid-July, just after the crucial July 12 meeting at San Clemente involving the President, the White House files of Kissinger, Haldeman, and Nixon were stripped of all wiretap summary letters and logs. Those documents were returned to the FBI, where they eventually came under Mardian's personal control, as Nixon had ordered. Mardian and his aides subsequently determined that a few of the FBI summary letters were missing, and it was that fact that prompted Mardian's visit to Kissinger and Haig. His goal, apparently, was fully to account for Kissinger's copies of the FBI documents, and to ensure that Kissinger's records were consistent with the FBI's tally. It wouldn't do to have such papers floating about the bureaucracy.

Mardian, as the FBI account of the interview reported, "specifically remembered the incident because when he came into the office, Dr. Kissinger addressed a remark which Mr. Mardian felt was in extremely poor taste under the circumstances. . . . Kissinger said something to the effect, 'Do you have what I said on the phone?' implying, according to Mr. Mardian, that Mardian had results of a wiretap on Dr. Kissinger. . . . Dr. Kissinger also said that he had been keeping logs for the time when he writes his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

memoirs, but laughed and said he doesn't keep them any more."

Kissinger and Haig then got down to the business at hand, and carefully went through Kissinger's copy of the wiretap records. It was not clear from Mardian's interview with the FBI whether Kissinger kept a set of the wiretap summaries and logs in his office or merely had a summary of what had been in his possession and previously returned. Mardian later personally delivered all of the collected wiretap records to Nixon, who instructed Ehrlichman to bury them in his files, where they were discovered a few days after Ehrlichman's resignation from the White House in 1973. In his August 5 meeting with Kissinger and Haig, Mardian acknowledged that the careful checking was necessary to ensure that Hoover did not have access to any of the documents, and thus was not in a position to blackmail the White House. Kissinger, in his interview with the Special Prosecution Force in late 1975, also acknowledged that he was aware of Hoover's blackmail threat, although he denied being present when Mardian and Haig went through his office wiretap records. In a report on the interview, the Special Prosecution Force further quoted Kissinger as conceding that he was aware that "the nature of this [Hoover's] blackmail threat related to the embarrassment that would be caused if it were known that newsmen had been tapped."

"Embarrassment" was hardly the word. Kissinger had to realize that such a revelation would have been devastating, not only to him personally but perhaps even to Nixon's re-election campaign. It would also have heightened the resolve of the U.S. anti-war forces. Kissinger suffered through the meeting and the distasteful comparing of wiretap documents with Mardian for the same reason that everyone else in the White House did—fear of exposure.

William Sullivan of the FBI understood how far Kissinger would go to avoid embarrassment. Sometime in the spring of 1973, amid the Watergate revelations, he sent Kissinger a memorandum summarizing his understanding of the White House wiretapping, which had yet to become publicly known. The document enraged Kissinger, according to a close aide, but he knew what to do without being told. Sullivan soon became Kissinger's and Haig's choice to be named director of the FBI. It was Haig, Nixon's new chief of staff, who telephoned Elliot Richardson, the newly nominated attorney general, and strongly recommended Sullivan for the job in the first week of May. Richardson's senior aides, J. T. Smith and Jonathan Moore, moved quickly and successfully to prevent Sullivan's nomination. Moore says that he had no special knowledge in arguing against Sullivan. "He was the wrong guy with the wrong history," he says. Within two weeks, Sullivan made available to *The New York Times* copies of White House wiretap authorizations, which directly linked Kissinger to the requests for wiretaps on his own staff aides.

Kissinger's concern that spring was not only wiretapping. He also had to worry about David Young, who had continued to operate—as only a few knew—in Kissinger's sphere despite his assignment to the Plumbers.

In the fall of 1980, I obtained access to a private journal that was informally maintained by a key Kissinger aide, who served in a position of confidentiality throughout the Watergate era; it summarized many conversations between Kissinger and the President, as well as between Kissinger and Haig. The journal, made available under the condition that the name of its author not be revealed, showed that Haig was directly receiving progress reports on the Plumbers' activities from David Young. Kissinger was "worried," the journal noted in an entry dated March 15, 1973, "concerning the Plumbers' work." At that date, of course, there had yet to be any public revelation of the existence of the Plumbers unit or of its wrongdoing. As the Watergate scandal unraveled later that spring, the journal further revealed that David Young had emerged as a constant cause of concern for Kissinger. In early June, the journal noted that Kissinger was openly worried about Young and whether he was truly loyal or was just saying that he "was a Kissinger man." At one point that spring, according to the journal, Kissinger even considered reinstating Young as an aide on the NSC staff, to help ensure that he would not tell all he knew.

By October of 1975, when Kissinger finally agreed to be interviewed by the Watergate prosecutors, it was safe to do so. Gerald R. Ford was President, and Watergate seemed far removed. In retrospect, Kissinger had made a wise choice in deciding to deny any knowledge whatsoever of the Plumbers operation. Al Haig and David Young kept their silence. If Kissinger had taken another tack and admitted to having some idea of what David Young and Egil Krogh were doing, he would have exposed himself to further inquiries and, inevitably, more admission of knowledge. That Kissinger had lied about his role in the wiretapping and his knowledge of the Plumbers was widely assumed in the Washington press corps, and even inside the Watergate Special Prosecution Force, but Kissinger was permitted to slide by with his half-truths and misstatements. Only Richard Nixon, Alexander Haig, some of the men around them, and a few Watergate prosecutors fortunate enough to have learned what was on the White House tapes understood the truth: Kissinger was involved. □

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your body, your tax bracket, your job, your sex life, your kids, your credit cards, your sneakers, your friends, your marriage, your music, your surgery, your humor, your politics. Your magazine.

In *Ms.* you can find everything from how-to's to what-for's to where-at's. A whole range of articles, for the whole person you are.

Ten years ago, *Ms.* became the only magazine that doesn't divide you into working woman or homemaker. Mother or careerist. This role or that role. It still is. We know that women aren't separate roles but whole people. That's why *Ms.* gives you unparalleled career advice, as well as great fiction and poetry. New ideas on equal parenting and raising free kids, as well as prize-winning political reporting.

In short, *Ms.* assumes women should have the full range of human choices; that you don't have to divide yourself up into pieces. If you share that assumption, then *Ms.* is your magazine.

Now. More than ever.

Ms.

123 Garden Street, Marion, Ohio 43302

Yes, send me my year's subscription to *Ms.*—including my Special 10th Anniversary Double Issue—for $7.50*, half the single copy price.

Satisfaction Guarantee: You may cancel at any time and receive a refund of the unused portion of your subscription.

Check one: ☐ **Payment enclosed.** ☐ **Bill me.**

Ms.
Mr. _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

*For subscriptions outside the U.S., its possessions and Canada, add $3.
Please allow 6-8 weeks for your first issue to be shipped.

D588-8

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POWER OF POSITIVE BUYING

BY ROBERT M. STROZIER

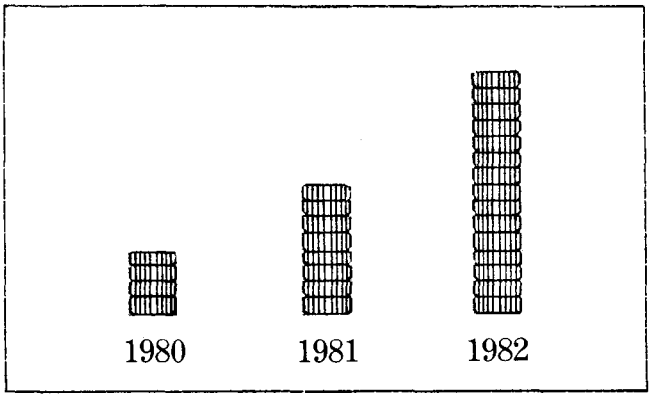
IN RECENT YEARS SOME ALARUMS HAVE BEEN sounded about the economy, but things are going fine overall. The dollar can be finicky and must be coached, but its record is enviable.

Money is there when you need it, in the sense that it may actually be there or simply reside in something that benefits you. An example would be the glow of a streetlamp that you helped pay for with taxes. Or there would be the inviting chair in a municipal building, which can be considered money in the bank. There are so many examples.

One problem people face is that of lowered expectations. They ask less of money than it is prepared to give them. The dollar is itself the denomination of additional amounts, and, when the economy falls short, the effect is of money being lent back to it. Joined to this, any upward swing of prices creates an equilibrium that brings them down again, making the average thing that you may want to buy affordable.

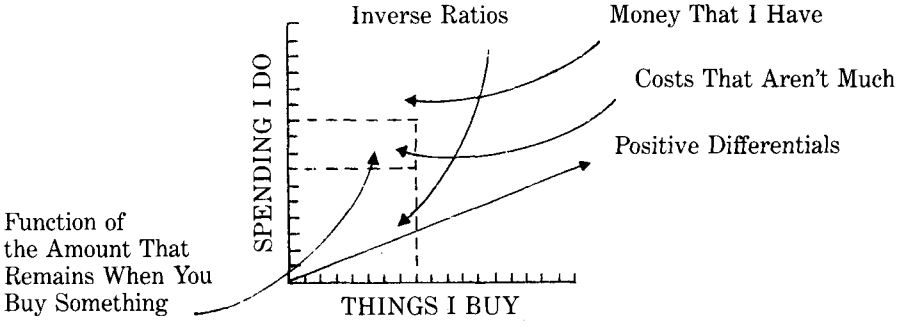
Here are ten laws, which are named after me, spelling out everything:

LAW ONE: THE FISCAL PICTURE IS BRIGHT.



LAW TWO: WHAT MONEY COMES DOWN TO IS THE PURE ECONOMICS OF BUYING SOMETHING YOU WANT.*

Not enough has been said about this. The ends always ratify the means, endorsing them over to your account. It's only when you sit down on the shoulder of the road without moving that you don't buy anything. (In my novel I have written: "Both hands are in your pockets, your elbows resemble wings, and you fly down the street on the chance that you'll buy something.")

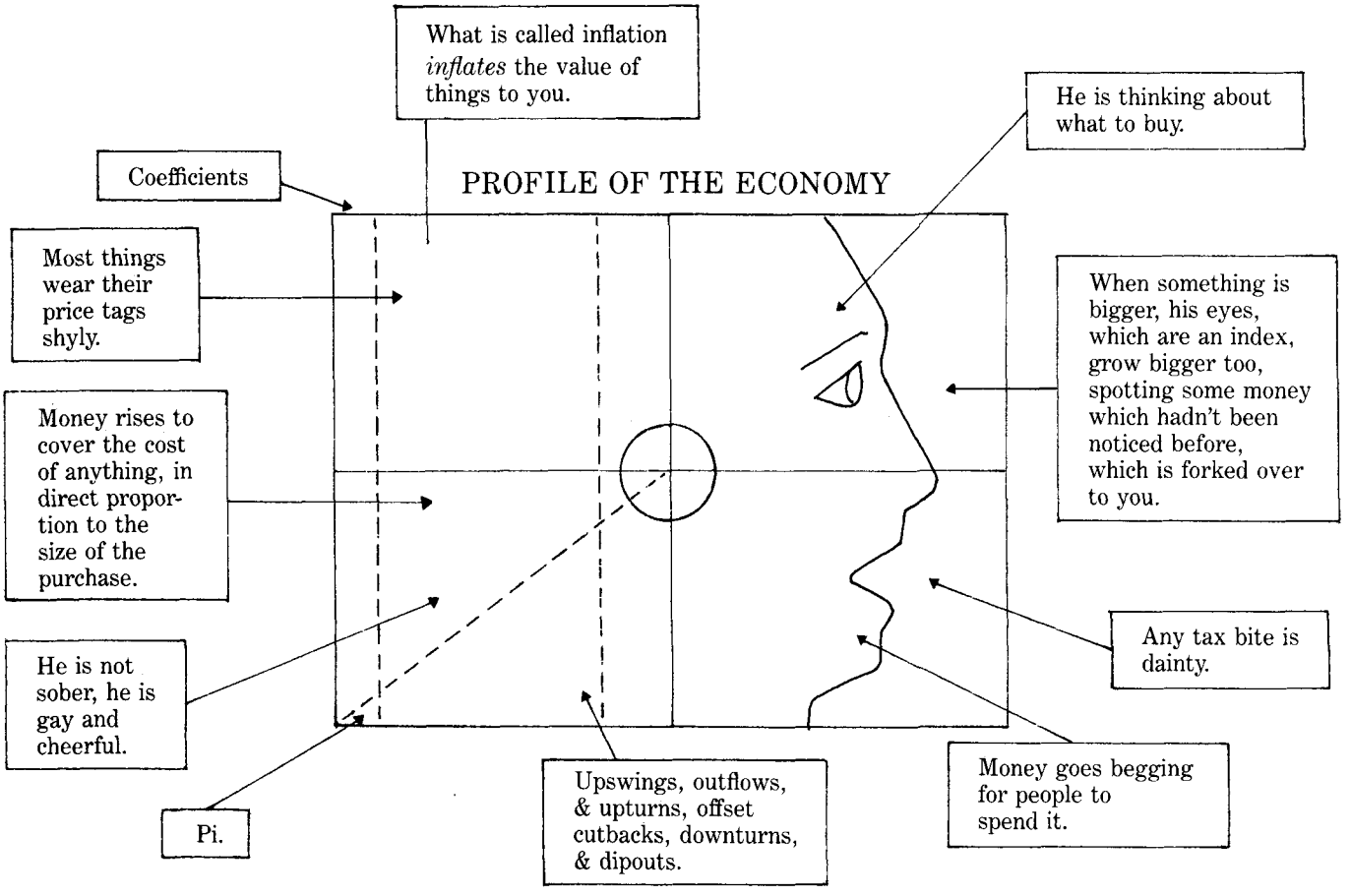


*It lights a candle in the store.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAW THREE: THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM.

The dollar leader in dollars *is* the dollar, which is a self-actualizer, and everything is pegged to it. The dollar, which splits the difference with anyone, could never be *spent*, in the sense of being tired out, and any slowdown in spending is intrinsically tractable.



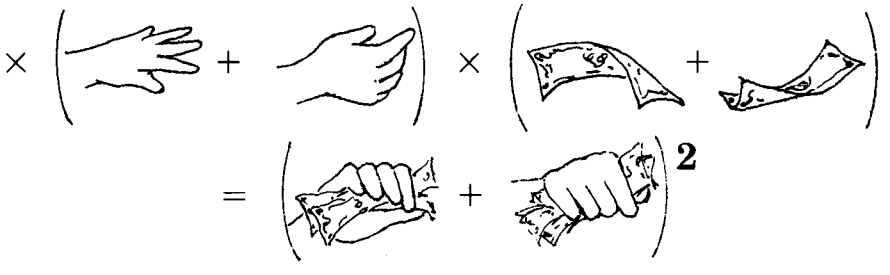
LAW FOUR: AS IT GETS SPENT, MONEY ACQUIRES THE VALUE OF BEING USED, RETURNING LATER IN BIGGER AMOUNTS.

I call this: Money is/M: *purchase-oriented* (it ▶ continually redounds to its own positive consequence ▶ increases to fill the vacuum created when some large part of it is spent ▶ buys many things ▶ I like to have it).

COROLLARY:

Just as money changes hands, hands change money: they imbue it with greater worth. It gets more as it goes along, returning upon the yield of its own enabling subsequence a finer and fuller thing. (Even a check that may bounce for the minute acquires strength from the exercise; written over it is a key word, which is "resolve.")

Integers / Polynomials



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAW FIVE: KNOW, AT A SINGLE GLANCE, WHAT YOU PLAN TO BUY.

PLANNING DIARY

2 p.m.—Meet Wendy for shopping binge. Let's see, today I think I'll buy some essentials and non-essentials and many durable goods.

Oh, ProctG just went up to 7s2002!

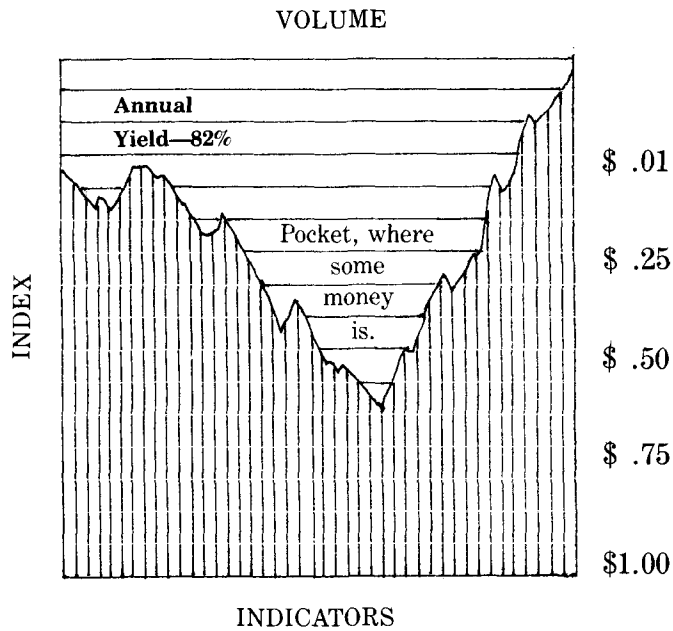
Reminder—pay cash on the barrelhead for some more software and hardware.

LAW SIX: AN UNSUNG PARTNER OF THE DOLLAR IS THE PENNY, WHICH IS FINALLY COMING INTO ITS OWN.

The numerous sidewalks and avenues of the cities are speckled with pennies, which measure up to any currency. All you have to do is bend over and pick them up; by the time you get to work, your pants are sagging down around your knees.

LAW SEVEN: MONEY IS TO BE FOUND IN PLACES.

You may be saying: I don't know, there never seems to be enough money. I don't want to hear any more of this. Reach into your pocket or purse. Okay, what is that moist green thing wadded up into a pellet that you happen to find there? Maybe it acquired that small size when you rolled it around in your nervous palm once too often; it virtually disappeared. Whereas it may have been gone yesterday, it is here today.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAW EIGHT: YOU COULD AFFORD MANY THINGS.

COROLLARY: You are your own collateralized receivable, with a spending trigger.

Income is aptly named. It *comes in*, providing you with more than enough of it, and most items are earmarked to be bought with it. Increments with which to afford more reside in the the average budget, and out of the decision to buy issues a cycle of leaving the flat, going to the retail outlet, and buying the big thing.

Example:

YOU COULD BUY SOME TABLES

TABLE 1 OF TABLES

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

TABLE 2 OF TABLES

Chippendale	Tudor	Hepplewhite
Colonial	Baroque	Queen Anne
Provincial	Modern	Porch

LAW NINE: THE DOLLAR IS KING COCK OF THE MONEY ROOST.

LAW TEN: MONEY COULD BE ACTUALIZED THROUGH THE WEIGHT OF CONVICTION AND BY MENTALLY COMING TO GRIPS WITH IT.

Someone is a citadel of what I call emotional monetarism. Your frame of mind, conditioned though it might be by the overheating or underheating of the circumstances, regulates the supply of money that you could be having. Inherent in the concept of a dollar is *bill-ness*, which could be extracted. It would not yield nothing, for the same reason that a flagpole could not be chopped down.

As an experiment, consider the prospect of having a dollar fairly soon. Count the bills that are on you. When you get to the penultimate one in the large bunch, insert the dollar you have just been giving mental sustenance to. Let us not kid ourselves, we are not a dollar richer yet, but a very important step has been taken.

A fine line separates the imagined form of something and the stuff and substance of which it is composed, and the faint shape of something to come now resides in a warm, nurturing place where it can be coaxed and coddled along, urged into action, brought gradually into one with its own coincidence of coordinates, imminent emanation, muchness, yielding finally: the actual actuality of a . . . *dollar bill* . . . delivered of and by the hope you had that it would be one.

$$\text{Some Money} = \frac{\int_A \left[\lim_{n \to \infty} f_n(x) \right] dx = \lim_{n \to \infty} \int_A f_n(x)\, dx.}{\text{thin air}}$$

Thank you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE THE WATER IS WIDE

A SHORT STORY BY DIANNE BENEDICT

THE OLD ROAD BENT NEITHER TO THE LEFT NOR TO the right. The deaf girl drove the truck through the darkness with William Henry Grover, who was eight years old, sitting beside her in his cowboy outfit. They stared straight ahead at the sweep of dry brush and cactus picked up by the headlights, enjoying a feeling of restfulness and safety. The space around them was lit by the green lights on the dashboard, and smelled of aging foam rubber and chocolate and oily rags.

The deaf girl had fine red hair, a wide forehead, and dark blue eyes that looked dreamy and strange. She wore a flower-print dress and sneakers the color of newspaper that's been lying out in the rain.

William Henry Grover was a large-headed child, with heavy eyebrows under his cowboy hat, and very short legs.

The deaf girl reached over and turned on the radio. She saw William Henry's boots begin to bob rhythmically, and soon he was swaying back and forth, singing along with the music. After a while he rummaged around in the big shopping bag that she always carried with her, and brought out a twist of licorice. He broke off two whips, which he laid across his knee. The rest, rolled into a ball the size of his fist, he stuffed into his shirt.

The deaf girl's name was Angel. William Henry's parents, who traveled all over Texas with a country-and-western band, had brought her in to live with them when she was nine and William Henry was a baby. Recently they'd taught her how to drive the truck in case William Henry, who had sugar diabetes, had to be driven to the hospital while they were away from home. Now Angel and William Henry always had a pleasurable time in the evenings. They drove the truck into town and parked it in the alley behind the Hickey Brothers' Superette, and went exploring the dark neighborhoods, looking in at people through their windows.

Rain had begun to fall in a fine drizzle. When they came into town they saw that people had taken refuge in the Pleze-U-Café, which was brightly lit, with many cars parked in front of it. The deaf girl leaned forward and looked through streaks of rain on the windshield. When they were past the café, she saw a man standing in the next block in front of a dark store window. The man was dressed neatly, in a white shirt and tie. He was just standing in the rain, looking in through the window. His jacket, hanging from his hand, dragged on the wet pavement. When Angel was even with him, she saw that he was a deaf man she knew who owned a store on Main Street. She always stayed away from him, because as soon as he saw her he would try to talk to her with his hands. His way of doing this was too urgent, made her feel she was in a current, in a river, that was too strong to cross.

She drove past the man and turned the corner, and when she had gone around the block she saw him standing farther up the street, under a lamp. She pulled the truck to the curb and turned off the ignition. William Henry touched her on the wrist, but she shook her head, watching the man. His hair was plastered down with the rain. He stepped out of the circle of light and crossed the street, and she got down out of the truck and began to follow him. She had not gone far before William Henry caught up with her, and she took his hand.

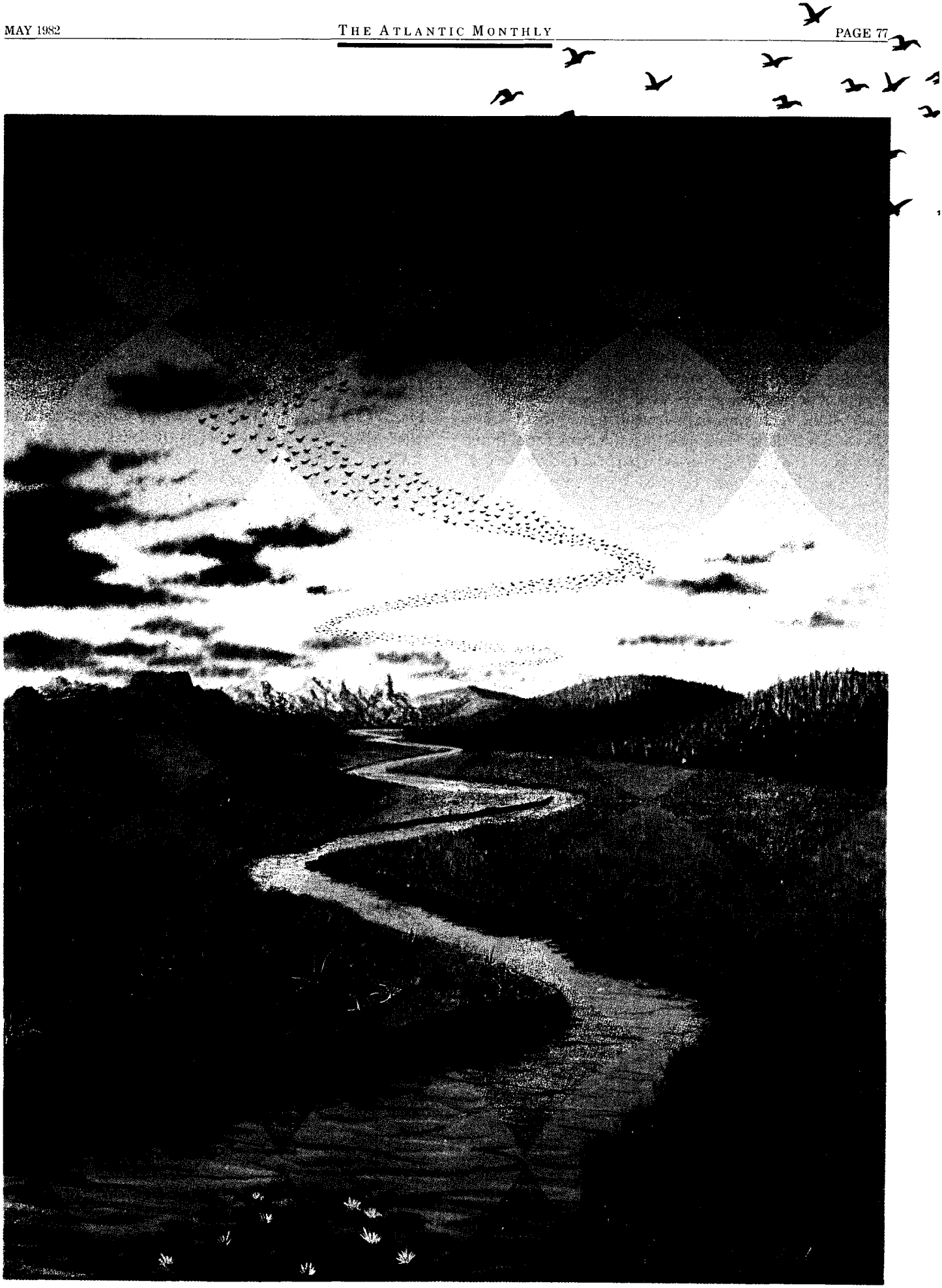
The man turned onto a side street. After several blocks the sidewalk ended, and the man and the deaf girl and William Henry walked in the road through a dark neighborhood of small, rather shabby houses. The yards had patches of gravel showing through the brown grass. They had chinaberry trees growing in them, and arborvitae and crape myrtle, and now and then a large pecan tree with nuts lying on the ground under it like small green turtles. Many of the houses were sided with asbestos shingles. One house had a bright outside light shining from one corner, and, as they approached, the deaf girl watched the drizzle fall through this light, and when they were even with the house she saw a large white dog lying chained on the ground beside the porch. The dog lifted its head, watching them intently as they passed.

The man went into a house that was almost hidden under a magnolia tree. The deaf girl walked under the tree and looked up at the big white flowers glistening and ghostly among the black leaves. She made William Henry stay with her a long time under the tree, waiting for a light

Dianne Benedict teaches writing at Vermont College. Her collection of short stories, Shiny Objects, *has won the 1982 Award for Short Fiction from the University of Iowa School of Letters.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES NAZZ

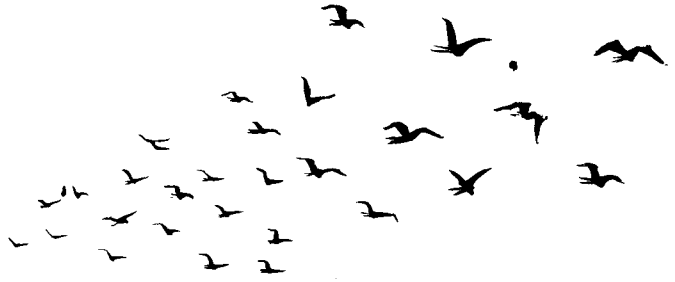
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to go on in the house, but it remained dark. Finally she went into the yard. She took a tablet from the shopping bag and wrote on it, "The peace which passeth all understanding shall keep your heart and mind." She put this note into the mailbox in front of the house and took William Henry's hand, and they walked back up the road the way they had come. When they passed the house with the light, they looked for the white dog, but he was gone. They saw a circle of packed earth with a chain lying in it where he had been.

Later that night, the rain stopped and the sky cleared. Out in the countryside the stars crowded close with a vast booming sound and the moon shed an intense light on clumps of prickly pear and sleeping sheep. After midnight, when all the lights were extinguished in the Pleze-U-Café, the town was dark. For a long time the moon shone in the window on the deaf man asleep in his bed. It shone brightly on his exhausted face. Often he stirred fitfully, as if he were trying to swim in the tangled sheets, and his hands kept shifting and signaling through the night.



CARL GOTTLIEB WAS A DEAF MAN WITH A RATHER flat face and eyes that glittered in irritation whenever anyone distracted him from his thoughts. He was strong, thick through the chest, brooding and dark. On his long nightly walks through the town, he strode forward heavily with his head down, his hands forming an occasional brief sign in front of his chest.

He lived alone in a quiet neighborhood. Beside his small, brown-stucco house grew an old magnolia tree, which all through the summer was full of giant white flowers. At night these flowers, luminous among the black leaves, penetrated his dreams with their fragrance.

He worked in his garden every summer evening. He liked to stand in it with the hose, soaking the soil around the vegetables while the evening deepened around him. He would stay until the darkness surrounded him, until the light had retreated into a gold ribbon hovering close over the horizon.

He owned a dry-goods store, located on the main street of the town. A door at the back of the store led into a low room in which the air was thick with the sweet odor of hides. The room held three long tables piled high with heavy skins. Cut strips littered the floor and lay in mounds in the corners. The smaller pelts—lynx and ferret and fox—were kept in cupboards on the walls.

One day, late in the summer, Carl sat in this room, cutting rawhide thongs. Over his knees lay a fox pelt—a silver fox with the head and paws still on it. Sometimes, when no one was in the store, he liked to open his shirt and put this particular pelt next to his skin. He liked to flatten it out over his chest and ribs and wear it like that for hours with his shirt buttoned over it.

Now he sat on a stool, with the fox pelt on his knees, cutting thongs from a cowhide with heavy, blunt scissors. The strips of leather lay around him on the floor.

When he saw the red light go on, which meant he had a customer, he threw the pelt onto the table in irritation and went into the store with the scissors still in his hand. He found a woman there whom he never liked to deal with. She was a small woman, weatherbeaten as an old mesquite tree. Winter and summer, she wore the same felt hat and soiled jacket. She was always quietly drunk.

When Carl handed her the tablet and pencil, she took the last inch of a brown cigarette from her lips and held it carefully between her knuckles while she wrote.

My well has gone dry, Carl.

He read this, then handed the tablet back to her and waited.

Also, them dogs have got round to my place now.

He shrugged and wrote on the tablet: *You want?*

She took the tablet from him and bent over it tensely, forming the letters with care.

Have you got a trap that catches a dog but don't kill it?

Carl answered her: *This is foolish and sentimental. For dogs we have poison. That is what we have.*

He went behind the counter and took down a canister of poison and set it in front of her. She shook her head and started to write something more, but he came out and took the tablet away and pointed to the door. The woman hesitated, looking uncertain about what she should do, but finally she turned and went out.

After Carl put the poison back on the shelf, he looked through the front window and saw the girl. She was sitting on the bench by the curb with the small boy she always had with her. She lifted her head and laughed, and laid her arm along the back of the bench, and the line of her breast caused something to tighten under his ribs. He studied her white forehead, her cloud of fine red hair, the odd flatness of her blue eyes, which was like the surface of water, or like a mirror.

He watched her hands as she signed to the boy. She used a strange sign, touching her own body a great deal, and the face and hands of the boy, and Carl had no idea what any of that meant.

Each time someone passed on the sidewalk, blocking out the sight of her, he was afraid that when he looked again she would be gone.

After a moment he came to a decision. He went into the back room and rolled the fox pelt into a bundle and tied it with a thong. He took from the wall a small, dusty squaw-doll that had hung there on a nail for years, and slipped this under the thong.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The girl and the child were still on the bench when he went out. He laid his hand on the back of the girl's head and placed the bundle on her lap. The boy leaned near her and they studied the Indian doll together, and then the boy looked up and said, "Are you giving it to her?"

Carl went around and knelt in front of the girl and untied the thong.

Open it, he signed, but the girl shook her head.

He opened the pelt and spread it across her knees. He laid the doll in the center of it.

You can keep this, he signed.

The girl shook her head again, and Carl lifted the small arms of the doll where it lay in the fur, so that it looked as though it were reaching for the girl. The small plaster face was vivid, with its red cheeks and black eyes.

Don't you want the doll? he signed.

When the girl shook her head the third time, he rolled the fur up roughly with the doll inside it, and tied it with the thong.

You are a child, he signed to her angrily.

She sat motionless, looking away to the side. He threw the pelt across the sidewalk and through the doorway of his store.

I speak to you, he signed. *Who else can I speak to? Grow up a little bit. Use your head.* He tapped his forehead angrily.

The girl pushed a strand of hair behind her ear, and Carl saw in this gesture how much she dreaded him. He realized then that she would never speak to him, and in that moment a memory came to him of a time in his youth when he had tried to swim across a broad, nearly frozen lake in the Jura Mountains near the border of France. His strength had given out somewhere in the middle, and two men from one of the villages, fishing in the lake, realized he was in trouble and came after him in a boat. He remembered their faces, grim and silent, as they leaned over to take hold of him.

He saw, in the delicate curves under the girl's eyes, a fine sheen of perspiration.

He got up and went back into the store.

He stood in the center of the room with his back to the door, thinking, I will close early today. I will work on the car, find out where the oil is leaking. After that I will take the grape slips, which have stayed already too long in the bucket, and plant them at the foot of the garden.

He ran his hand through his hair, and watched the wind from the open door slip into a pile of red and orange silk scarves that he'd laid out on the counter. Then he felt the girl's hand on his arm, and he turned.

Do you know the swallows? she signed.

Say again?

Swallows, she signed, *in that place by the river.*

I care nothing about that.

He picked up the fox pelt from the floor, and put it under her arm, and made her hold it there.

You want to come? she signed.

Come? Where?

Come now.

A feeling he had not known in years, a feeling he had forgotten about, overcame him then, and in his confusion he took his watch out of his pocket and looked at it, but she covered it with her hand.

Come, she signed. *Come now.*

THE GREEN TRUCK TRAVELED FAST. THE SKY LAY flat and brilliant on its windows. The evening light froze the old road into a long piece of silver with dust on it.

Carl was surprised by the way the girl drove the truck. She drove a little too fast, working the gears skillfully. He observed that she could drive a pickup easily, and he noticed also how good she was with the boy. He no longer thought of her as a child. She was not a child. She was like the older children he had known in Germany during the war. The kind of child he himself had been. Growing up in the space of a year, a few months.

The boy sat between them with a Bible open in his lap. He had a Mason jar full of sauerkraut juice clasped between his knees, and was eating a fried cake spread with honey. He put down the cake and held the Bible up with his finger on a passage that he wanted the girl to read. Carl looked closely at the place and read: "Thy teeth are like a flock of shorn sheep . . . Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies."

The boy put his finger on the word "roes," and signed to Carl, *Give meaning.*

Swans, Carl signed back to him, not wanting to admit he didn't know the meaning of the word.

Big birds? the boy signed.

Yes.

They eat lilies?

Yes.

The boy finished his fried cake, thinking about this, and licked his fingers.

And teeth like sheep? he signed.

It's after they're shorn, Carl signed, *and they line up hungry at the fence.*

When they had left the town behind by several miles, Carl rolled down the window and rested his elbows on the ledge. He hadn't come out into the countryside for a long time. Bands of sheep at the fence sped by quickly, and beyond them began the endless stretches of cactus and thorny mesquite. Carl looked across the sweep of the land, which glowed with a tired, tallow-colored light, and watched the foreshortened sun sinking into a haze of dust at the horizon.

They turned off the highway onto a dirt road, and the girl pointed out a string of birds, a shifting dark line converging on the sun. This reminded him of the story about the boy with wings who flew too close to the sun, and then he thought about what it felt like to swing a heavy gun

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHARMING

Because language dreams in metaphors,
charm is always like something else,
like luck, or wealth, or like a tune
to whistle while coaxing soup
from chicken bones and two turnips.

Because ice is like stone, though once
it was water, and because kissed ice
means blue lips, charm needs to know
the names of distress and remedy,
and what words are not spoken, and when.

Because charm is an argument
about politics, that it works best
for the rich, and about magic,
that it works best for those who recant
politics, charm is warily polite.

And because charm is like love,
the way ice is like water, charm
tends its investments and dreams
when it sleeps, and wakes hungry,
as if from exacting work.

And because to fly in a dream is fierce
pleasure, charm wakes with a kind word.
It's important to start in the right place,
like a child possessed of a story.
First the witch, then the snow, and then

the starling-throng like a blizzard
of shameful thoughts, and then winter:
ice to kiss and the right names
in the right order, the sexual secret
of spring's coming back at all.

Though spring is all burgeon and broadcast,
a tosspurse, survival's brash manners,
because charm dwindles and hoards,
because charm repeats, because charm
will save itself before it remembers us.

—*William Matthews*

against his shoulder and swiftly fire, and watch one bird, out of a line like that one near the horizon, finally, miraculously, fall.

They passed the reservoir, and he looked up at the long edge of the dam. He saw a solitary man silhouetted there with his arms raised as though in praise of the water, which lay rare and vast at his feet, or of the sky, which was filled with a kind of candlelight at that hour, or of the earth, which was turning slowly toward the darkness.

Having finished his meal, the boy lay down with his head in the girl's lap, his boots resting on Carl's legs. The girl's eyes were narrowed against the sun, which was directly ahead of them, and she seemed deeply contented to be driving at that hour and in that direction.

A few miles farther on, they crossed over a plank bridge, and Carl caught sight of an old sycamore tree rooted in the shallow bank of the river. Not far beyond that, the girl pulled off the road in front of a barn and stopped the motor. They sat, motionless, looking at the barn. It was a huge barn. An old German barn. The kind Carl had played in on his grandfather's farm in the years before the war. He knew of a German settlement many miles to the south, where there were warm valleys with vineyards, but no Germans lived here. He couldn't understand how such a barn could be here.

Who owns this barn? he signed to the girl.

I do, she answered him.

You own this barn?

She glanced at him and laughed. *Nobody owns anything,* she signed.

The boy raised up, sleepily, and the girl opened the door and got down out of the truck.

The swallows are flying, the boy signed.

Carl watched the swallows circling the barn, following each other in and out through gaps in the walls. Then he saw the long shadow that the barn made on the ground, and it occurred to him that it was very late in the evening.

How long are we staying here? he asked the girl, but she was walking away and couldn't see him, so he got out of the truck and caught up with her and turned her toward him.

How long do you want to stay here? he signed.

Are you hungry? I have food.

It's late, he signed. *And we have no light.*

It isn't dark.

We've come very far out.

Far? she signed. *Far from what?* She took his hand and pulled him with her through the big doors.

The interior of the barn had a dappled look, a sheltered feeling that was like being under water. The girl stood close to him and signed something to him. He took her hands and pressed the palm of one to his lips. She frowned and pulled away and tried to sign again, but he caught her and held her against him. The swallows flew near, calling, and the evening sun struck sharply through the walls, streaking the floor and lighting up the girl's hair. He felt

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the quickened beat of her heart. The smell of her was like alfalfa brought in fresh from the thrashing. Holding her, he felt himself beginning to rest deep in his spirit, after a desire of so many years.

THEY LEFT THE BOY PLAYING IN THE BARN AND walked down to the river. The river was a small black stream about as wide as a woman's waist. It slipped darkly through the groove it had dug in its bleached limestone bed. They went at first right up to the water. The girl showed him how good the water was to drink, as if this were something only she knew about.

The sun had dropped out of sight, leaving behind it along the horizon a hazy legion of thunderheads lit around the edges with fine gold wires.

It was the time of evening when the swallows converged on the river. They swooped in long curved flights, feeding on the clouds of gnats hovering low over the warm stones.

Carl and the girl climbed to a ledge of limestone under the sycamore tree. He took a comb out of the pocket of his shirt and made her sit with her back to him so he could comb out her hair. Her red hair was full of gatherings of curls, which at first he didn't want to disturb but wanted, instead, to press gently between his fingers, the way one might press the paws of a small, drowsy animal. She sat with her head bent slightly and her hands folded in her lap, wearing an air of seriousness and obedience in which he perceived, somewhere far back in her childhood, the tending of a woman. He combed her hair out in waves over his arm, the way he'd seen his mother do every morning with his younger sister. When it was all combed through, he twisted the mass of it up onto her head, and ran a finger along the small knobs of her spine.

She took the comb from him and parted his hair in the middle. She combed it to the sides and licked her fingers to wet it down. Then she hid the comb away from him in the folds of her dress, laughing, and turned and settled herself back into the curve of his body. He took her hands in his own. Her legs swung free over the edge of the limestone. He was greatly comforted by the slow swinging of her dusty feet and by the feel of her sturdy body. He wondered how soon the night would come and what it would be like. He knew that the mantle of stars would be vast, and with the darkness would come a loneliness that might overwhelm him, but for now he was deep into a feeling that was as elusive and pure as the dark ribbon of water in the riverbed, and nothing at this time could hold any fear for him.

THEY SPENT THE NIGHT IN THE TOPMOST LOFT. THE girl slept heavily, with her head on Carl's arm, and once he brushed her hair back from her cheek and felt the dampness underneath. The boy slept curled at their feet.

Carl looked up through the gaps in the roof and watched the stars journeying. The moon slid before him like a kite, with small rags of clouds crossing it. He thought of the old magnolia tree that grew in his yard and that seemed at night always to be moving in one direction while the stars and clouds moved in another. He thought of his garden and of the vine with blue flowers he had trained along the fence. His yard would be bright like a lake in the moonlight now, and the garden would be a disturbance in it, like a monster surfacing. The crickets would be singing. He thought of his bed under the open window, the sheets tangled and thrown back. He thought of his leather slippers side by side on the mat.

Once, the girl started violently in her sleep. He put his arm over her, across her breasts, to protect her.

HE WAS DREAMING OF THE VILLAGE WHERE THEY had sent him as a boy during the war. He knew he was lying in the barn in the early morning with the girl asleep against his side, but the dream moved in closer and enfolded him, and he found himself in a field of poppies in which he was running with other children. Across the canal, many women were bending low in a stubble field, binding armfuls of barley. Near them was a plot of big vines with melons swelling under the leaves. He would love to take one of those melons if he could get across, he thought, and so he stood at the edge of the water beating two sticks together to get the women's attention. When they turned to him, he tightened his arms around the girl and signed, *Show me the way across*. The nearest woman smiled and motioned for him to come forward, and he waded into the water, holding the girl tightly so she wouldn't be swept away from him by the current. She struggled to free herself from him, but he pressed his lips to her forehead and lifted her higher and began to swim. As he swam, he held the girl steady with his arms and legs, protecting her, and the cold stream closed over them, and he thought soon they would be across, but the water was very wide. He peered upward through the dark water, trying to see the women and the green vines with their melons, but all he could make out was the dappled surface toward which he was rising. The girl struggled more powerfully against him. He held onto her with all his strength, but she broke loose, finally, and was carried away. The bright surface of the water shattered over him then, and he woke at the edge of the loft looking down into a great many motes of light with chaff drifting through them. The girl lay far below him on the floor. He turned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and saw the boy backing away under the eaves, crying.

He looked through the wide baling window, then, and caught sight of the swallows gliding swiftly like a cloth over the distant trees. The cloth lifted and sank, catching the sun, then disappeared behind the sycamore by the river.

WILLIAM HENRY FOLLOWED A SHORT DISTANCE behind the deaf man. The man was carrying Angel to the river. William Henry wanted to run in front of him and sign to him to go back, but he was afraid; he could tell, anyway, from the look on the man's face, that nothing would stop him.

There was no wind, and the air was like a piece of hot, brittle paper about to burn. William Henry wished that he had taken the time to pull on his boots. It was hard to keep going barefoot over the rough ground.

When they reached the river, a wind with a sharp edge struck him, and he looked up and saw that the sky had turned deep green with clouds churning and moving swiftly. Along the horizon was a band of clear air very active with lightning.

He stood on the bank, watching the deaf man carry Angel down into the riverbed. He felt the first big drops of rain come heavily then, and dark spots appeared on the stones. The rain increased, and soon the ground was darkened with it, and rivulets of water began running along the erosions into the river.

The deaf man laid Angel down at a place in the middle of the riverbed, on a sheet of small pebbles. His shirt was plastered to his back with rain. Angel's hair clung wetly to her face. He straightened her legs and arranged her dress, and then continued on across the river to the other side.

After that, the man stood on one bank and William Henry stood on the other, and they watched the rain sweeping between them in heavy sheets.

Close by William Henry, the sycamore was flattened back by the force of the storm. Soon he sat down beside it with his knees drawn up, holding his feet in his hands, full of the fear of being blown away. On the other side of the river, the deaf man stood with his head down, his back to the wind.

WHEN ANGEL WAS LIFTED AND CARRIED AWAY BY the floodwater, William Henry followed her along the bank of the river. He stumbled down the shallow ravines and up the cliffs and went running along the narrow shale beaches, trying to keep her in sight.

She was carried lightly, floating on the crests of the swells. The river had turned her around and now bore her head-first, as if with intent, as if such a journey were taken in a certain way, and Angel was secure now, with the river, and would travel safely through all that lay ahead.

William Henry followed her as far as he could, but she was being carried, and he was running on his own. He came to a place where the water slid into sheer walls of limestone, like a tunnel with light in it. He was confronted there by a towering shoulder of rock. He made a sudden decision to sit in the shelter of it.

The wind had died away. The rain came straight down, heavily. The river, which was traveling almost silently, with no turbulence, carried with it sheets of white froth that separated and reunited languidly over the speeding surface.

THE PEOPLE HAD COME TO THE PARK BY THE RIVER because it was cool now, after the rain, and they wanted to sit at the low tables under the oak trees, in the presence of heavy and abundant water, and eat their chicken and boiled eggs, and whole fresh tomatoes held in the hand like peaches.

The grown-ups stayed at the tables, talking and holding the babies, until way into the evening, when the sun, having descended slowly through the vistas of red and purple that follow upon a storm, touched the horizon and diminished to the flame of a candle.

A child ran up from the river, calling, "Father, you've got to come. Please. Everybody. Everybody come."

All the men and two of the women with babies in their arms got up and followed the child. The other women stayed at the table, clearing away the food while they talked, folding waxed paper over the bowls, and carrying the paper plates to the barrel.

The child took her father's hand and led him to a narrow beach jutting out into the river. The other men followed behind, and then the women, and the bank of the river struck a shadow over them as they descended to the water's edge. All the children, even the very small ones, were gathered on the rough shale beach, and all were very quiet and still, standing around something that they were looking at together.

The child brought her father into the crowd of children and commanded everyone to move back.

"Let my father see," she said.

The father came into the group, and looked down with the others.

"See?" the child said. "See there? What did I tell you?"

The other men came up and looked down, and then the women, and everybody was quiet for a long time.

Finally, one of the women said, "You'd think she was smiling. Look at her face."

"She's alive," said one of the children.

"No. Not that one," a man said.

"Yes," the child said. □

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST ENCOUNTERS

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND JEAN COCTEAU

Charlie Chaplin's first encounter with Jean Cocteau was memorable not so much for its improbability (on a Japanese boat in the South China Sea) or its spirit (friendly enough) as for the marked disinclination it inspired in both for any second encounter.

It was 1936. *Modern Times* had just been released, and its creator had taken its leading lady—his wife, Paulette Goddard—on an extended trip to the Orient. Embarking at Singapore, he was handed a note from Cocteau, whose film *Le Sang d'un Poète* had been a critical success, and who was there doing a story for *Le Figaro*. Would M. Chaplin, the note read, join him for an aperitif before dinner?

M. Chaplin was delighted, although less so on discovering that just as he spoke no French, Cocteau spoke no English. Communication was carried on through the deadpan translations of Cocteau's secretary: "Meester Cocteau . . . he say. . . you are a poet . . . of ze sunshine . . . and he is a poet of ze . . . night." Still, their mutual enthusiasms were enough to carry them along until four in the morning, and they promised to meet for lunch.

With the bright light of noon, however, came cold reality. They had said all they had to say to each other. Both passed up lunch and spent the afternoon composing notes of apology, which crossed. Desperation set in.

But the dilemma was a shared one. Circumvention became the game of the day. It was understood that Cocteau lunched with his secretary and Chaplin dined with Paulette. If during the morning promenade they should catch a glimpse of each other, the one closest to a door would promptly duck inside. Both men became familiar with parts of the boat they had not known existed. Gradually, they relaxed. By the time Tokyo was reached, salutations—even brief conversation—were possible.

The ironies became apparent only later. Paulette, who saw a great deal of Chaplin on that trip, was estranged from him within the year, but Cocteau remained a faithful, if distant, friend forever. —*Nancy Caldwell Sorel*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A big assembly for smallness

THE ONLY PROBLEM IN THE UNIVERSE

BY RORY O'CONNOR

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS, 1952, WHILE SITTING IN his office on the campus of Rutgers University, in New Jersey, Leopold Kohr uncovered the secret of the universe.

Just after the Royal Wedding, 1981, while sitting in the Great Hall of City University in London, hundreds of people from about thirty nations gathered to hear Kohr's explanation.

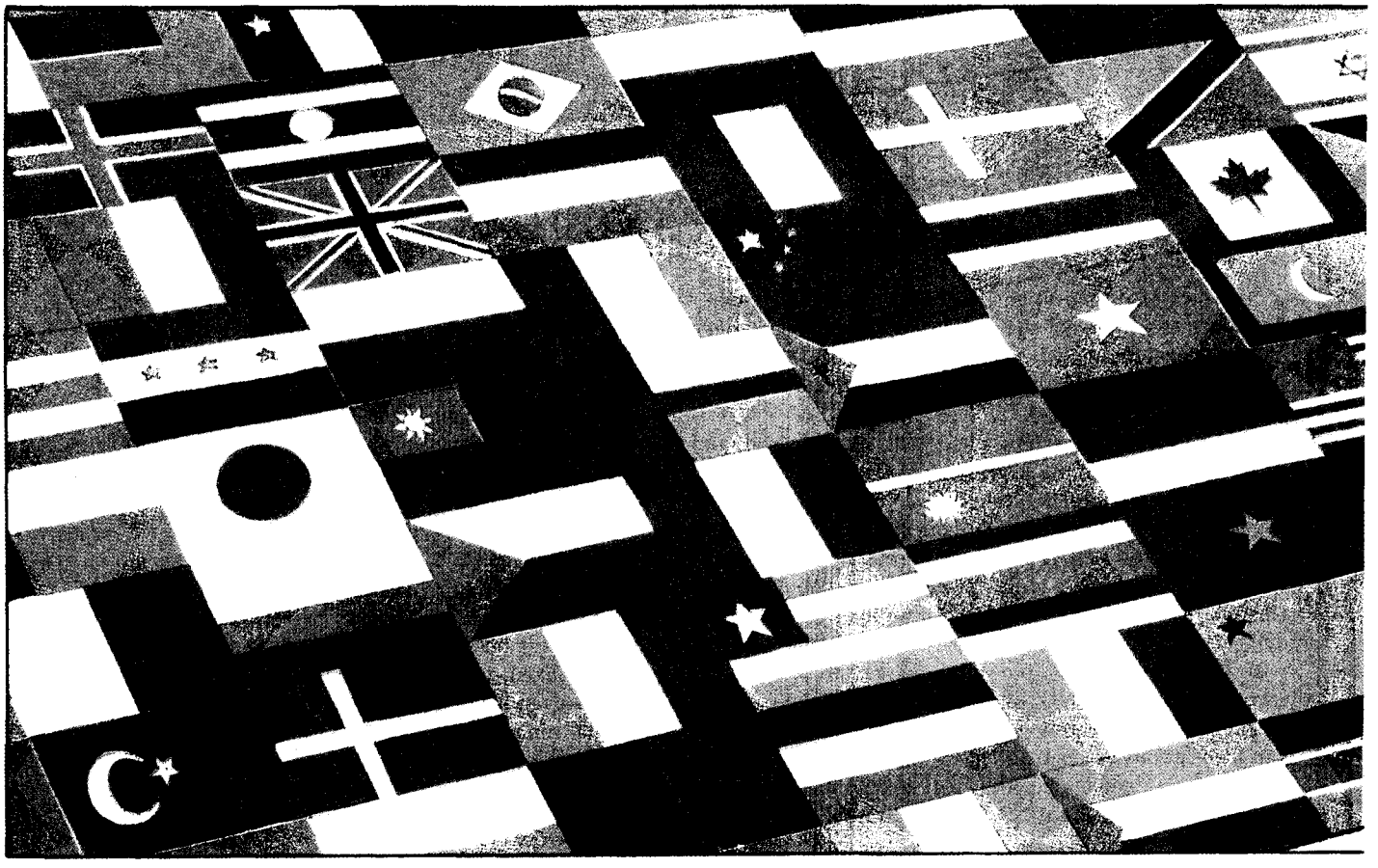
Reading the book might have been easier.

The book was a work of social and political philosophy called *The Breakdown of Nations*, which Kohr began and completed during that long Christmas recess at Rutgers. Kohr, an Austrian-born Nazi refugee and an assistant professor of economics, explained in the book's opening sentence that he was attempting to formulate a sort of unified field theory of sociopolitical relations: "As the physicists of our time have tried to elaborate an integrated single theory, capable of explaining not only some but all phenomena of the *physical* universe, so I have tried on a different plane to develop a single theory through which not only some but all phenomena of the *social* universe can be reduced to a common denominator."

The gathering in London, which Kohr addressed years later, was the work of a colleague and disciple, an Anglican priest named John Papworth. Convinced that "our society has been living off the moral capital of the last two thou-

---

Rory O'Connor is a free-lance journalist and co-author of Nukespeak, *to be published this fall.*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY GUY BILLOUT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sand years, and it has nearly all been spent," Papworth had almost single-handedly brought together a curious mixture of ethnic, linguistic, religious, and cultural minorities, ranging from Celts and Kurds to Syrians and Scots, at an intellectual jamboree he called the First Assembly of the Fourth World.

What did these seemingly disparate groups and events have in common, and what was this unrealized key to the cosmos? Fortunately, the answer can be found in reverberations from one word: *bigness*.

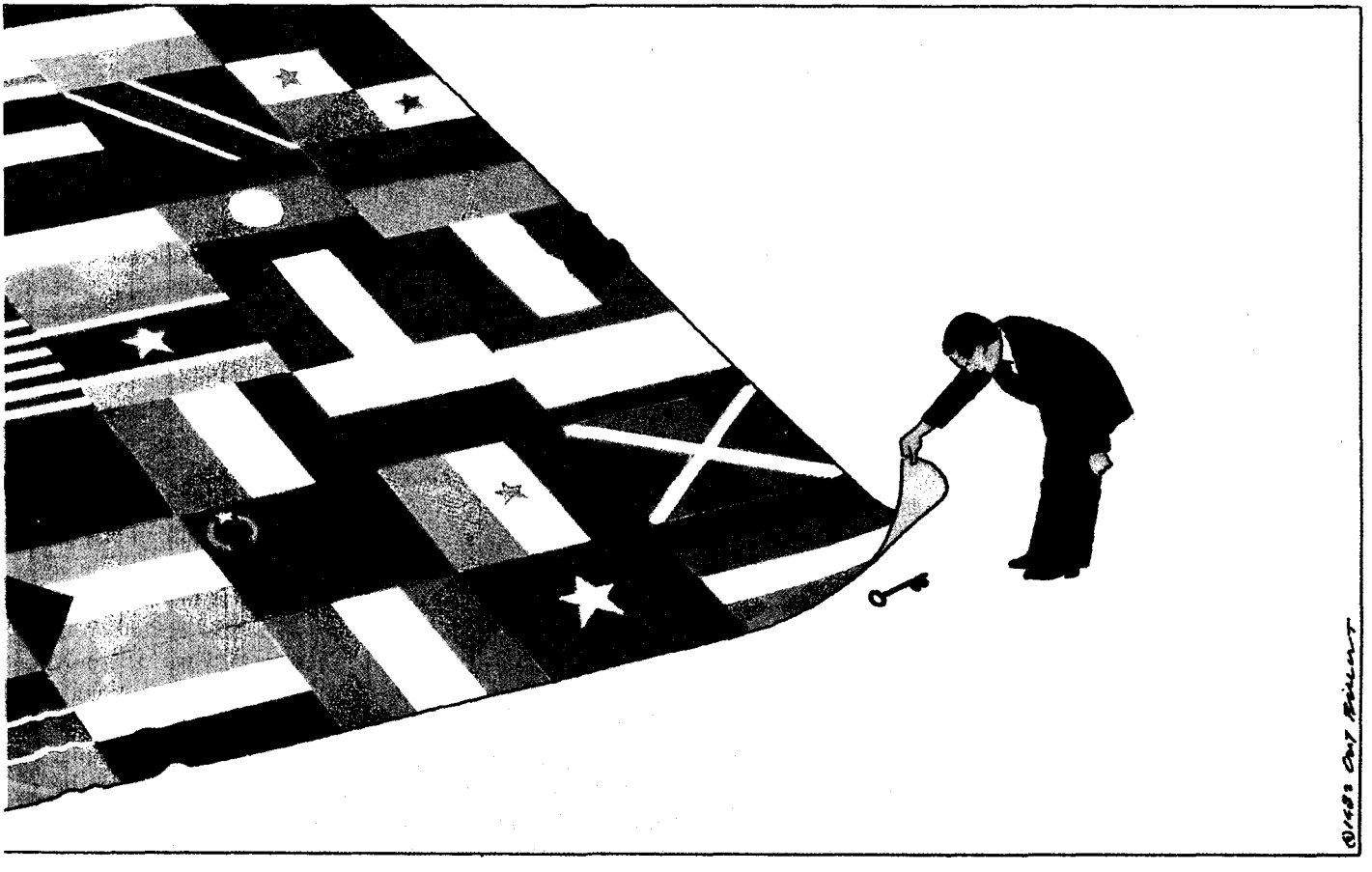
"It appears to be the one and only problem permeating all creation," wrote Leopold Kohr in the introduction to *Breakdown* three decades ago. "Wherever something is wrong, something is too big."

The point can be made in other ways, and Kohr found them: "It is always bigness, and only bigness, which is the problem of existence, social as well as physical," or, alternatively, "There seems only one cause behind all forms of social misery: bigness." He found metaphors, as well: "If the stars in the sky or the atoms of uranium disintegrate in spontaneous explosion . . . it is because matter has attempted to expand beyond the impassable barriers set to every accumulation"; or, closer to home, "If the human body becomes diseased, it is, as in cancer, because a cell, or a group of cells, has begun to outgrow its allotted narrow limits." But the genius of Kohr's discovery surely lies in its simplicity, just as Einstein's great revelation of the essential equivalence of energy and matter eventually reduced itself to the beautifully compact form $E = mc^2$.

Once the problem was identified, a solution followed swiftly. If, in social and political terms, "the body of a people becomes diseased with the fever of aggression, brutality, collectivism, or massive idiocy" (as an Austrian emigré, Kohr had substantial personal experience with all of these afflictions), it is not because, as many victims of Hitler assumed, said body of people "has fallen victim to bad leadership or mental derangement." Instead, Kohr postulated, "It is because human beings, so charming as individuals or in small aggregations, have been welded into overconcentrated social units such as mobs, unions, cartels, or great powers. That is when they begin to slide into uncontrollable catastrophe."

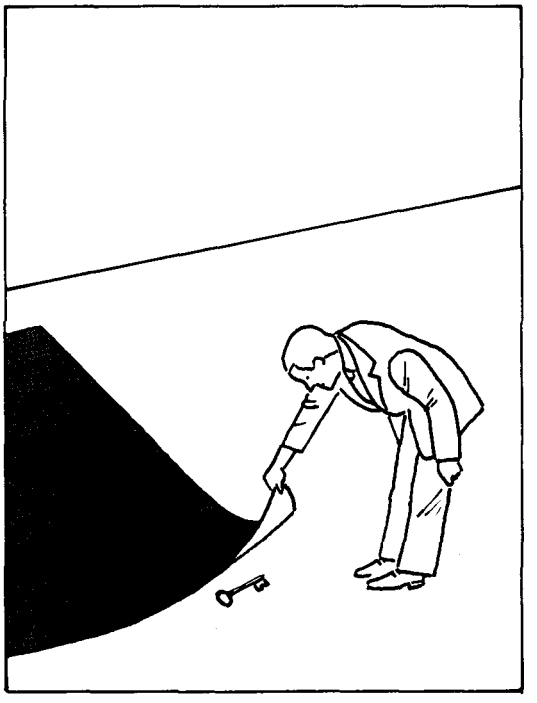
Thus, if the problem is bigness, "the only solution must lie in the cutting down of the substances and organisms which have outgrown their natural limits. The problem," stipulated Leopold Kohr in 1952, "is not to grow but to stop growing; the answer: not union but division."

The history of Kohr's theory is set forth in the foreword to *Breakdown*. In April of 1953, when Kohr began to send his completed manuscript to a succession of American publishers, both academic and trade, he found no takers. When he then approached a number of English houses, the result was the same. For a while it appeared that he would have to keep his secret to himself.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not until several years later, after Kohr happened to have lunch with a stranger who turned out to be the prominent poet, critic, and publisher Sir Herbert Read, did *The Breakdown of Nations* find its way into print, if not exactly into general circulation. In the fall of 1957, owing to Read's intercession, *Breakdown* finally appeared in Britain, where its reception was less than overwhelming. *The Economist* termed it "a maddening little book," and other reviewers seemed to feel, as Kirkpatrick Sale, the author of *Human Scale*, observed, that "questioning of empires, even empires about to disintegrate, was bad form."



The book fared no better in America. In fact, it was ignored by every periodical except *Political Science Quarterly*. There the economist Robert J. Alexander called it "thought-provoking" and remarked presciently that "it will probably not be taken as seriously as it should be."

Kohr, however, was undaunted. He had accepted a position on the faculty of the University of Puerto Rico, where he remained until his mandatory retirement, in 1974, at the age of sixty-five. For nineteen years, he was an acclaimed teacher and lecturer, as well as the author of numerous articles for both popular and academic publications and a series of columns for Puerto Rican daily newspapers. He also wrote several books, among them *The Overdeveloped Nations* (1962), in which he further developed the size theory he had presented in *Breakdown*.

Slowly, Kohr began to accumulate an odd assortment of friends and admirers. These included Read, the Welsh nationalist Gwynfor Evans, the Puerto Rican leader Jaime Benítez, Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda, the English economist E. F. Schumacher, and the modern-day Voltaire, Ivan Illich, author of *Medical Nemesis* and *Deschooling Society*. At the same time, his ideas started to circulate and attain a modicum of intellectual respectability, thanks in part to a regular column he began in the mid-sixties for a new British periodical called *Resurgence*, a self-proclaimed "magazine of the Fourth World" founded in Wales in 1966 by John Papworth.

LIKE KOHR, PAPWORTH HAD BEEN TRAINED AS AN economist, but he had an abiding interest in both politics and the question of scale. He says that "a God-given bout of inspiration" led him to the term "Fourth World" about seventeen years ago, and that he had the phrase legally registered when he started *Resurgence*. Papworth was motivated to invent, or recognize, the Fourth World because he reasoned that the very idea of a Third World, which was then gaining prominence among analysts and policymakers in both the First World (the U.S., Western Europe, and Japan) and the Second World (the USSR and Eastern Europe), was "journalistic shorthand" for a concept that "never really had the cohesion people gave to it." To Papworth, at least, the Third World was indistinct from the U.S. and USSR, and "seemed only too anxious to get on the gravy train of Western capitalism or [cozy up to] Russian imperialism." (Oddly enough, this view, although heretical at the time, has since been adopted by the Reagan Administration, and now forms the basis for many of its foreign-policy decisions.)

In place of the "bogus" Third World, Papworth envisioned a future Fourth World, "a concept of multi-cellular, power-dispersed organic existence where people can determine the pattern of their own life." He foresaw the imminent breakup of the great (and not-so-great) empires of our time, the dismantling of political units such as Great Britain, the Soviet system of Eastern European "satellite" nations, and even, at some future time, the United States.

Naturally, the first person to write for Papworth's new magazine was Leopold Kohr. Kohr was soon joined by Schumacher, whose stint as head of planning at the British Coal Board was marked by his attempt to implement some of the same ideas of scale. But Schumacher tended to concentrate his efforts in the ecological arena—an important one, of course, but a relatively safe one as well. Schumacher went on to later fame as the author of the best-selling *Small is Beautiful*, a Bible of "Buddhist economics" and "appropriate technology," most of which first appeared in another form in various issues of *Resurgence*.

In the early 1960s, Papworth had a young African politician named Kenneth Kaunda staying with him in London. A decade later, when Kaunda was the leader of Zambia, he invited Papworth to move to Africa and try to put some of his ideas into practice in the field of rural development. Papworth accepted, and spent most of the seventies in Zambia as personal assistant to Kaunda. "I was the only white man of a staff of three hundred and fifty," he recalls.

Meanwhile, he severed his connection with *Resurgence*, "when it moved from politics to foot massage, yogurt, and other vital areas of concern," he remarks. Thereafter the magazine even dropped its identification as a "magazine of the Fourth World." But a seed had been planted, and Pap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worth continued to nurture it during nine long years in Africa.

Finally, in July of 1980, Papworth moved back to London with his wife and three small children. Almost immediately he began working on a project that would be the culmination of all the theorizing of the previous thirty years: the First Assembly of the Fourth World. "I commenced work on the assembly the moment I got back to London," he relates. "The reason was simple: I was afraid for the future of my children. I didn't want them to fight and die in a war, for no reason, and that I had no control over. We seemed poised on the brink of a nuclear holocaust. There didn't seem to be much time left, so I plunged into organizing the Fourth World assembly."

Within six months, while working at his own expense from Fourth World headquarters in the living room of his St. John's Wood townhouse, Papworth had made considerable progress. He and a small coterie of friends and sympathizers had lined up two dozen or so reputable "patrons" for the assembly, including Kohr, Evans, Illich, and Sale; Dr. Helen Caldicott (*Nuclear Madness*) and the sci-fi author Ursula Le Guin; the Beat poet Gary Snyder; the writer Michael Zwerin (*A Case for the Balkanization of Practically Everyone*); and even the Swiss author Denis de Rougemont, the self-styled "President of Ecoropa" (an imaginary kingdom intended to encompass the "European frame of mind"). They had begun to put into motion the logistics for feeding and housing hundreds of visitors and presenting a three-day program featuring debates, forum discussions, plenary sessions, and such "fringe events" as films, slide shows, and "events & celebrations"—for example, participatory Sufi dancing at the close of day two. Papworth's most significant contribution, though, was the proposed "General Declaration" for the upcoming assembly, a carefully thought-out and articulated document that tried to define the emerging Fourth World and illustrate its major concerns.

Papworth hoped the declaration would prove both an organizing tool, to be sent out in response to the rapidly growing number of requests for information that were flooding his mailbox, and a statement of the aims and principles of the world he was attempting to call into being. He also hoped, however, that it would eventually serve as a springboard to action—a naive wish, as it turned out.

Nonetheless, the General Declaration and other documents produced by Papworth and his working group did enable them to convey some idea of what they were up to, despite the occasionally excessive language employed. (To the question "What is the Fourth World?" one paper responded, "It . . . has been variously defined to embrace small nations, groups working for their autonomy and independence at all levels from the neighbourhood to the nation, minority groups, whether ethnic, linguistic, cultural or religious, and those groups in the fields of peace action, ecology, economics, energy resources, women's liberation and the whole spectrum of the alternative movement, which are struggling against the giantism of the institutions of today's mass societies and for a human-scale and non-centralised, multi-cellular, power-dispersed world order.") The declaration commenced by positing that "human survival now depends on the swiftness with which our political, social and economic institutions can be made small enough for them to be manageable and more adequately responsive to human control."

ODDLY, WHEN THE LONG-AWAITED FIRST ASSEMBLY of the Fourth World was called to order last summer (only days after the outpouring of hoopla surrounding the wedding of the next king of England and his bride), the center of attraction was not Leopold Kohr or John Papworth but Ivan Illich. True, Papworth had written the General Declaration and had acted as convener, and the septuagenarian Kohr had served as co-president with Gwynfor Evans, of Plaid Cymru, the Welsh nationalist party; Kohr in fact gave a speech, which unfortunately turned out to be largely unintelligible owing to a combination of poor acoustics and his thick Austrian accent. But Illich, with his bold, impatient, and at times overweening aggressiveness, stole the show.

The assembly began with a gathering of hundreds, arranged in a circle within the aptly named Great Hall. Kohr, Evans, and Papworth spoke briefly, and then those assembled prepared to "break down," as Professor Kohr would have it, into a number of smaller units, or forums—about twenty-five in all. Ranging in topic from "Ethnic, Nationality and Minority Groups" to "Arab/Israel" and "Ulster/Six Counties," and from "Decolonising the Great Empires" to "Women and the Fourth World," the forums were intended to be the cells that made up the body of the assembly. Their purpose was to examine *particular* problems relating to the overall danger of "giantism" in human affairs, whether they were of concern to an ethnic group, a religious or linguistic minority, a peace organization, an ecology movement, a trade union, a cooperative, or what-have-you.

The working group had encouraged the submission of papers in advance of the convocation, so that forum participants would have a basis for discussion. Several weeks before the assembly, however, it became clear that the greatest danger facing the project was the imminent threat of its becoming, well, *too big*. By the time the gavel first sounded, approximately 255 papers had been offered for consideration. The copying costs alone were proving to be astronomical.

A catalogue of papers submitted, which was handed out to all participants on the first morning of the assembly, showed a compendium of articles, letters, pamphlets, and working papers as disparate and arcane as "Ethnic diversity or mono-culturalism? The coming struggle for Africa," by Jimoh Omo Fadaka; "The North Frisians," a one-page work by Dr. Frederik Paulsen; "Heteroculturality/crypto-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fascism," by Sunny Salibian; "Dismantling the United Kingdom," by Gwynfor Evans; and "Painting, Sexuality and Rock Culture," by the poet Jeff Nuttall. As a consequence of this abundance, few assembly members had an opportunity to read the papers before the forums began.

The other major problem of the assembly was also, fittingly, a function of size. Despite the number of forums, pressure to split them into ever-smaller units, à la Kohr's central thesis, persisted. As it was, the forum on ethnic and national concerns ended up with, as participants, a Nigerian, a Latvian, a Kurd, an Assyrian, a Walloon, two native Americans (Hopi and Chippewa), two members of the Celtic League, three not-so-native Americans, and a Scottish nationalist—many of whom spoke English only as a second, or in some cases third, language.

It became apparent at the end of the first day, when a debriefing session was held for those who were "running" the various forums and those who were attempting to act as "rapporteurs," or recording secretaries, that the forum structure wasn't working. Frustration was high, and everyone looked forward to the next morning's open plenary session, when the unpredictable Illich was scheduled to chair a panel including Kohr, Nuttall, and Mildred Loomis, an American "decentralist" theoretician, among others.

After listening to the panelists, Illich seized control of the proceedings and commenced an infuriating but brilliant oration in which he tried to summarize everything that had been said. His first step was to reject the use of the microphone, castigating it and those who employ it as anti-democratic. If some people in the room could not hear him, Illich maintained, it was because the group was too large.

The assembly he was addressing, Illich claimed, was precisely the right size. "Fifty percent more, and only somebody with a carefully trained voice, specializing to be a politician, would reach the entire group—would dominate." Of equal importance, however, was "the necessity of straining the ear. It is the best way I know . . . to really . . . find out what the person has to say—instead of just letting him *irrigate* me with words."

Soon thereafter Illich became infuriated. The occasion was an offhand remark by Jeff Nuttall about "producing ideas." Illich was incensed when he heard this, and promptly informed Nuttall: "As soon as I am out of the chair, I will take you apart. . . . *Produce* ideas . . . How far can we go?" Illich demanded caustically. "We are not machines!" Language, it turns out, is at the center of Illich's current work. "If I have problems with a Fourth World, it is that for me a livable world is a world of *vernaculars*."

There followed a spellbinding analysis of the purpose and meaning of the assembly, delivered extemporaneously by Illich. "I do not think that *producing* thoughts fits into any vernacular," he began. "To apply the term 'production'—forgive me for this precision in speech—means to *totally* misunderstand what is going on. . . . The term 'production' means that you can distinguish between production' and consumption—and I have no intention of *consuming* your ideas."

Illich meant that anyone who wanted to live in a Fourth World where production was necessary could count him out. He employed a technique he called a "subjective appropriation" of everything he had already heard at the assembly to expand this idea. He then summarized the distinctions contributed by five speakers who concerned themselves with what he called "environmental thinking."

"The next distinction which I heard," Illich continued, "was . . . between taught mother tongue and vernacular . . . a vernacular environment. People who speak one vernacular know that nobody else understands them ever as well as they themselves speak it, because a vernacular you pick up only by listening to people who really *say something* to each other."

"Finally, we had someone speak about meaning, sense, as opposed to what is rational," Illich concluded. "A vernacular environment is *profoundly irrational*. The term 'rational,' when used in the social sciences . . . means precisely the destruction of that irrationality on which understanding between vernacular people can happen . . . It's in a different order.

"I've said all this because I have serious problems when the term 'environmental thinking,' or 'ecological thinking,' is used. Environment usually is conceived as a new kind of professional's perception of space, which shall be better than that which we have. . . ."

"This way I summed up what went on in my own mind while I listened in a very subjective way to the other speakers this morning," Illich added. "Because I am working at this moment on an attempt to describe three major, so-called environmental concerns. . . .

"The first one is concerned with the biological environment. . . . Environmental managers [are] concerned to maintain biological destruction below that level beyond which the industrial system would break down. . . . A second concern for which you gave for me a very beautiful summary . . . [is] that growth in product does not only deplete biological and physical resources, both in production and circulation of these resources, but that any kind of growth takes, beyond a certain level, out of the environment precisely those utilization-values which would make it possible for people to get along without further products."

The third concern, and one that is crucial to Illich's current intellectual endeavors, is sexism. "I believe that sexism . . . is a necessary consequence of the splitting of production from consumption," Illich remarked. "The moment you say 'producing thought,' I think already of an erect penis. And the destruction of the conditions for gendered existence is one more . . . major, converging concern of the environment."

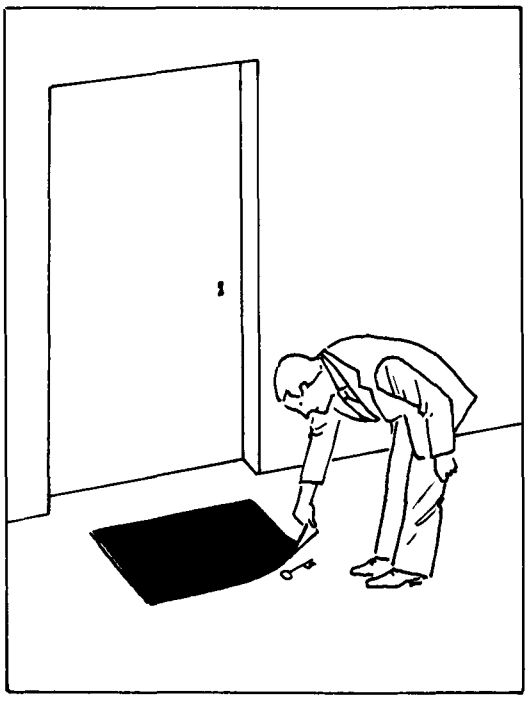
At that, the assembly seemed to take a collective deep breath and broke for lunch.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN HOUR LATER, IT WAS back to the Great Hall for more debate about the propriety of using a microphone. Illich came under increasing attack. The ruckus began when the towering Nigerian Jimoh Omo Fadaka started to use the microphone to ask a question of Illich.

"Stop!" Illich shouted at him. "I cannot believe that you, a member of the Third World, are trying to use this technology. It is not necessary."

After a time, however, it became apparent that those in the back of the Great Hall could not possibly understand Fadaka's thickly African-inflected speech without mechanical assistance, and cries of "We can't *hear* you!" wafted toward the front until Fadaka finally decided to ignore Illich's advice.



"We are not interested in such false disputes," he began. "We are interested in finding solutions to our problems, and we want you to tell us exactly the mechanics of getting there from here. We may or may not decide to agree with you, but we can at least discuss the mechanics . . . You seem too interested in theory . . . Can you please give us an idea as to how to get there?"

"Forgive me for being so precise as to harp on *this* too," Illich answered carefully. "I do not have the *slightest* idea as to what any one of you should do. I do not know what *I* should do. I know what I have to *abstain* from—and I have to abstain from speaking to people who can see me through a microphone. You might tell me this is too simple-minded, right? It's a tiny little thing . . . For those of you who *feel* it, it says two dozen other things. And for those who believe that speaking is a *production* of messages to communicate, it makes no sense!"

Fadaka began to reply, but was again interrupted. "We can't *hear* you!" came the chant from the back of the Great Hall. Grasping the microphone, the African told Illich he could not accept what Illich had to say, because "if there are different solutions to different problems, then there is no point in coming here to discuss them to each other! We might just as well go back to where we came from."

Illich agreed, at least partially. "There might be less sense in coming together than the 'meeting industry' assumes. I myself am very, very happy to be here, and I find that the *style* . . . this atmosphere of people talking to each other, freely and without feelings of inferiority, is very beautiful . . . but when John Papworth first invited me: 'No, not a Fourth World *jamboree*! I won't come!' . . . The airplanes are run for the meeting industry."

Suddenly a well-dressed Englishman in the back of the hall stood up and asked a question. "Your objection to the use of a microphone . . . I find very difficult to reconcile with the fact that you are wearing the *product* of high technology—to wit, a pair of spectacles. . . . How can you [defend this]?"

"Sir, this question was first placed by Goethe, [who] refused in his presence people who wore spectacles," Illich responded, "because he felt they should see him as clearly or as fuzzily as their nature allowed. I find this very beautiful . . ."

"I'm afraid I cannot accept that, whatever Goethe says," his questioner shot back. "You haven't answered the question I asked."

"Forgive, I will try to answer in a less Jewish, less metaphorical way," said Illich, as eyebrows shot up around the room. "I draw the line in my saying of no. I have not said no to the jet plane, I have said no to television. . . . I am not a puritan. I believe in dirty, small, forever-courageous attempts of unplugging myself. I purposely, at a meeting which is concerned with scale, try to eliminate the tool which makes the human voice limitless in its reach, because I do believe that now—we have both very good voices—we are aware of three things when we talk without a loudspeaker. We are both aware how *distant* we are from each other, we are both aware of the *limitations* a group can have, and, even more importantly, we are both aware of the *relative advantage* which our personality gives us over [others]."

THE DEBATE OVER THE USES OF THE MICROPHONE marked the high point of the assembly, in a sense. Paradoxically, the large-group gatherings seemed to be working better than the small-group forums, some of which were becoming increasingly torn by strife and others of which were falling apart from lack of either interest or focus. Illich went off to spend the rest of his time at a forum on education, which devolved, by reason of his overwhelming personality, into a lecture about his ideas on the necessity of deschooling society, punctuated by occasional questions from the moderator, Henryk Skolimowski—a lecture that was alternately thought-provoking and incomprehensible. (When one poor soul in the education forum interrupted Illich to inform him that she hadn't understood a word that he said, he snapped back, "I am *not* trying to *communicate* with you!" and continued his previous thought.)

Those forums that did not devolve totally—somehow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Decolonizing the Great Empires," "Decolonizing the USA," "Decolonizing the Russian Empire," and "Decolonizing the UK" all merged into one great forum on "Dismantling Practically Everything"—began to trip over the transitions between talk and the formation of "action resolves," which was their ostensible final purpose. This was particularly so in the case of Forum One on Ethnic, Nationality and Minority Groups, a gathering that transformed the final plenary session into something that resembled a Marx Brothers movie more than a solemn conclave on pressing world issues.

After hours of debate, the disparate elements of Forum One managed to hammer out a common position on the issue of ethnicity. Since this was at some slight variance with the position expressed in the draft of the General Declaration, which was due to be ratified by the assembly as a final stroke of the last plenary session, someone proposed that an amendment to the declaration be suggested by the forum as a whole.

Proposing amendments at the plenary, however, turned out to be opening a Pandora's box. It was late afternoon, and hours had been spent listening to the rapporteurs of different forums present the action resolves, most of which had little bearing on action. Both the assembly members and those representatives of the media who were still in attendance hoped only for a rousing adoption of the General Declaration, a few plaudits for the pundits, and a dram or two. Alas, it was not to be.

Ifan Lloyd, a member of the Celtic League and the chairman of Forum One, had been chosen to deliver the proposed amendment on the nature of ethnicity. The amendment was a finely wrought compromise between Lloyd and other members of the Celtic League and Yvo Peeters, the Walloon.

Unfortunately, once a motion was made to open the General Declaration to amendments, a host of proposed amendments surfaced from around the Great Hall. Moreover, when the chairwoman, Sarah Hobson, tried to call for a vote on whether to accept any of the amendments for discussion, arguments began over whether or not even *voting* on proposed amendments was in order. A healthy segment of the Fourth Worlders, it turned out, was opposed in principle to voting on anything, saying that it was divisive in nature and that consensus was the only real alternative. After about an hour's stalemate on this issue, Hobson carefully called for a *show of hands* (but not a *vote*) on whether voting on proposed amendments was in order.

Naturally, those opposed to voting abstained from the non-vote as well. Those who did vote in the non-vote decided against considering amendments, because that would also prove divisive, and moved that the General Declaration draft be accepted in toto. At that, Ifan Lloyd and the other members of the Celtic League became incensed and announced that they could no longer support any of the results of the three-day conference. Other members of Forum One stood up and expressed dismay that the product of their long effort in the forum was being cast aside, and that the assembly as a whole was taking on a decidedly anti-democratic tone. Discussion in the Great Hall became increasingly acrimonious, and, in response, a small group of those who favored consensus simply gave up participating and sat in a circle, in the center of the hall, joining hands with one another.

Then a Dutch journalist in the back of the room stood up and demanded to know if he was to go back to his network and tell the people of his country that, after three days of deliberation, the hundreds of assembly members had been unable to agree even on a set of general principles. When he was angrily shouted down, he stormed out of the hall. The number of those no longer participating grew larger, and threatened to outnumber those still active. Worse, the circle of hand-holders began chanting "*Om*," at first very quietly but then more loudly, making it increasingly difficult to hear speakers—without the use of a microphone, of course.

In short order, comic-opera warfare erupted on the floor of the assembly. The Celts were angrier than ever, the *Om* was louder than ever, and tempers continued to rise. At first, John Papworth tried vainly to salvage his General Declaration, but later he simply sat and bore it all stoically. As the minutes passed, more and more people began filtering out of the hall. The worst moment came when the Latvian representative, Ansis Reinhards, tried to intervene on the part of the Celts, and was repeatedly interrupted by an Englishman who proposed that everyone stop talking and simply hug one another. Reinhards, who was trying to speak in English, his halting third language, became exasperated. The Walloon, Yvo Peeters, then joined forces with Ifan Lloyd to come to Reinhards's defense. At that the anonymous Englishman went over to Reinhards and attempted to hug him. For a moment, the strapping Latvian appeared about to punch the rotund Englishman in the face.

Thus the First Assembly of the Fourth World ended. Nothing was decided, nothing was declared, and nothing, in fact, was done. Except for the circle of chanting hand-holders, every group eventually broke down into its smallest possible components—single individuals, who gave up in either disgust or bemusement and walked out of the room. Even Papworth himself eventually rose and left, oddly undismayed by the assembly's outcome, considering the effort he had made to bring it about.

As of this writing, plans are proceeding for a Second Assembly of the Fourth World, to be held in Berlin August 4–11, 1982. □

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Atlantic

"The Atlantic is no longer merely respected, it is quoted and talked about."

Newsweek, July 20, 1981

". . .an article that defines what great journalism should be . . . a near-perfect piece." ("Among The Believers: An Islamic Journey," by V.S. Naipaul, July, 1981)

Forbes, August 3, 1981

". . . The Atlantic keeps getting better and better."

Village Voice, August 12, 1981

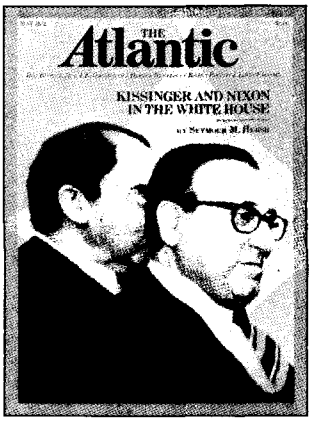
". . . The [new] Atlantic: readable, handsome, challenging."

The New Republic, September 9, 1981

". . .The record should reflect that it is an extremely good article, perceptive, insightful, filled with telling anecdotes and very well written indeed . . ." ("The Education of David Stockman," by William Greider, December, 1981)

The Boston Globe, November 14, 1981

Recent authors include: Robert A. Caro, V. S. Naipaul, James Fallows, David Halberstam, Moshe Dayan, John Simon, Philip Roth, Raymond Carver, John Updike, and Vladimir Nabokov.



Join the best-read people in the world.

The card in this issue will bring you the most contemporary, thought-provoking publication of the day, at a surprisingly reasonable rate.

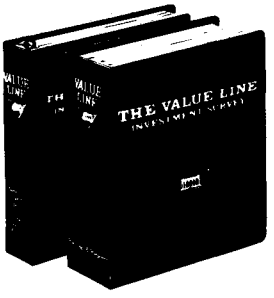
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Special Invitation from VALUE LINE

To Investors Who Use Discount Brokers

. . . and make their own investment decisions

A growing minority of investors are turning to discount brokers to cut commission costs. Generally, this is appropriate only for those who make their own decisions, since most discount brokers do not provide investment research. So, if you're doing business with a discount broker, you need the best independent research you can get. (Your commission savings on just a few trades may pay for a full year of such assistance.) Here's how Value Line can help:



We'd like to send you Value Line's latest full-page Reports on each of 1700 stocks under continual review. These come to you ready for instant use, fully indexed and loose-leaf bound in the *Investors Reference Service* and will be systematically updated by new Reports in the weeks ahead. Filing takes less than a minute a week. All this material is so organized in your binder that you can quickly turn to a continually updated *report on almost any leading* stock.

These comprehensive Reports cover almost every stock that's likely to be of interest to you. The 1700 stocks covered by Value Line account for approximately 96% of all dollar trading volume in the U.S. equity markets. With Value Line, you're really "well armed."

A typical Value Line full-page Report on a stock includes 22 series of vital financial and operating statistics—going back 15 years and estimated 3 to 5 years into the future—plus ratings and estimates of relative Price Performance in the next 12 months, long-term percentage Appreciation Potential, Safety, current Yield and P/E compared to past norms, and Value Line's analysis of ongoing corporate developments. About 130 Reports are issued every week —1700 every 13 weeks, in regular sequence.

But perhaps most significant of all is the objective Value Line Ranking System which reduces thousands of hours of research by 70 experienced analysts and statisticians to two straightforward signals, the rank for Timeliness and the rank for Safety.

Stocks to Avoid Now. Because Value Line applies *uniform standards of evaluation* to all 1700 stocks, you can quickly and easily identify which stocks we currently rate *relatively* best and worst for your particular goals. We especially suggest you avoid the 400 stocks currently ranked below average for Timeliness (Performance) in the year ahead.

In addition to the full-page Reports, Value Line's key investment ratings and measurements for *all* 1700 stocks are updated EVERY WEEK in our 40-page weekly *Summary & Index.* With Value Line, you are never left "hanging."

Double Bonus Offer. If you're an independent investor—if you call your own shots—you should settle for nothing less than the best. So we invite you to let us send you The Value Line Investment Survey every week for the next 12 months. Plus two immediate bonuses—the two-volume *Investors Reference Service* and our penetrating new 96-page guidebook, *"Evaluating Common Stocks,"* which explains how even inexperienced investors can apply thousands of hours of professional research to their own portfolios by focusing on only two unequivocal ratings, one for Timeliness (Performance in next 12 months), the other for Safety.

Money Back Guarantee: You take no risk in accepting this offer. If you're not satisfied with Value Line for any reason at all, just return the material you have received within 30 days for a full refund of your subscription fee.

Special Introductory Trial Offer. Or if you prefer—and if no member of your household has subscribed to Value Line in the past two years—you may take an introductory 10- week trial for only $33. You get the same bonuses and the same money-back guarantee.

CALL TOLL-FREE:

If you have Master Card, American Express or Visa, phone 1-800-331-1750 (operator 13) 24 hrs. 7 days a week.

The Value Line Investment Survey

Department: 26RA01

Arnold Bernhard & Co., Inc., 711 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

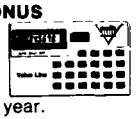
☐ Begin my 10-week trial subscription for $33 to The Value Line Survey (limited once to any household every two years) and send me the two bonuses listed above.

ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION

☐ Begin my 1-Year (52 issues) subscription for $330 and send me the two bonuses listed above. There are no restrictions with this annual subscription.

SPECIAL EXTRA BONUS

A pocket-size CREDIT CARD LCD CALCULATOR given to you when you order The Value Line Investment Survey for one year.



This subscription is tax-deductible and non-assignable.

☐ My payment is enclosed. ☐ Please charge to:
☐ American Exp. ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa
Expiration Date _____
Account # _____
(N.Y. residents add sales tax.)

Signature _____

Name _____

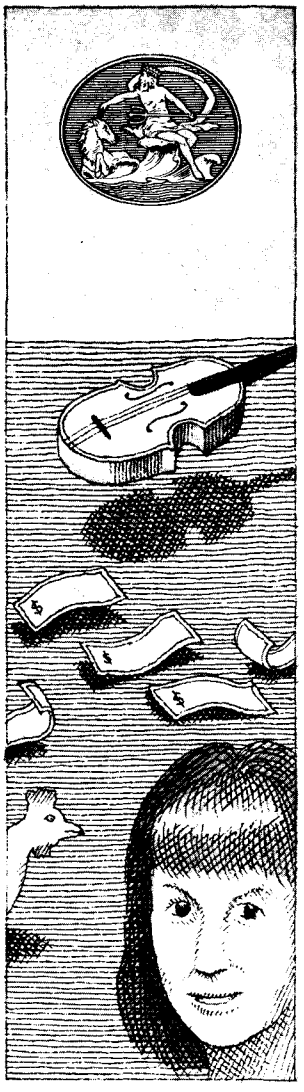
Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHICKENS

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY PIERRE LE-TAN

I THINK THERE IS more to the chicken than it gets credit for. We hear much about the dignity, mystery, and vulnerability of more alien, not to say less upfront, animals and aspects of nature. Chickens we chew on or chuckle over. Some people probably hold the belief, whether they articulate it or not, that either a chicken sandwich or a rubber chicken is a purer representation of what it is to be a chicken, essentially, than a living chicken is.

Yet the chicken is as close to man and as savory as the apple, as full of itself as the lynx or the rose. A hen's feathers feel downy but organized when you lift her up. She has a peck like a catcher's snap-throw to first. A chicken *never* makes eye contact with a person. Who is to say why they cross the road?

A good thing to read is *The Chicken Book*, by Page Smith and Charles Daniel, published by Little, Brown a few years ago. This book undertakes to see the chicken from all angles and to see it whole; to treat the chicken as an entity, multifarious: the chicken in literature, in history, in its own inner and outer workings, in the pharmacopoeia, in orange-wine sauce. A fine idea, an estimable work, a rare advance in integrated thinking.

Then again, perhaps it is not the book (which required two authors, aided by a class of their students) that is integrated so much as the animal. Beyond the volume stands the fowl: a few feathers floating in the air, but far from exhausted. The chicken warrants further pursuit. It is hard, however, to discuss the chicken seriously. It is possible to talk about even the sheep seriously, or the badger; but you cannot reflect for sixty seconds, even to yourself, upon "the chicken" without something in the back of your head going "*Booo*-uk buk buk," and dipping its head suddenly and picking a bug. So I will not try to develop any thesis. I will just set down one person's Chicken Notes.

Roy Blount, Jr.'s new book, One Fell Soup, *will be published in the fall.*

WHICH FIRST, CHICKEN OR EGG?

On this point, *The Chicken Book*'s authors, without admitting it, throw up their hands: "Even when the chick is in the egg there are eggs within the chick, microscopically small but full of potential." And so on. That is like going through a daisy saying, "Even if she loves me, she might not. Even if she loves me not, she might." The chicken/egg is one of those questions like:

- Do the same tastes really taste the same to different people, and if so, in what sense?

- If you watched an area of your skin steadily for several hours while coming down with the chicken pox, could you discern the moment when a given pock appeared? And if not, why not?

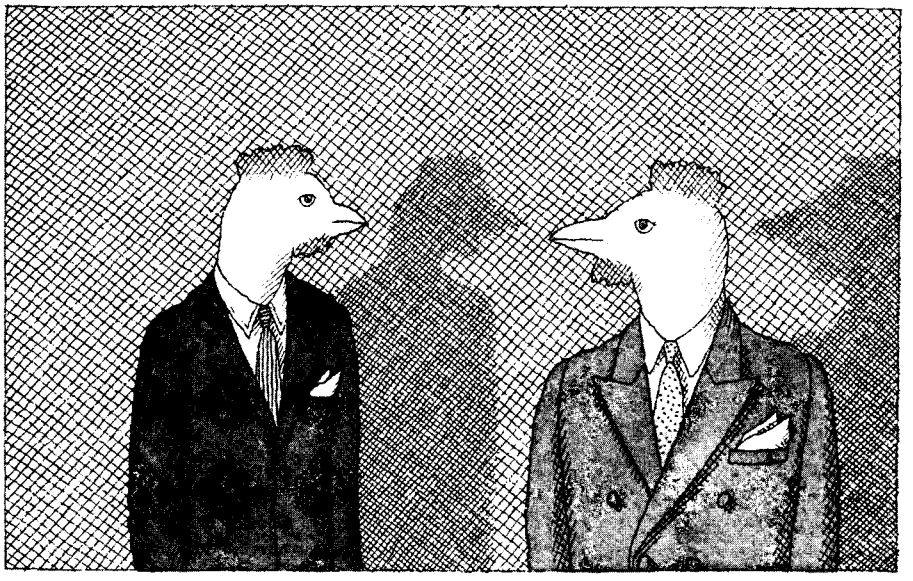
- If you could get inside another person's head, would you know it, or would you think you were the other person?

One of those questions, I mean, that people have, with mounting irritation, been wanting an *answer* to since early childhood.

Okay. No one is going to be able to track down an eyewitness account of the moment when one or the other, chicken or egg, first emerged. Lacking that best evidence, it is up to each of us to make his own best determination. I say, the chicken. If an egg were first, the chances are that Adam, Eve, one of the beasts of the field, even one of the beasts of the air, whatever was around then, would have broken and/or eaten (I mean eaten and/or broken) it. We have no way of knowing how many projected species were nipped off because they made the mistake of starting out as eggs. I assume that the chicken was first, and that it evaded destruction long enough to lay several dozen eggs. This is just elementary Darwinism. Also, if the egg came first, then what fertilized it? In point of fact, the egg must have come third.

At any rate, talking about chickens gets us back to first principles.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Chickens in Quotations

• "I've always figured that, when the time come I couldn't farm a crop of cotton and a crop of corn and keep one woman faithful, I'd get me a tin bill and pick bugs with the chickens."—from *Walls Rise Up*, a novel by George Sessions Perry

• "When I warned [the French] that Britain would fight on alone whatever they did, their generals told their prime minister and his divided cabinet, 'In three weeks England will have her neck wrung like a chicken.' Some chicken; some neck."—Winston Churchill

• "How come a chicken can eat all the time and never get fat in the face?"

—Roger Miller

On Fried Chicken: Goodness, Eating

My mother's (rolled in flour and dropped in *hot* shortening in a *hot, heavy* iron skillet, at *just* the right time, for just the right *length* of time) is not only the best fried chicken but it still represents to me the highest form of eating. It is crisp without seeming encrusted. In the best fried chicken, you can't tell where the crust leaves off and the chicken begins.

In the comic books they talked about caviar and pheasant under glass. I accepted these things as literary conventions. But in my thoughts they did not crunch, give, tear, bloom brownly. The richest brown—or sometimes *auburn*—in the synesthesial spectrum is well-fried chicken.

Which is not to say that the crackle is all. I once heard Blaze Starr ask an audience whether they would like her to uncover entirely her (larger than life) breasts. When the audience cried out yes, yes, ma'am, they certainly would, she froze, rolled her eyes, and replied, with great, pungent reserve, "I reckon you *would* like some fried chicken."

The sweetest chicken pieces, though, are not the fleshiest. The wishbone—destroyed in most commercial cutting—and the "little drumstick," which is the meatiest section of the wing, are both delicacies. So is the heart. But when chicken is fried right, the tastiest meat of all—delicate, chewy, elusive—is between the small bones of the breast; chicken rib meat. I have never heard anyone mention this meat, and I have never spoken of it myself, even privately, until now. Fried chicken is a personal experience, like the woods out beside your house. But look for the rib meat. It's worth the trouble.

Another thing I recommend is to go off alone with the largely de-meated carcass of a roasted whole chicken and explore all its minor crisps and gristles for tidbits. You get to know a chicken that way. I'm not sure that tenderness and bustiness are the absolute virtues that Frank Perdue assumes them to be. I like chicken meat that offers some resistance. Meat should be earned, at each end.

Chickens themselves, given the chance, are rangy, resourceful eaters. Remember, in the comic strip *Smilin' Jack*, the overweight sidekick character who was followed around by a chicken that ate his shirt buttons as they popped off?

Chickens in the News

• I have lost the clipping on this, but it appeared in the *Cape Cod Standard Times* a few summers ago. Chicken growers, disgruntled at low chicken prices, had parachuted great numbers of ready-for-market chickens onto a town in Rhodesia. (It was either Rhodesia or Rumania, and it wouldn't have been Rumania.) The clipping said the original plan had been for live chickens to be dropped, but that project had been abandoned as inhumane. It would be nice to think that there was a local character named Sky Little who ran around shouting, "The chickens is falling! The chickens is falling!"

• On June 5, 1975, *The New York Times*, in a rare acknowledgment by it of this sort of thing, reported that on June 5, 1904, it had reported that "a Pochuck, N.J., man found a woodchuck that was raising four chickens." Even assuming that the woodchuck was raising them not for profit but out of maternal instinct, and even rejecting the possible inference that neither chicken nor egg came first but rather the woodchuck, this is quite a little story. So why doesn't the modern-day *Times* give its readers such news? When a chicken lays an egg in the shape of a heart, as sometimes happens, you never read about it in the *Times*. You will never come upon an individual chicken in the *Times*. Poultry raising, to be sure, and therefore chickens in the mass. But never one chicken singled out, nor one chicken's egg.

• In the *Batesville* (Miss.) *Panolian*, there appeared several years ago a photograph of a woman displaying an egg and a sweet potato, both extremely elongated. The caption read: "NEVER AT A LOSS FOR natural phenomena is Mrs. Cordie Henderson of the Mt. Olivet community. Last week, Mrs. Henderson visited the *Panolian* with an extra large hen egg, which later proved to have two yolks; and an unusually long sweet potato." The *Times* is sometimes at a loss for natural phenomena.

• (Also to be filed under Most Surprising Thing a High-Ranking American Official Ever Tried to Do with a Rubber Chicken.) According to *People* magazine, after Nelson Rockefeller delivered a graduation-day address at the U.S. Naval Academy, "outgoing midshipmen presented Rocky with . . . a rubber

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chicken (which the Veep vainly attempted to inflate)." Rockefellers! There is no telling what the late Rocky would have tried to do with a live chicken. I can tell you what a live chicken would have *let* him do: not very much.

Keeping Chickens— A Personal Account

When I was about thirteen, I got for Easter a baby chick that had been dyed pink. I now deplore the practice of dying chicks and ducklings, but this chick thrived and made a good pet. Some people don't believe this, but before all the pink had grown out of it this chicken was already running around the yard after me like a puppy. I used to carry it around in my shirt or in my bicycle basket. (I am not going to say what its name was. You can't win, telling what you named a chicken. The reader's reaction will be either "That's not a funny name for a chicken" or "He had a chicken with a funny name. Big deal.") I didn't really love it the way you love a dog or cat, but I really liked it, and it liked me. We were talking about that chicken the other day. "I would think that would be embarrassing, being followed by a chicken," said my brother-in-law Gerald.

"No," said my sister Susan. "That chicken liked him."

But the chick grew into a pullet. It didn't look right, and it might have been illegal to have a chicken in our neighborhood; and we didn't have the facilities for it, because at our previous house we had kept chickens in quantity (six), in and around a chicken house, and my father was softhearted about wringing their necks (that is, he would try to wring their necks in a softhearted way). Or that is my recollection. When I asked my mother for details, she wrote:

"The chicken house was there complete with rather sad-looking and unproductive chickens when we bought the house. There was a rooster and five supposedly hens.

"The people we bought the house from had them because of the war and food shortage. I was sorry they were there, Daddy was glad. You were delighted with them. It also smelled and I hated cleaning it—so did Daddy and we tried to outwait each other. You can guess who won most often. We finally decided two eggs a week were not worth it. The chickens didn't look too healthy, then too they were all named and after one try we decided we couldn't eat them and gave them to a colored man.

"The one try was by Daddy. He assured me he could kill a chicken. His mother always wrung their necks etc. and he had watched. He violently wrung the neck (you were not told)—real hard—and threw the chicken to the ground. It lay stunned and then wobbled drunkenly off to the chicken house. We spent the rest of the week nursing it back to health."

When the chickens were gone, the chicken house remained. It was made of scrap lumber and tarpaper. I used it as a fort, a left-center-field pavilion, and a clubhouse for a while, but by the time I was eleven or twelve I had gotten off into other things, was playing Little League ball, and had peroxided the front of my hair. And my mother hated the chicken house. She said it ruined our back yard.

She said she burned it down by accident. One afternoon she was raking leaves and burning them, and the fire spread to the chicken house. When Mrs. Hamright, across the street, out watering her bushes, smelled smoke and heard the sirens coming, her reflex was to yell, "Oh, dear Lord" and squirt the hose through the window of her house onto her husband, Gordy, who was inside reading the paper. We eventually had to give him our copy of that evening's paper. Even though we were the ones who'd had the fire.

Mr. Lovejohn, the old man who lived with his middle-aged daughter next door to the Hamrights, and whom we ordinarily never saw except when he was sitting in his daughter's DeSoto early on Sunday morning waiting for her to get dressed and drive him to church, came over in his dark-brown suit at about the same time the firemen started thrashing around with the hoses. He said he wanted to "counsel with" us. He said fire was the wages of smoking in bed.

"Now, Mr. Lovejohn," my mother said. "No one in our family smokes, anywhere. And there aren't any beds in the chicken house."

By the time the firemen got there, the chicken house was about gone, but they stretched hoses all over the back and side yards, trampled a dogwood tree, and eyed our house as if they would love a chance to break some windows. We didn't have many fires in our area at that time, for some reason, and the fire department was accustomed to igniting abandoned structures—chicken coops, often, in fact—on purpose and putting them out for practice, playing them along for maximum exercise.

Mrs. Hamright kept trying to get one of the firemen to tell her whether the fire was under control. I think he hated to admit that it was. Finally, he turned around and asked her, "Whud they have in there?"

"Chickens," she said.

His eyes lit up. "Hit *them* rascals with the hose," he said. "They'd *take* off."

My parents didn't want to go through all that again, so we gave my pet chicken to Louisiana, who came every Wednesday to iron and clean and yell "You better not *bleev* 'at man, child" at the female characters in the soap operas, and who received a lot of things that we didn't know what to do with. The chicken was getting too big, I could see that. Having a grown chicken as a pet would have been a strange thing.

"How is the chicken?" Susan and I would ask Louisiana on subsequent Wednesdays.

"He wa- . . . He's fine," Louisiana would say. Finally, when we said we wanted to visit it, she said she had let it go see her granddaughter, who lived eighty miles away. "Does she play with it lots?" we asked.

She said she did.□

Music

Classical Records

by William H. Youngren

Until quite recently, the academic discipline of musicology has not much concerned itself with the music that most people love best and hear most often: classical and Romantic music, from Haydn through, say, Debussy. Musicologists have traditionally devoted most of their energies to medieval, Renaissance, and Baroque music, to the preserving of texts, the clearing up of notational difficulties, and the investigation of early performance practice. Because the great majority of classical and Romantic music has come down to

William H. Youngren teaches English at Boston College.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us in relatively reliable texts, notated much as we notate music today, it has seemed to present few pressing scholarly problems. A 1961 checklist of 829 American doctoral dissertations in musicology shows only about forty devoted to classical and sixty-two to Romantic music. And in 1969, the distinguished Haydn scholar Jens Peter Larsen lamented, "In contrast with an unbroken research tradition for Medieval and Renaissance music . . . no similar research traditions in our field exist."

What of it? What difference does such scholarly neglect make to the average music-lover? A good deal, I believe. There is an understandable tendency to think that specialized work in musicology goes on in a hermetically sealed world of professional journals and yearly conferences and graduate seminars, as far from the concerns of the rest of us as specialized work in, say, topology or number theory. But this is not so. For the results of scholarly research into the arts eventually, albeit often tacitly, find their way into textbooks and exhibition catalogues and program guides, and so influence the way all of us read and see and listen. Our appreciation of English literature or European art would, after all, be different if scholars had not devoted so much attention to Shakespeare and the Romantic poets or to Renaissance painting. That they have scanted the music that occupies a comparably central place in our aesthetic experience has had several unfortunate results.

One of the most important of these is that we have not yet developed as exact an idea of the proper sound of classical and Romantic music as we have of the proper sound of Renaissance and Baroque music. The second (1969) edition of the *Harvard Dictionary of Music* defines "performance practice" as "the study of how early music, from the Middle Ages to Bach, was performed and the many problems connected with attempts to restore its original sound in modern performance." The same entry reassuringly concludes: "In the period after Bach the problems of performance practice largely disappear, owing to the more specific directions of composers for clearly indicating their intentions."

It is not only the availability of texts and the clarity of notational conventions, however, that have deterred scholars from the rigorous investigation of classical and Romantic performance practice. It is also, perhaps paradoxically, that the music itself seems so close to us, both in time and in spirit. Artur Rubinstein, happily still in our midst, was a protégé of the great violinist Joseph Joachim, who as a young man had known the composer and violinist Ludwig Spohr, who had in turn known Beethoven. We thus have the illusion of a continuous, reliable tradition not only of textual transmission but also of interpretative understanding. More important, the great classical and Romantic composers seem to speak directly to us, without the need for scholarly intervention. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Wagner, Verdi, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Debussy—they all seem so much a part of our world, of the very air we breathe, that we have difficulty conceiving of them as in any way remote from us. In the same article I cited earlier, Larsen insists that "if we wish to study the music of the Classical period seriously, we must try to adjust ourselves better to its music. We must approach it as we do Medieval or

PRESIDENTIAL PROFESSORSHIP

Colorado School of Mines

The Colorado School of Mines, located in the western suburbs of Denver, is a world leader in teaching, research, and service in the fields of energy and minerals. The School desires to appoint an outstanding interdisciplinary scholar to be Presidential Professor for all or part of the academic year 1982–83 and another such person to the position for 1983–84. The School invites applications and nominations for either of these distinguished, limited-term professorships.

The objective of the Presidential Professorship is to stimulate scholarship, intellectual excitement, and widespread interest in intercultural areas linked to but not in the technical mainstream of earth science and engineering. Personal leadership of a full program of guest lectureships and fellowships is required. The activities of the Professorship will contribute to the intellectual life of the Denver metroplitan area, one of the major energy materials and minerals centers of the nation.

The Presidential Professorship Committee has determined that the Professors for 1982–83 and 1983–84 are to represent one of these general disciplinary areas:

- The impact of science and technology on society. Fields of study and specialization might include the history of science and technology, futurism, and technology assessment.
- International resource economics from the macroeconomic, political, and demographic points of view. Fields of study and specialization might include world economic order, global interdependencies, population studies (in various resource contexts), and political analysis at world level. Related interests in environmental change, food and energy prospects, and balance of power potentials will have significance.
- Moral philosophy as a base for developing personal and professional ethical standards and life goals. Fields of study and specialization might include the history of philosophical thought, theology, and comparative religion.

The persons appointed must exhibit at a minimum all of the following qualifications:

- An oustanding record of achievement in an academic discipline.
- Evidence of growth into and significant achievement in one or more disciplines outside the base discipline but linked to it in a scholarly and professional way.
- Demonstrated ability and continuing desire to lead and inspire undergraduate and graduate students in the full range of interactive situations from the lecture hall to individual discussion.
- Demonstrated ability and intent to participate vigorously in a full program of intellectual activity involving guest lecturers, seminars, visiting fellows, etc.

The Presidential Professorship is fully funded from nonpublic sources. Generous salary and funds for adequate secretarial and travel support will be provided.

The term of appointment is subject to mutual agreement with one academic year preferable.

Closing date for applications and nominations in detail to be received at the following address is April 15, 1982:

Presidential Professorship Committee
President's Office
Colorado School of Mines
Golden, CO 80401

The Colorado School of Mines complies with all applicable nondiscrimination statutes and regulations.

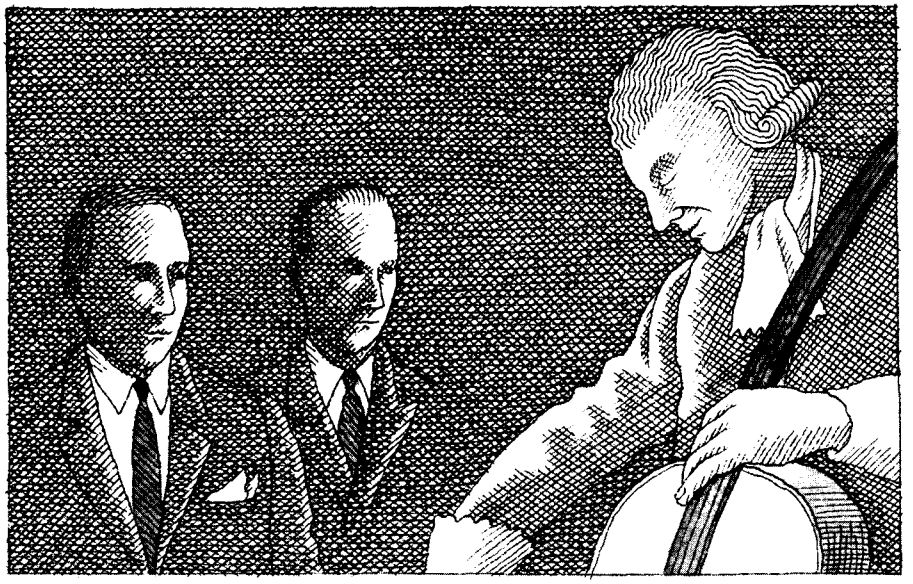
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Renaissance music, as a style in its own right, complying with laws which we must discover in as unbiased a manner as possible."

ONE MAY BALK a bit at the assumption of determinism implicit in Larsen's reference to laws, but the approach he advocates is clearly desirable, and its achievement would seem to depend upon our recognition that classical music, like any art of the past, is necessarily in some sense remote from us, and upon our ability to determine precisely the nature of that remoteness. The result will be not to fossilize the music, but to bring it more fully alive, to enable it to speak to us more directly than ever before.

Bach, as great a composer as we have had, once seemed more remote to us than he did to earlier generations, and more remote than Haydn—though Bach died less than twenty years before Haydn's first important works. For most of us, this remoteness was attributable to our hearing Bach's keyboard music played on the harpsichord; but now that growing numbers of instrumentalists have learned to play proficiently and idiomatically on the string and wind instruments of Bach's time, we have grown accustomed to authentic performances of his orchestral and choral music. As a result, we know Bach more intimately than earlier generations did.

With classical music, too, the first area of change has been the area of least resistance: the keyboard. In the past few years, concert performances and recordings of Haydn, Mozart, and even early Beethoven sonatas on late-eighteenth-century fortepianos (or good modern replicas) have proliferated. And now, as with Baroque music, the revolution is beginning to spread to the orchestra. One of its most important and impressive products is the recording of all the Mozart symphonies, played on original instruments by the Academy of Ancient Music, that is being issued by l'Oiseau-Lyre (sets D168D 3, D169D 3, D170D 3, and D171D 4) and Telefunken-Decca (sets 6.35505/8). The playing is accurate and full of life, the recorded sound is warm and spacious, the stylistic practices recommended by contemporary textbooks have been scrupulously but imaginatively adhered to, and the attractively produced boxes contain extensive and illuminating notes by Neil Zaslaw, of Cornell. In addition to a number of works that used to be classified as



serenades and overtures, and hence are not included in the old, familiar list of forty-one symphonies, the four (of a projected seven) volumes available contain twenty-four of those forty-one: Nos. 9, 12, 14–30, and 32–36. The only important works missing are No. 31 (the *Paris*), No. 38 (the *Prague*), and the three final masterpieces.

How do these familiar works appear in new (or rather, old) dress? Not so different as one might expect. Anyone who looks for differences as striking as those effected by the transfer of keyboard music from piano to harpsichord, or even of works such as the Bach solo violin or cello suites from a modern to a Baroque instrument, will be initially disappointed. But important though subtle differences soon begin to make themselves heard. The most important of these concern the string playing, and they are due as much to the mode of tone production as to the instruments themselves.

We are often told that the advantage of a performance of classical or Baroque music on early string instruments is that we hear the inner voices as never before. But this is not true. Making inner voices audible is, after all, merely a matter of adjusting and balancing relative volumes, and any competent conductor can manage it with modern strings. The real difference is that the massed strings of a modern orchestra, big-toned to begin with, and all played with a fast and virtually constant vibrato, create a continuous vertical wall of sound, whereas the smaller-toned old instruments, played without vibrato and with a less intense attack, create horizontal lines of sound with plenty of space between them.

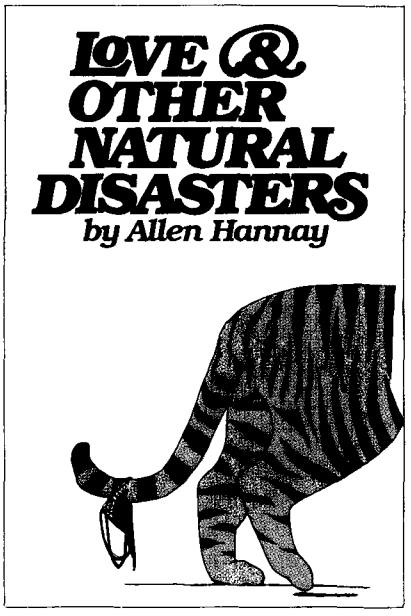
For an excellent illustration, listen to the first minute or so of the lovely Symphony No. 29 (K. 201) in a conventional performance, and then put on the Academy of Ancient Music record. This difference is more noticeable, understandably, in Mozart's earlier, more lightly scored symphonies, in which the strings do at least 90 percent of the work, the few winds providing reinforcement rather than speaking with independent voices. In the later, more richly and elaborately scored symphonies, the winds and timpani obtrude themselves into the spaces between the string lines, making themselves felt as a separate, concerted force more than they do in a modern orchestra. In contrast to the string tone, which is lighter and thinner than that of modern instruments, the woodwind and brass tones tend to be thicker and weightier, though also gentler and sweeter, less shrill and urgent. The timpani, played with bare wooden sticks rather than modern padded ones, come through more sharply and forcefully.

What musical differences do these purely sonic differences make? The clear opposition of strings to winds and timpani gives the opening movements and finales a festive, ceremonial quality that is obscured by the smoothly sumptuous, more homogeneous sound of a modern orchestra; the greater transparency of string tone gives the *cantabile* slow movements a new and touching intimacy; the more highly articulated bowing of the strings and the generally more soft-edged attack of all the instruments enable us to hear emotional subtleties we missed before. For example, the first movement of Symphony No. 25 (K. 183,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

May report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS



"Reading **LOVE AND OTHER NATURAL DISASTERS** was more fun than eating potato chips and just as salty."
—Rita Mae Brown

Even if you can resist potato chips, you won't be able to resist Bubber Drumm. If anyone is prone to disaster, natural or otherwise, it's this well-intentioned nineteen-year-old, who is coming of age in the small town of Merry, Texas, about as fast as is humanly possible. In just one day he wrestles his pet tiger, Bengal, has twenty-three stitches taken in his leg, and falls in love—*not* with his sometime-date Shirley but with Shirley's red-haired, freckle-faced, divorced mother, Rose. This is when Bubber's life begins to get *really* complicated and the fun begins.

Young men fall in love with older women every day, but never has there been such a persistent, engaging young man in love as Bubber Drumm. This laugh-out-loud love story is sure to win the hearts of all who remember the awkward joys of first love.

LOVE AND OTHER NATURAL DISASTERS
by Allen Hannay

$12.95 at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

the "Little G-Minor") is usually played with straightforward vehemence; in the Academy of Ancient Music performance, it acquires a new pathos.

THERE IS, HOWEVER, no lack of dramatic power in the Academy of Ancient Music performances. One of the widespread misconceptions about authentic performances of early music is that they should miniaturize the music. But though the average size of a court orchestra in Haydn's and Mozart's time was, like that of the Academy of Ancient Music, only about forty players, if more were available they seem to have been welcome. There is a famous letter of Mozart's, written to his father on April 11, 1781, in which he describes hearing one of his symphonies rehearsed by an orchestra of forty violins, ten violas, eight cellos, ten double basses, six bassoons (presumably playing the bass line as well as their own parts), and doubled winds. If the symphony was, as suspected, No. 34 (K. 338), this would mean four each of oboes, horns, and trumpets, bringing the total to almost ninety. Mozart's delight at the result is obvious: the symphony, he tells his father, "*Magnifique gegangen ist, und allen Succès gehabt hat.*" The symphonies of Mozart and Haydn, even many of the early ones, contain music of great dramatic power; they did not and do not call for what Artur Schnabel used to refer to scornfully as "Dresden china" playing.

Another misconception is that authentic performances ought to be rigid and mechanical, musical expressiveness being an invention of the Romantics. But contemporary textbooks make it clear that late-eighteenth-century music was meant to be played very expressively indeed. Phrases were generally shorter than in modern performance—those long slurs with which we are all so familiar are the contribution of nineteenth-century editors—but there was more inflection within the phrase, the bar, even the single note. Notes occurring on strong and weak beats—"good notes" and "bad notes," as the textbooks charmingly call them—received different degrees of accentuation and were held for different lengths of time even when they were notated identically. Also, considerable flexibility of tempo was permitted and even encouraged. Daniel Gottlob Türk, who, like other theorists, was fond of analogies drawn from rhetoric, observes in his *Klavierschule* of 1789 that "an orator not only emphasizes the most important syllables etc., but also lingers on them." Both C. P. E. Bach and Leopold Mozart outline the uses of *tempo rubato*, and Wolfgang Mozart, in another famous letter to his father (this one of October 23, 1777), describes people's amazement at his ability, in *adagio* movements, to keep strict time with his left hand while playing *rubato* with his right. In the matter of expressiveness, too, the Academy of Ancient Music is exemplary.

Indeed, there are few faults to be found with these records. Occasionally the slow movements are a little too brisk; the faithful observation of the second repeats in opening movements and the *da capo* repeats in minuets becomes wearying; and the harpsichord continuo, though it is always tactful and blends far better than it ever does with modern strings, is a little intrusive. The recording is excellent but a little too spacious, making the orchestra sound too rich and grand, too much like a full modern symphony orchestra—though not nearly so much as the Collegium Aureum does on its Pro Arte recordings of Mozart symphonies, also on original instruments.

The music itself is, of course, endlessly interesting. Mozart was a man who traveled a great deal during the formative years spanned by these works. Thus we can trace not only his personal development as an artist but also his fascinating experimentation with the various styles of symphonic writing to which he was exposed in London, Vienna, Italy, and Mannheim. I would recommend, as collateral reading to Professor Zaslaw's notes, Larsen's excellent essay on the symphonies in *The Mozart Companion*, which is available as a Norton paperback.

ONE FINAL QUESTION remains: After we have become accustomed to the sound and style of these new performances, how do the finest old, "inauthentic" recorded performances sound to us? When Max Goberman's pioneering recordings of Haydn symphonies, the first with any real claim to authenticity, began appearing in the 1960s, some musicologists and critics talked as though the Promised Land had at last been reached: Goberman had given us Haydn as Haydn was meant to sound, and we could get rid of our old records. "Not only is the performance of Haydn in the correct style with correct instru-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

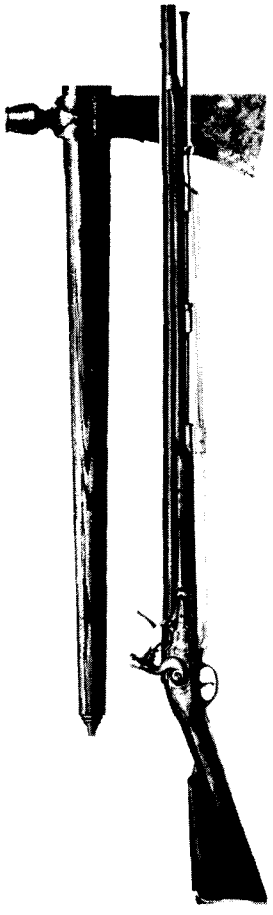
ments 'right,'" wrote Antony Hodgson, "but it is invariably more revealing and more exciting." But Goberman was a rather stolid and unimaginative conductor, leading an undistinguished ensemble. As the years have passed, his records have remained on my shelves unplayed while I have returned, with renewed pleasure, to the classic Haydn recordings by Toscanini, Beecham, Walter, and others, which seem both more exciting in themselves and more revealing of Haydn's intentions than anything Goberman could provide.

Similarly with Mozart. The Academy of Ancient Music records will not, I feel sure, remain unplayed on my shelves or on those of anyone who acquires them. Yet if it is hard, while one is actually listening to these new performances, to notice positive faults in them, a return to the great recorded performances of the past, which are even more finely imagined and even more brilliantly executed, does remind one that there are still higher standards than those met by the Academy of Ancient Music. It is quite true that in the old performances not all the repeats are observed, some of the ornaments are incorrectly played, the slow movements are too lush and (except in Toscanini's case) too slow, the orchestras are larger than those Mozart was used to—though not necessarily than those he would have preferred. But the spirit is right. For the outstanding qualities of the old performances—their precision, grace, wit, heightening of dramatic contrast, subtlety of nuance, and constant rhythmic life—define an approach to Mozart's music that is generally idiomatic even if deficient in minor matters of detail. The Mozart we know so intimately from his letters would have been delighted by the beautifully inflected interplay of woodwinds and violins in the first-movement development of Symphony No. 34 (K. 338) on Beecham's 1940 recording, or by the breathtaking alternation of repose and highly charged excitement in the first movement of Toscanini's 1929 *Haffner* and the mercurial swiftness of its finale.

It is, of course, common knowledge that in the eighteenth century there was no such thing as a conductor in the modern sense. In an article of a few years ago, Professor Zaslaw writes:

> We are accustomed to performances of Classical music bearing the strong personal interpretation of a Szell, a Beecham, a Walter, etc. But, outside the limited realm of French opera and French court music, baton conducting was hardly known during the Classic era. Pictures from that era depicting a man waving a rolled-up scroll of music-paper (usually in the choir loft of a church) document the survival of the Renaissance practice of beating the *tactus*, and are not evidence of early instances of interpretative conducting.

But what conclusions are we to draw from this fact? Surely not that authentic modern performances of classical music should be impersonal in the sense of faceless, anonymous, styleless. Zaslaw tells us in his album notes that in the Academy of Ancient Music, "the direction of the orchestra is divided in true 18th-century fashion between the concertmaster and continuo player." Yet, plainly, concertmaster Jaap Schröder and harpsichordist Christopher Hogwood, no doubt like the best of their eighteenth-century counterparts, did far



The first war America lost.

U.S. history books speak glowingly of the legends of the War of 1812—William Henry Harrison's victory at Tippecanoe, for example—and ignore the fact that our four-pronged campaign to annex Canada was a total failure. In fact, we created Canada by invading it. Now Pierre Berton shows us the war from its proper Canadian perspective, in an action-filled narrative of officers who were gentlemen, homesteaders and militiamen who were largely victims, and blustering statesmen—particularly in Washington—whose ambitions far exceeded their abilities.

"This is history as it should be written: packed with vivid characterizations, and with a fresh viewpoint that makes us rethink conventional assumptions."
—Thomas Fleming, author of *1776.*

"A gripping narrative, large in meaning for the past and present."—Oscar Handlin

Pierre Berton

The Invasion of Canada 1812-1813

A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate
Illustrated with maps $17.50
An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

Just published: FLAMES ACROSS THE BORDER: The Canadian-American Tragedy, 1813–1814

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than merely keep everybody together. For the performances have a distinctive, and very attractive, style, and it must have come from somewhere.

Anyway, it won't do to lump together all modern conductors as "interpretative" and therefore suspect. The worst excesses of a Furtwängler or a Bernstein, the distortions of the music they made in order to impress their personalities upon their public, would have been inadmissible in the eighteenth century. But then they have also seemed inadmissible to many of us in the twentieth. Listening to the best old recordings of Mozart symphonies, and for that matter to the best recent ones using modern instruments, one is aware not of the personality of Toscanini or Beecham or Colin Davis being imposed upon the music but simply of the essential qualities of the music being clearly and finely articulated. As Toscanini once proudly announced after playing one of his records for a visitor, "Is like reading the score!"

Mozart is the least impersonal of composers, and his works demand performances that clearly express their varied and complex personalities—which is to say, performances with a high degree of style and finish. In his letters, he repeatedly expressed his dissatisfaction with what Adam Carse, in his book *The Orchestra in the XVIIIth Century,* has called the "dual control" system of having the direction of the orchestra divided between concertmaster and continuo player. Not long after Mozart's death, it was decided that the interpretative guidance needed to produce performances of the highest caliber could be obtained most efficiently and most consistently by turning the job of direction over to a non-playing conductor. This was a great step forward, and there is no reason to undo it in the name of authenticity. To return to original instruments and to a style of playing sanctioned by contemporary textbooks materially changes the sound of classical music, and for the better; to return to "dual control" merely risks dulling the fine edge of a performance. Any future conductor or instrumentalist who seriously concerns himself with the classical repertoire has a great deal to learn from the historical researches of the musicologists. But he also still has a great deal to learn from the brilliant intuitive insights of a Toscanini or a Beecham. For it turns out that Mozart, after all, is not that remote from us in the ways that count most. □

BOOKS

THE CONFIDENT SPECULATORS

BY JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

BEYOND GREED: The Hunts and Their Silver Bubble
by Stephen Fay. Viking, $15.95.

ANYONE WHO READS in a compulsive way should be allowed one sordid aberration—an interest in pornography, abnormal psychology, or the chronicles of professional basketball. My own interest is in speculation, including the closely associated arts of swindling and financial prestidigitation. I have read the classics—Charles Mackay's notable treatise of 1841, *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds*; the basic works on the tulipomania of the 1630s and on John Law and the Mississippi bubble; the recent and excellent *Manias, Panics and Crashes* (1978), by Charles Kindleberger, of MIT—and I've even gone on down to barely literate essays on the life and times of Robert Vesco.

The uniform finding from this literature, to use the word in a loose way, is that in all but the rarest cases the great speculators are the victims of their own speculation and the great swindlers almost invariably end up swindling themselves. Both kinds of operator are victims of the publicity that they have generated, which they then have come to believe. (Robert Vesco was something of an exception. He seems to have realized that he wasn't much good, and he knew when to cut and run.)

John Kenneth Galbraith's memoir A Life in Our Times *was published last year.*

In the late 1920s, the financial press and other newspapers and magazines reveled in the power and insight of the men who were riding and furthering the stock-market boom and the more insane securities promotions of the time. M. J. Meehan and Arthur W. Cutten, two of the greatest plungers, were held to have overcome at long last all the uncertainties of the market and to have bent it entirely to their will. This they, too, believed. The Goldman, Sachs investment-trust promotions were thought the miracle of the age, a view that the people at Goldman, Sachs shared. Richard Whitney, the vice president and later the president of the New York Stock Exchange, let it be known that the most reputable wing of the financial establishment—the House of Morgan, no less—was committed through him to the boom. So, needless to say, was he, and for far more than his means. Ivar Kreuger was regularly pictured as standing astride the whole world of international finance. And so, without much doubt, he saw himself, even when he was delivering counterfeit Italian bonds as collateral to his banks. Charles Mitchell, the head of the National City Bank, as Citicorp then was, showed how transcendent were the financial resources committed to the boom. Not only was Mitchell speculating heavily with his own money but, in the spring of 1929, when the Federal Reserve made a meek protest against the use of its funds for purchase of stocks on margin, he moved in to say that his bank would be happy to make up the difference. The Federal Reserve backed off in defeated silence.

All of these men were destroyed by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the boom they did so much to create. In later years, before a congressional committee, Meehan and Cutten made a far from impressive appearance. Some thought they looked a trifle seedy; both suffered from a seriously defective memory. The men from Goldman, Sachs were also called to account; they were deeply embarrassed, as the firm continued to be for many years to come. Part of their expressed justification was that, in an equitable spirit, they too had taken a bath on their promotions. Richard Whitney, taken up by Assistant United States District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey for the strikingly simpleminded embezzlement that he had committed to cover his market and business losses, went in a dignified way to Sing Sing. Whitney at least survived; Ivar Kreuger went out one day in Paris, bought a gun, and shot himself. Charlie Mitchell also survived, but he spent most of the next decade in court, defending himself against charges of tax evasion. He was acquitted of felonious intent but paid $1,100,000 in settlement of a civil suit. Thus did speculators (and those who also swindled) destroy themselves. The list could be much longer. The few who escaped with their speculative wealth—Bernard Baruch, Joseph P. Kennedy—were those who believed the least in the values they had helped to create.

The reasons for this denouement are far from complex. The blind do not, in fact, lead the blind, but the gullible do gull the gullible. It is the confidence that speculators have in their own bad judgment that inspires confidence in others. So the speculators join those whom they have inspired in hope and avarice and are there with them holding the bag at the end. Then they are revealed for what they always were, which is not much. The greatest speculative promoter of all time, and one of the more intelligent, was John Law. Single-handedly he engineered the enormous speculation in nonexistent minerals on the lower Mississippi that engaged the attention of all Paris and much of France in the years 1718–1720. At the last, he narrowly escaped the country with his life. Anyone encountering him during the remaining nine years that he lived, as a poor refugee in Venice, would not have been deeply impressed. On balance, however, Law probably cut a more awesome figure in 1721 than Bunker and Herbert Hunt did after the collapse of the great silver bubble of 1980.

LIKE THE SPECULATORS before them, the Hunts believed in what they were doing. And being the incredibly affluent legatees of H. L. Hunt and the OPEC oil-price enhancement, they persuaded others to believe that they knew what they were doing. (Wealth, in even the most improbable cases, manages to convey the aspect of intelligence.) But in the end, like their predecessors, the Hunts were the victims of their own aberration, although it also seems likely that they were left with more than enough money to sustain a Texas standard of living.

The documentation on this and other matters is in Stephen Fay's book, which is well written and admirably researched, some minor errors notwithstanding. Mr. Fay is an Englishman, an exponent of the modern British art form that consists in taking some subject of current interest, not necessarily one involving criminal intent, tracking down all details and ramifications, and presenting the results in wholly literate fashion. This he has done with the Hunts and the silver bubble.

The story begins with the grim social convictions that the Hunt brothers inherited, along with their oil wealth, from their father: the revolution is inevitable; the Russians will arrive any day now and will be helped along by numerous local allies who, wittingly or otherwise, are preparing the way. When this happens,

the Hunts' extensive holdings in land, cattle, racehorses, sugar refining and other industry, and, above all, in oil-producing properties will be vulnerable. Even now, before the Russians arrive, their moral equivalents in Washington are paying debts with printed money, putting the dollar in extreme jeopardy. (The tendency so to finance deficits has not yet been remedied by Ronald Reagan as promised, but that is another story, and one that must be deeply disappointing to Bunker and Herbert.) The obvious answer is to put as much wealth as possible into something durable and solid, such as silver, and to fly an appreciable part of the hoard, at whatever expense, to storage in a Swiss bank. When the Reds swarm west, they will surely show a decent respect for Swiss neutrality and the gnomes of Zurich. If this reasoning sounds a bit far-fetched, that is because it is. But the Hunts, as Mr. Fay makes clear, were sufficiently committed to these beliefs to act on them. They also had one or two slightly more commonplace ideas.

Newly mined silver, although it was once so abundant that Washington initiated special welfare operations for western miners, is now largely a by-product of base-metal mining. For some years, the supply had been running well behind demand. So it seemed certain that if one took enough off the market, there would be a substantial rise in price. With this in mind, the Hunts, financially abetted by Arabian allies, bought heavily of contracts for future delivery, especially for delivery in the early months of 1980. There was the further possibility, though it cannot be alleged, that as silver was taken up for delivery on these contracts, those who had sold short—that is to say, those who, expecting a decline, had promised future delivery at more or less the current prices—would find it impossible to fulfill their contracts. From their desperate efforts to do so, the price of the metal could rise to almost any level. Mr. Fay is careful not to ascribe any such intent, for this—a "corner"—would be illegal, and such intent, as the government has discovered, is very difficult to prove.

In fact, there was a marked scarcity in 1979, extending into the early part of the next year, when the price of silver reached a peak of more than $50 an ounce. This was up from around $1.50 a decade earlier and from 35 cents an ounce before World War II. Not industri-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

al demand but the enormous purchases of the Hunts and their cohorts were the cause, but beginning around the middle of January, 1980, the metal ceased to be sufficiently scarce to hold at anything like the price it had then reached. The commodity exchanges in New York and Chicago were persuaded to raise margin requirements—the amount of cash in addition to the silver itself required as security for contracts of purchase and sale; in Chicago, limits were also placed on the contracts for forward purchase or sale that any speculator could hold; and the Federal Reserve, which, in October of 1979, had advised against increased use of bank credit for financing the speculation, finally, in March of 1980, insisted on restraint. All of this, along with the defection of some of the Hunt allies, had a chilling effect on the market. The action of the exchanges—motivated, so it is argued, by those who were caught short—is now the basis for lawsuits running into the hundreds of millions.

There were other depressing factors. The Russians did not come, and an almost wholly unpredicted development sent plans for the shortage awry. There is always a very large amount of silver around the country in flatware and utensils, including old bowling, golf, and baseball trophies. All kinds of people concluded that they would rather have paper money than their silver, and many who were reluctant to part with heirlooms had the decision made for them by burglars. An unprecedented exercise in informal expropriation swept the land; facilities for melting down and refining silver were jammed as they had never been before.

For all these reasons, but mostly, one judges, because those who had been waiting for still higher prices decided to get out while, for many, the getting was no longer good, the price of silver collapsed in March of 1981. The Hunts were left with their hoard of the actual metal; and they were left with an even heavier burden of contracts to buy silver at the earlier, high prices—prices that were rapidly becoming part of the financial history of the times. Eventually, out of fear that the financial system would somehow be wrecked, the Federal Reserve warning against loans to speculators was softened. A consortium of banks loaned money to the Hunts' oil company, Placid Oil, which in turn loaned it out on mortgages to the Hunts. With this help they were able to meet their margin calls. (The mortgages, as required by law and custom, were put on file at the Dallas County Courthouse and inspected there by the diligent Mr. Fay, and they are an excellent guide to the brothers' business assets and personal possessions. Thus Mr. Fay learned of Herbert Hunt that he is not much of a collector, "though he does buy coins, Greek statues and the occasional picture, especially when he likes the frame.")

MR. FAY'S RESEARCH and writing go far beyond the summary presented here. Included is a careful consideration of the painfully innocuous role played by the Commodity Futures Trading Commission. Of the four members of the commission, two were indignantly committed to inaction. Though appointed to supervise the market, they were opposed, on principle, to anything that interfered with the free operation of the market: an interesting conflict. The author is also very good on the banks. The experience of most people with such institutions involves rather small sums—a mortgage or a tiding-over loan—and they discover from this experience how careful banks are when it comes to lending money. They cannot begin to realize how different it is when tens of millions and an armful of different banks are involved. When one bank has lent money in a large and imprudent way, others are persuaded that they are missing something big, and they follow in an even more imprudent rush. Again, the blind do not lead the blind; the activity is more in the manner of the lemmings.

Mr. Fay writes with a justifiable awe of the large sums—always in the tens and often in the hundreds of millions—that were involved in the silver caper. He is better on the losers than the winners (Armand Hammer, who was short in the market and made a hundred million or so when the crash came, is one of the few who is known to have scored). Mr. Fay writes also with a pleasant absence of indignation, an attitude that I share. One supposes that quite a few of those who got trimmed could afford to lose. Those who couldn't should not have been there in the first place. And if it hadn't been silver, sooner rather than later it would have been something else. I've been at pains to exculpate the blind as regards the blind. No one should doubt, however, that fools and their money are still being parted. □

POET IN TRAINING

BY KATHA POLLITT

THE JOURNALS OF SYLVIA PLATH
Edited by Ted Hughes and Frances McCullough. Dial, $16.95.

IF I HAD TO choose a single entry to sum up all that is tragic, irritating, and fascinating about Sylvia Plath's journals, I think it would be this one, from 1958:

> Liz Taylor is getting Eddie Fisher away from Debbie Reynolds, who appears cherubic, round-faced, wronged, in pin curls and house robe—Mike Todd barely cold. How odd these events affect one so. Why? Analogies? I would like to squander money on hair styling, clothes. Yet know power is in work and thought. The rest is pleasant frill. I love too much, too wholly, too simply for any cleverness. Use imagination. Write and work to please. No criticism or nagging. . . . He is a genius. [omission] I his wife.

Poor Sylvia Plath! Was there ever a swan who tried harder to be a dutiful duckling? When she set down these reflections on Debbie Reynolds's faltering marriage, Plath was twenty-six, brilliant, beautiful, and positively bemedaled with accomplishments: undergraduate prizes and publications galore, a Smith degree, two Fulbright years at Cambridge, a year of teaching at Smith. She was married to a man she adored, the British poet Ted Hughes, and before he came along there had been enough lovers and admirers to assure any woman, you'd think, of her power to charm. She was selling poems to *The New Yorker* and other magazines, and although her collection was still looking for a publisher, she had already done some wonderful work: "The Disquieting Muses," "All the Dead Dears," "Black Rook in Rainy Weather." But somehow, none of it meant anything. She was too poor to dress well and too driven really to care (go on, Sylvia, I wanted to urge her, take that check for your last poem and buy yourself a pretty dress, for

Katha Pollitt's first collection of poems, Antarctic Traveller, *was published this spring.*

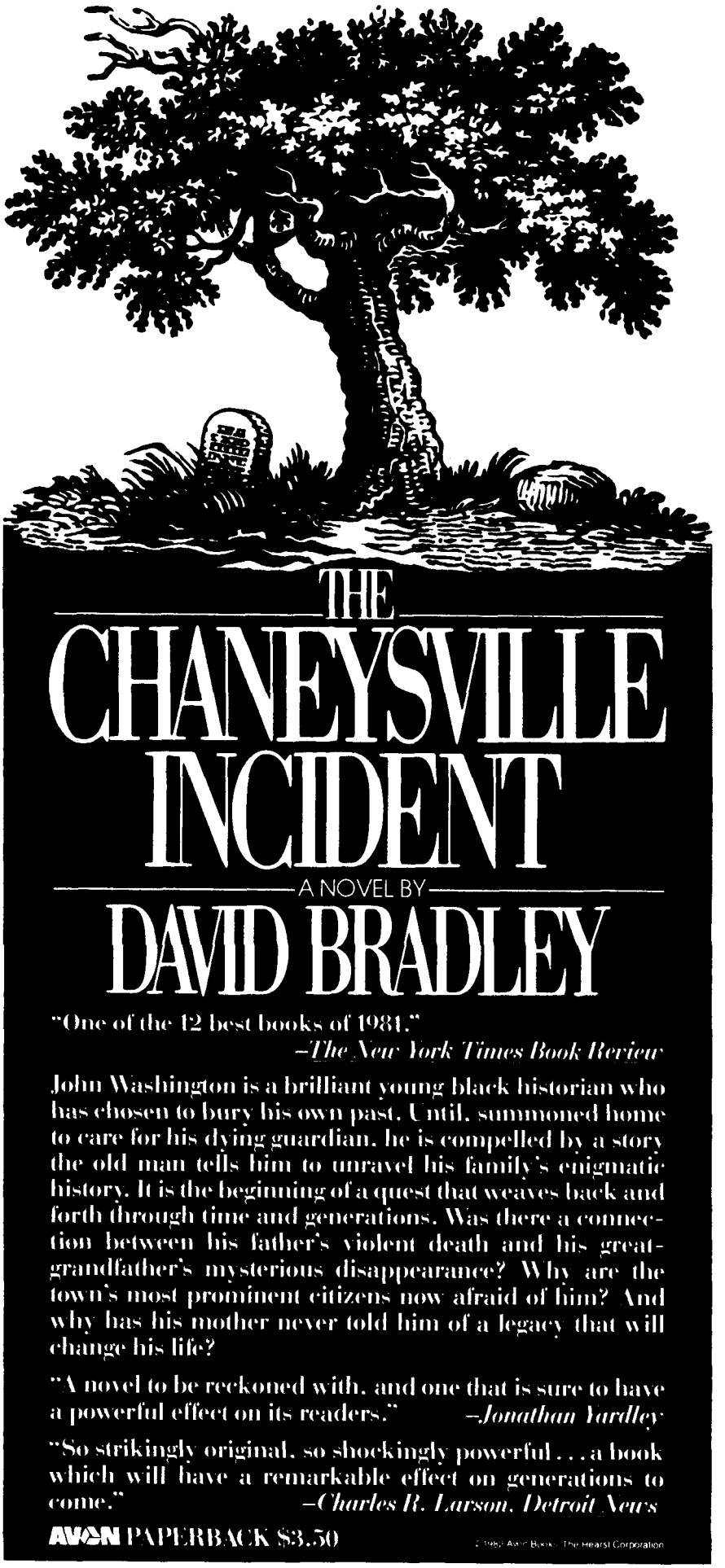
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heaven's sake). She was too wifely and vulnerable to compete with the femmes fatales—or maybe she was too demanding and intellectual to be a good wife. Either way, some unscrupulous Liz Taylor type would come along and steal her husband. And what would become of her then?

We know what became of her, of course. The manuscript whose rejections depressed her so terribly that fall of 1958 would be improved, and published two years later as *The Colossus*. The novel she was constantly flagellating herself to start on would turn out to be *The Bell Jar*. There would be two babies, and a wonderful old house in Devon to live in, and more poems—angry, free poems of an unearthly beauty, presided over by a bald white moon and a twisted black yew tree. And then Ted would be stolen away, just as she'd always feared, and she'd move back to London, to a house Yeats had once lived in, and the poems would come faster and faster—twenty-five in a single month—and now Hiroshima and the death camps and childless women and Ted and her dead, worshiped-hated father were all bound up together in one vision of horror and rage. She would kill herself one February morning in 1963, having barely turned thirty, and enter literary history—as she had always known she would.

The diaries we have here tell only the beginning chapters in this by now legendary story. With the exception of two brief sections—a vivid, hallucinatory account of the 1961 hospital stay that produced "Tulips," and some notes on her Devon neighbors—they end with Plath's departure for England in 1959. (Two later notebooks, in which she continued to record her life until within a few days of her death, are gone: the last one Ted Hughes destroyed, he tells us in his introduction; the other, like the novel on which she was working at the time of her death, disappeared.) The journals cannot tell us what Plath was reading, thinking, or living through when she wrote the *Ariel* poems, or whether she really thought *The Bell Jar* was a potboiler, as she wrote to her mother, or by what steps she dredged to the surface her final, excoriating fury. They give us, in other words, not the Sylvia Plath we think of as Sylvia Plath but her spiritual younger sister, a kind of Sylvia Plath in training.

The first thing that strikes one about Plath's journals is what they leave out.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

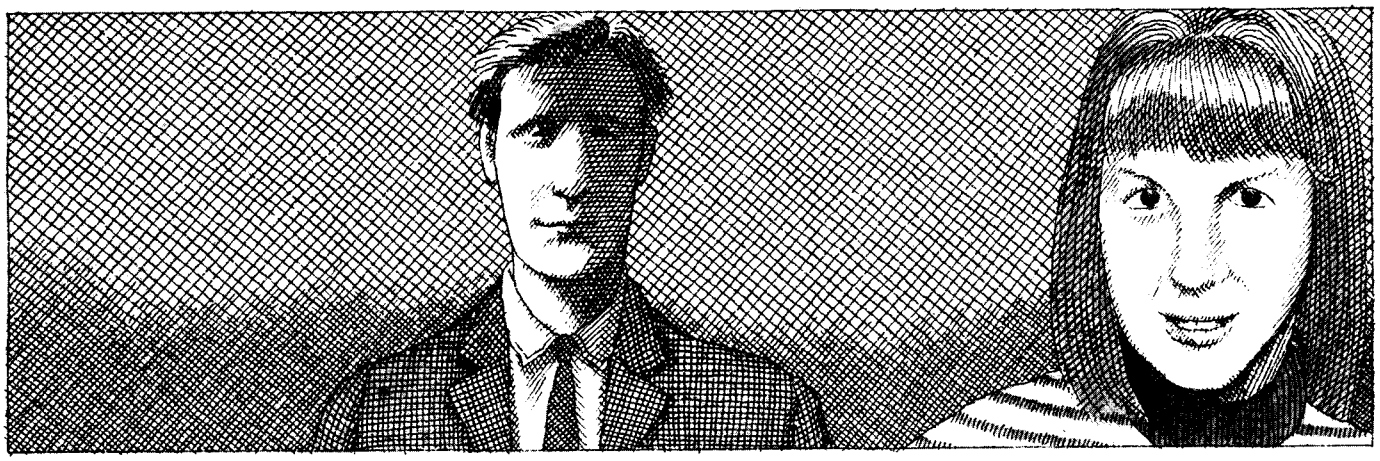
During the nearly ten years covered here (the first entries date from the summer before college), the only public event Plath found worth noting, besides the Reynolds-Fisher-Taylor triangle, was the execution of the Rosenbergs. There is little of the leisurely speculation on the characters or doings of others that makes the diaries of Virginia Woolf so much fun to read, and little in the way of gossip, anecdote, and reported conversation. Out of all those afternoons in the Ritz bar with Anne Sexton and George Starbuck, for example, not one remark struck her as clever or true or even annoying enough to write down. She mentioned no movies, few plays, and only a handful of books.

What the journals are, as Plath said, is "a litany of dreams, directives and imperatives." They are a storehouse of ideas for stories, novels, and poems; of stray phrases and incidents that would turn up, sometimes years later, in her finished work. They are the place, too, where she chronicled an almost unbroken parade of depressions, blocks, and visits of the "Panic Bird," and where she urged herself, over and over, year after dragging year, to throw herself into writing. "How I long again to be prolific. To whirl worlds in my head. Will I promise for 150 more days how I'll write, or take courage and start now? Something deep, plunging, is held back. Voice frozen." She should write a novel about Cambridge, she should write journalism and "slick stories, money-makers" and "funny and tender women's stories." She should learn German and botany and how to read tarot cards, and turn out more poems—try one a day.

All serious writers are ambitious, no matter how disarmingly modest they appear in interviews or memoirs. I think it is safe to say, though, that no writer has ever been more driven by a need for bankable, quantifiable, publicly rewarded success than the young Plath, or more obsessed with measuring herself against the competition.

> Who rivals? Well, in history Sappho, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Christina Rossetti, Amy Lowell, Emily Dickinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay—all dead. Now: Edith Sitwell and Marianne Moore, the aging giantesses, and poetic godmother Phyllis McGinley is out—light verse: she's sold herself. Rather: May Swenson, Isabella Gardner, and most close, Adrienne Cecile Rich—who will soon be eclipsed by these eight poems . . .

This is only one of many passages in which Plath sized up her fellow writers, especially the women, and vowed to leave them in her dust. Except for Ted Hughes, and him only sometimes, there seem to have been no living writers whose work she could enjoy without falling into a fit of envy. Distorted by jealousy and a worship of fame on any terms, her literary judgments were remarkably superficial, especially in view of her gifts and education: Elizabeth Bishop was "lesbian and fanciful," "easily surpassed"; on the other hand, "the weight of Irwin Shaw and Peter De Vries . . . oppresses me."



IT'S HARD NOT TO frown at Plath's lack of generosity, a quality that extended far beyond the bounds of literature. She does not seem to have been a warm person, or to have had the gift of friendship. Her life, even after marriage, was a narrow one, grimly governed by her struggles to write, and she often complained of feeling housebound and lonely. "My life is a discipline, a prison," she wrote. Typically, though, her isolation distressed her mostly as a literary problem: how could she write fiction when she had so few connections with others, so little "material"?

One is struck by her obliviousness of the difficulties and sorrows of others, even those few she genuinely liked. Afraid at one point that she was infertile, she noted bitterly that "Esther [Baskin, a good friend] has multiple sclerosis, but she has children." It is as though other people did not seem real to her except as they served as yardsticks for comparison.

But, then, Plath did not seem real to herself, either. She wrote that she was loathsome, not human, full of "rot"; or else she felt nothing at all, and lived trapped in a "glass caul" of affectlessness. This sense of unreality was one source of her infatuation with the more sugary aspects of American domesticity as preached in the commercial magazines she was always trying to write for. Real people, even "stupid housewives and people with polio," sold stories to *The Saturday Evening Post*, so why couldn't she? There must be something wrong with her.

Certainly, one of the things that was wrong with Plath was the era in which she lived, and the cramped, stultifying images it held out for women. There is something infinitely sad and moving in the way she veered in and out of understanding the implications of femininity as the Age of Eisenhower defined it; again and again she teetered on the edge of rage and defiance, and then drew back into acquiescence. Thus, in the earliest entries, she furiously denounced the double standard that allowed her boyfriends to sleep around but not her. At

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the same time, she recognized the value of a carefully maintained virginity: "This is I, I thought, the American virgin, dressed to seduce," and off she went on a blind date consisting of dancing, heavy petting, and such conversational gambits as "how all people of the Negro race look alike until you get to know them individually." "Being born a woman is my awful tragedy," she observed sadly; on the other hand, she was almost nineteen, with "at best three years in which to meet eligible people." Years later, she wrote, "I have hated men because I felt them physically necessary: hated them because they would degrade me, by their attitude: women shouldn't think, shouldn't be unfaithful (but their husbands may be), must stay home, cook, wash," and we hold our breath: she was so close to putting her finger on one source of all those depressions, of all those poems she herself described as "crystal-brittle and sugar-faceted." As her mature poems would testify, that truer, deeper self from which she felt cut off and which she strived energetically to uncover in these journals was seething with rage at belonging to the dependent, hedged-in sex—the sex that could not write about wars and adventures and do as it liked, but could only "cry and freeze, cry and freeze." In the diaries, as soon as she has her moments of awareness, she suppresses them: "Get bathrobe and slippers and nightgown & work on femininity." How utterly revealing that verb *work* is!

The eligible person came along, although not within the three-year time limit: Ted Hughes, "the man the unsatisfied ladies scan the stories in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for," as Plath noted with her usual rivalrousness. Here at last was a man strong enough and brilliant enough for Plath to accept as her superior, and that was what marriage was all about. (Would it have been better if Plath had read less D. H. Lawrence? Her heavy doses of *Women in Love* can't have helped her here.) "I am, at bottom, simple, credulous, feminine and loving to be mastered, cared for," she wrote in the first flush of marriage: Ted was so far ahead of her that there was no point in being jealous, and so she could act as his secretary with no sense of servitude. His triumphs were her triumphs, too: "It's rather as if neither of us—or especially myself—had any skin, or one skin between us. . ."

It sounds like an ideal solution for a woman as competitive as Plath, but as we know, it wasn't. Soon there were quarrels, and resentments brooded over in secret: she *wouldn't* sew on his buttons, and wouldn't show him her poems, either—he'd only criticize them to death; he was vain and pompous and pretended he couldn't tell her old classmates apart; he ran around with girlfriends the way all husbands do, while the wives try to look sweet and virtuous, like Debbie Reynolds. What else could they do, after all: "He is a genius. [omission] I his wife."

One wonders about that omission, and others, too; the text is littered with them. One sympathizes with Hughes's difficult editorial job—this is his life, too—and honors him for offering us as much as he does. All the same, one can't help speculating that the original manuscript might make clear some of the points left vague by the editors. Why tell us, for instance, that "Plath's eroticism . . . was quite strong" (and what does that mean, exactly?) and then cut out her own references to sex? We're bound to fill in the blanks anyway, so we might as well have Plath's words instead of smirk-provoking tatters such as "And then we went to Hamish's room and lay on the floor by the fire and I was just so damn grateful [omission]." Was she clinical, romantic, prudish? It would be interesting to know. Then, too, it is understandable that the editors would leave out many of the catty things Plath apparently wrote about people still living. I wish, though, that Hughes, and Plath's mother, who has also made deletions, had let her speak frankly where only they themselves were concerned. After all, the diaries abound in passages that show Plath at her spiteful, calculating worst. Is it fair for the other actors in the drama to protect themselves while leaving poor Sylvia exposed?

Well, the earth belongs to the living, as Thomas Jefferson said. Perhaps I am asking too much. Anyone who is really curious can wait to read the diaries in their uncut entirety when they are housed at Smith. The rest of us have the next best thing right here. The journals do contain some splendid writing—although, unlike the editors, I still think her best prose work is *The Bell Jar*, potboiler or no. If the book does not answer all our questions, it answers a good many. And until Plath's biography is written, we shall have to be content with that.□

OECD

ORGANIZATION FOR ECONOMIC COOPERATION AND DEVELOPMENT

In the 35 years since Secretary of State George C. Marshall's address at Harvard, the Organization for European Economic Cooperation (OEEC) and its successor, the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD), have gained an unusual perspective on world affairs.

Each week, during most of the year, the ambassadors to OECD from the United States, Canada, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and 19 Western European nations meet in the OECD Council to consider how their governments can cooperate in such matters as international trade and payments, development assistance policy, energy, social affairs, and the environment. The Council also draws upon its specialized working parties and the work of the OECD secretariat, and deliberations culminate each year in the OECD Council Meeting at Ministerial Level, which takes place this year on May 10 and 11, at OECD headquarters in Paris.

As part of its work in helping Member countries, the OECD Secretariat compiles statistics and policy analyses and makes forecasts covering the entire OECD area. Much of this information is published and made available to the public. Some recent publications include:

☐ **OECD Economic Outlook #30.** OECD's forecasts for the next 18 months. **$8.75**

☐ **Welfare State in Crisis.** Analyzes the crisis resulting from lower growth rates and increased needs for social services. **$17.50**

☐ **Budget Financing & Monetary Control.** Addresses the problem of financing large deficits without compromising monetary targets and private sector borrowing. **$13.00**

For these publications and our FREE catalog write:

OECD PUBLICATIONS AND INFORMATION CENTER

1750-AM Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W.
Washington, DC 20006 (202) 724-1857

☐ *Please send me the publications checked above. Payment is enclosed.*
☐ *Please send me your free catalog.*
☐ *Add my name to your mailing list.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHORT REVIEWS

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE LORD OF MUSASHI and ARROWROOT *by Junichirō Tanizaki. Knopf, $12.95.* The first of these novellas is set in Japan's disorderly sixteenth century, the second in relatively modern times. Both concern men whose distinctive sexual tastes were established by juvenile experiences. That is the link between the tales, and the only similarity—other than fine writing—between them. *Arrowroot* is gentle, abounding in descriptions of scenery and fragments of legend and superstition. *The Secret History* is violent, outrageous, and maliciously comic—a mockery of those biographies of feudal warlords that reported nothing but good of their subjects. Tanizaki undoubtedly had, as he gives the reader, great fun inventing the crackpot misbehavior that such works omitted. The translation, a preface, and notes are by Professor Anthony H. Chambers.

STEAMING TO BAMBOOLA: The World of a Tramp Freighter *by Christopher Buckley. Congdon & Lattès, $14.95.* It has been said that only fools and drunkards go to sea, but the claim is false. Most people go to sea because they have nowhere else to go, a revelation that gives an undertone of melancholy to Mr. Buckley's sympathetic account of his shipmates on a tramp steamer. Character sketches, marine reminiscences, and events of the voyage are neatly mingled. The ship did indeed carry her fair share of drunks, drug addicts, feuding officers, and plain maniacs, without whom life aboard would have been safer for the author but less entertaining for the reader.

GROUP PORTRAIT *by Nicholas Delbanco. Morrow, $10.00.* Mr. Delbanco argues that the sprawling assemblage along the Kent–Sussex border of Conrad, Crane, Ford, James, and Wells constituted, between 1900 and 1914, a literary community as important as the Bloomsbury group or the Americans who gathered in Paris in the 1920s. This case as a whole is never quite convincing, but Mr. Delbanco's study of aesthetic conflicts and alliances within the group is interesting, often enlightening, and thick with well-chosen quotations. The book should do what the author has in mind when he gives, as his "last and best" reason for writing it, "I love to read these novelists, and hope that others will."

THE PATRIOT GAME *by George V. Higgins. Knopf, $12.95.* This novel is full of the zanily garrulous characters Mr. Higgins always provides, but it is an innovation in that the protagonist is actually on the side of the law. His status is a bit foggy and his methods are a bit Bondish, but he is definitely not a criminal. What are the world and Mr. Higgins coming to? Not only is the fellow some kind of undercover cop but the story winds up with an explosion of action and suspense.

1900 *by Rebecca West. Studio Viking, $19.95.* Dame Rebecca has provided the witty, testy, highly personal text for a picture book that amounts to an Anglo-American family album for the year 1900. It is rather like having an enormously clever veteran relative turn through the old snapshots explaining that Cousin Pierre, far from being a menace to unwary maidens, was a youth of positively tedious virtue, while Uncle Wilberforce, dog collar regardless, had a habit of passing bad checks. And as for Fourth Cousin Abigail . . . Stimulating, provocative, and fun.

THE YOUNG REBECCA *by Rebecca West, selected and introduced by Jane Marcus. Viking, $25.00.* Between 1911 and 1917, the period covered in this collection, Rebecca West was writing book reviews, essays, and polemics that appeared in a variety of publications. Brought together, the pieces reveal a feisty young feminist equipped with great intelligence, impressive skill in argument and propaganda, and a deadly power of ridicule. This book is no display of dusty antiques. The questions of social justice and women's rights that occupied Dame Rebecca are still with us, and her opinions are still relevant.

OLD MISTRESSES *by Rozsika Parker and Griselda Pollock. Pantheon, $19.50, $10.95 paper.* The authors examine the curious twists of viewpoint and vocabulary by which historians and critics of art contrive to ignore the work of women or to disparage it. They also look for the reasons behind the practice, for it has led to some ludicrous maneuvers. When a much admired painting by David was identified as the work of a woman, Charpentier, it was at once discovered to suffer from "certain weaknesses," and when Navajo blankets, which are woven by women, were presented as "Art with a capital 'A'," they had to be described as the achievements of "nameless masters of abstract art." The social and psychological demons inspiring this sort of thing are devious, and the authors, after tracking them to their lairs, are inclined to leave them there, doubting that exorcism is possible. What Ms. Parker and Ms. Pollock recommend is a new start, a new approach to the judgment of art. What they offer as an example of this new approach is, unfortunately, a confection that only a blindly fanatical feminist could approve.

IRELAND *by Robert Kee. Little, Brown, $19.95.* Mr. Kee subtitles his text, which is actually the commentary for a forthcoming television series, "A History," specifically denying that it is "the" history. His introduction, in fact, honestly accounts for the merits of the work, which are terseness and clarity, and for its demerits, which are simplification, omission, and disjointedness. The book is directed to an audience that knows nothing, or close to it, of the events that have led to the murderous deadlock existing today in Northern Ireland. It is not for the scholarly minded.

MORNING WAS STARLIGHT: My Maine Boyhood *by Ernest Dodge. Globe Pequot, $8.95.* Dodge became a well-known curator and marine historian, but he started out, early in this century, as a sharp-eyed boy on a saltwater farm in Maine. In this, his last book, he recalled those days and that versatile, isolated, self-sufficient society, following the round of seasons and activities from winter lumbering and smelt fishing through mud and spring plowing to summer haymaking and autumn apple picking and on to the first whisper of snow. He threw in anecdotes, sinister or funny, mouthwatering advice on clams and blueberries, and a few bits of mild Down East chauvinism. May baskets, for instance, were far from unknown among the barbarians of southern New England. These are endearing memories of a lost world, but it may take another rural Yankee type to appreciate them. Illustrations. *—Phoebe-Lou Adams*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

THE ATLANTIC is represented exclusively by Russell Johns Associates, Ltd. for classified advertising. The classified rates are $30.00 for 15 words or less for one issue with $1.50 for each additional word. If you place your ad for three (3) or more issues, the costs are $25.00 for 15 words or less and $1.40 for each additional word per issue. The display rate is $125.00 per column inch (minimum ad one inch). For three (3) or more issues, the rate is $115.00 per inch per issue. To earn the three-time rate, your ad must be placed and prepaid for three (3) or more issues at the same time. The closing date is the 10th of the month, second month preceding cover date. Example: The September issue closes July 10th. All classified advertising must be prepaid with order. Guaranteed paid circulation is in excess of 325,000. Send all classified advertising copy and payments to: The Atlantic, P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 33517. Telephone: Toll-free 800-237-9851; in Florida, 813-443-7666.

ART

SHARON KENNEY BUXTON's pastel or pencil portrait of your child, house, dog or antique car will please connoisseurs and family. The artist works from your photographs. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Brochure, 50¢. Write: Sharon Buxton, East Ryegate, VT 05042.

BOOKS

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. YKP, 84 Fifth Avenue, NY 10011.

THE #1 HOME BUSINESS BOOK, $4.95. Useful tips to make extra money at home. 176 pages. Available in bookstores or from Liberty Publishing Company, Box 298, Cockeysville, MD 21030.

"50 WAYS TO SEE THROUGH PEOPLE." Solve problems! $1.00. Newlife, Box 275-UA, Boulder City, NV 89005.

UNDERSTAND THE STOCK MARKET. Become your own expert! Perfect book for beginners. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send $6.95 to DSA Enterprises, Box 18026-A, Irvine, CA 92713. (3900 Parkview 92715).

KNOW ABOUT FORTHCOMING BOOKS in your field. Order current books. Find o/p books. Bookchoice, Box AA1497, Evanston, IL 60204.

BRITISH BOOKS. Free catalogue from Books International, Box 523, Southampton, Bermuda.

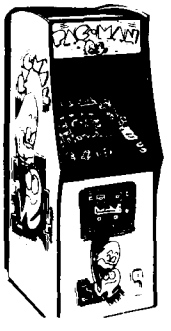
LAKE WOBEGON MATH PROBLEMS. No mathematical background needed to enjoy these story problems based on Garrison Keillor's "Prairie Home Companion." 55 pages. Send $3.00 to George Bridgman, 4306 Grimes Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55424.

BEST 1981 BOOKS by Consensus: List. $1.00. AD Digest, P.O. Box 165-A, Morton Grove, IL 60053.

RARE BOOKS bought and sold. First editions, decorative bindings, antiquarian, illustrated. All price ranges. Catalogues issued. Golden Legend, Inc., 8586 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, magnificent 34 volumes bound in natural calfskin and leaf-edged in 22 carat gold. Collector's item. Brand new—cartons never opened. Orig. cost $3,000. Sell for $1,500. Extraordinary Father's Day gift. (516) 365-7894.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES



WHOLESALE GAMES FROM COAST TO COAST

- CENTIPEDE
- TEMPEST
- DONKEY KONG
- FROGGER
- PAC-MAN
- VANGUARD
- ELIMINATOR
- OMEGA RACE

Priced from $695.00. Call or write today.

(800) 821-7700 Operator 502 C

CEG™ Computer Earning Games, Inc.

51 Monroe St., 18th Floor.
P.O. Box 1687 Rockville, MD 20850

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MAILORDER OPPORTUNITY! Start profitable home business without experience or capital. Write for free book, case histories, plus details. No obligation. Mail Order Associates, Inc., Dept. 490, Montvale, NJ 07645.

MONEY WEEKLY POSSIBLE MAILING LETTERS. Name, address: Box 696-B, Norwalk, CT 06856-0696.

IMPORT-EXPORT opportunity, profitable, world-wide, mail order business from home without capital. We ship plan for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free Report, Mellinger, Dept. R1086, Woodland Hills, CA 91367.

FREE! 5 MONTHLY ISSUES OF OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE. Learn the secret to earning extra cash. Issues full of profitable success stories. Free. Write: Opporturtunity, Dept. 684, 6 N. Michigan, Chicago, 60602.

Provide a Needed Service!
Own Your Own Computerized Scholarship Matching Service.
Total Investment Only $495.

Service is guaranteed to find a minimum of five qualified scholarships or applicant receives full refund. Brand new market every year. Millions of dollars of financial aid goes unused every year. No direct selling or experience necessary. Either part time/full time—husband/wife. Free Brochure.

Call Toll-Free Anytime:
● 1-800-426-4747, Operator 777 ●
(In Washington State: 1-800-562-4555, Operator 777)
ACADEMIC GUIDANCE SERVICES
230 Winding Way, 1st Floor, Marlton, NJ 08053

BORROW BY MAIL! $500.00-$50,000. No collaterial. Bad credit no problem! Write: Gelco Financial Services, Box 34293 TL., Indianapolis, IN 46234.

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS needed! Make big money in a home operated business. Free details. RLJ, 5968 E. 29th St., Tucson, AZ 85711.

DO-IT-YOURSELF

BEGIN IMMEDIATELY. Make excellent money writing informative books, booklets, manuals, newsletters. Any subject. Copyrighted under your name. Details: Writer's Information Center, 330-A5, Fort Ann, NY 12827.

KITS FOR MAKING SMOCKED DRESSES. Included: embroidery thread for smocking, needles, buttons, cut pieces for neck binding and placket. Pleating drawn into place—no more dots! Bishop style - 1 to 5 - $23.00; yoke style - 3 to 7 - $30.00; sun dress - 3 to 8 - $20.00. Any color broadcloth or gingham. Postage paid. EKG, 33 Lake St., Dallas, PA 18612.

EDUCATION

HOME STUDY COURSE IN ECONOMICS. A ten-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free—small charge for materials. Write: Henry George Institute, 5 E. 44th St., New York, NY 10017.

NONRESIDENTIAL UNIVERSITY DEGREES
Bachelors, Masters, Doctorates, for the accomplished individual. State authorized, inexpensive, efficient. *Richard L. Crews, M.D., President*
COLUMBIA PACIFIC UNIVERSITY
150 Shoreline, Suite 8005 • Mill Valley, CA 94941
Call Toll Free USA: 800-227-1617, ext. 480
California Only: 800-772-3545, ext. 480

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHING/ADMINISTRATIVE POSITIONS. Recruiting for Private Schools Northeast U.S. All subjects—elementary and secondary. Development Directors and Business Managers. No fees to candidate. Send resume to: Educational Resources Group, Box 211, Solebury, PA 18963.

BIG MONEY IN PUBLIC RELATIONS! You can break into PR work now. Successful PR man tells how. Free information. George Yarrington, 14-A Ben-Louis, Belleville, IL 62223.

AUSTRALIA. . . NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!—Jobs! Paid transportation!—New report!—$2.00—Moneyback guarantee!—"Australia", 2208-H5 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Washington, DC 20007.

OFFSHORE JOBS! Latest information! Companies now hiring! Send long stamped envelope to: Offshore Guides, Box 4478-AM, Biloxi, MS 39531.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Jobs! Big Pay! Paid Transportation! Newest Handbook—$2.00. Australian International, Box 19107-YR, Washington, DC 20036.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT . . . $20,000 - $60,000+. All occupations! Free report! Employment International, Box 29364-YR, Indianapolis, IN 46229.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN EMPLOYMENT NEWSLETTER! Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming! Current openings—all occupations! Write today for free details to: Intermountain-2C, 3506 Birch, Cheyenne, WY 82001-99.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

USE YOUR FOREIGN LANGUAGE to get a better job. Factual, comprehensive book. $6.00. Columbia Language Services, Department 23, Box 28365, Washington, DC 20005.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Complete information plus Worldwide Directory—$3.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-YR, Washington, DC 20036.

MEN! WOMEN! JOBS ON SHIPS. American, foreign. Worldwide travel. Guide, $3.00. Seafax, Dept. W-2, Box 2049, Port Angeles, WA 98362.

AUSTRALIA-NEW ZEALAND-THE WORLD! Countless jobs! Big pay. Transportation. Tax free. Computerized reports, $2.00. Jobworld, Box 681-YY, Cypress, CA 90630.

JOB OVERSEAS . . . (including Alaska). Free details. Global Employment, Box 808-V, National City, CA 92050.

FILMS & COLOR SLIDES

GAF COLORSLIDES Worldwide catalog, $1.00. Worldwide, 7427-A Washburn Ave., So. Minneapolis, MN 55423.

PERSONALIZED COLOR SLIDES. Your name or 3-line message on colored background, $2.75. Contact; 512 Nicollet Mall, Suite 210, Minneapolis, MN 55402. (612) 338-1818.

FINANCIAL PLANNING

GUIDE TO STOCK MARKET SOFTWARE, $4.95, plus $1.00 shipping. Clark Software Corporation, Jackson Road, Shamokin, PA 17872.

GIFTS

BOX OF 12 BOOKMARKS, each with clever book-related saying. Moneyback guarantee. $3.00. Prints of Wells, W2930 Woodside, Spokane, WA 99208.

balloon bouquets®

Surprise someone!
Call Balloon Bouquets.
1-800-424-2323
(In Washington, D.C. 202-785-1290)
"Now being delivered to boardrooms, offices and front doors all over the country"
HOUSE & GARDEN
VISA • MC
AM EXPRESS
BIRTHDAY • ANNIVERSARY • GET WELL • CONGRATULATIONS

GOURMET INTERESTS

MAUI ONIONS. Sweet, mild, delicious. World's finest. Free brochure, price list. Write: Ili Ili Farm, Box 150, Kula, Maui, HI 96790.

CARROT CAKE & FROSTING. $1.00, SASE. L. Mayo, 57 Rock Spring Rd., Apt. 20, Stamford, CT 06906.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

SURPLUS JEEPS, CARS & TRUCKS AVAILABLE. Many sell for under $200.00. Call (312) 742-1143, ext. 9251-A, for information on how to purchase.

HEALTH

"MYSTERIOUS REISHI MUSHROOM." The book revealing natural healing and prevention properties of the miraculous Reishi mushroom. $3.95, postpaid, or request product brochure. Livingspark, Box 1801-F, Bisbee, AZ 85603.

INSTRUCTION

A BREAK-THROUGH—"HOW TO SING AND SPEAK". 32 years of voice coaching edited for self instruction. Develop a tone that commands attention. Eliminate voice problems. Improve health and appearance. Build a beautiful voice. Free Brochure #A. Bel Canto Voice Studio, 10805 S.E. Stephans, Portland, OR 97216.

DRIVING FEARS? Send $15.50 for cassette to reduce anxiety. Phobias, 2100 Randolph, Charlotte, NC 28207.

INVESTMENTS

PLAY STOCK-BOND MARKETS WITH PERSONAL COMPUTERS! New! Source book for novice or expert, more from your equipment, make money too! Determine profitable stock selections, buy-sell decisions, portfolio evaluations, investing principles, plus! Order #T1251. Delivered, $11.75. Satisfaction guaranteed! Check/Visa/Mastercard. Consultors Int'l., Box 6589-A, Denver, CO 80206.

LITERARY INTERESTS

PUBLISHING WITH A "VANITY" PUBLISHER? Wait! We place books with "regular" publishers on a "subsidy" basis. Wordsworth Agency, Barnerville, NY 10923.

PROFESSIONAL EDITING, REWRITING, GHOST-WRITING. Personal. Reasonable. Details, SASE. Phoenix Press Services, Box 172A, South River, NJ 08882.

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED Continued on next page

PRODUCTIONSUNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Interests

POETRY PUBLISHED FREE. Write: Editor, Box 1151-A, Kingsport, TN 37662.

WRITE GREAT LETTERS! Ten-step pamphlet shows how to communicate personal thoughts and business matters. $2.00, SASE. Carmarthen Press, Box 7506, Boise, ID 83707.

AUTHORS ARE YOU LICENSED? Literary license $4.50. 791 Tremont St., W. 105, Boston, MA 02118.

NEED A WRITER OR EDITOR? *Phone-A-Writer, Inc. is a national* network of writers and editors specializing in books, ads, direct mail packages, speeches, film scripts . . . Permanent and freelance placement anywhere in the USA. Toll-free (800) 227-1617, ext. 524; CA (800) 772-3545, ext. 524. 34 West 89th Street, NY, NY 10024. (212) 496-0002.

JOHN CIARDI • HARRY CREWS • DAN JAFFE • JAMES McKINLEY • LISEL MUELLER • KATHRIN PERUTZ

GEORGE CUOMO • ANGELA JACKSON • PHYLLIS JANIK • RUTH MOOSE • MICHAEL PAUL NOVAK • GARY SANGE • PETER SIMPSON • SYLVIA WHEELER

LONGBOAT KEY WRITERS CONFERENCE

Readings • Lectures • Workshops

• Formal/informal contact with writers • Manuscript evaluation available

August 9 -13
Longboat Key, Fla. (near Sarasota)

Sponsored by the University of Missouri-Kansas City and BookMark Press. Write/call for conference/hotel brochures: UMKC Arts and Sciences Continuing Education, Dept. 20, 5100 Rockhill Road, Kansas City, MO 64110. (816) 276-2736, Ext. 200

PROFESSIONAL RESEARCH, WRITING, EDITING—All fields!—Quality guaranteed!—Prompt, confidential.—Box 25916A, Los Angeles, 90025. (213) 447-8226.

BELLE'S LETTERS, a country journal: "funny, delightful." Subscription, $6.00 yr. Ma Belle, 1000 F Street, Petaluma, CA 94952.

BENNINGTON WRITING WORKSHOPS—Fiction, journalism, poetry. July 5-July 31, 1982. Contact: Nicholas Delbanco, *Director, Writing Workshops, Bennington College*, Bennington, VT 05201.

MARKETING YOUR MANUSCRIPT—Professional tips on *market selection; preparation of submissions*: $5.00. RLA, Box 118, Staten Island, NY 10307.

For Free-Lance Writers
Honest instruction in writing for publication: THE WRITER, the monthly magazine with articles by leading authors and editors; plus up-to-the-minute lists telling where to sell manuscripts. $15 a yr. For trial 5-month sub., mail $6.00 to THE WRITER, 8-A Arlington St., Boston, MA 02116.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: AM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

POETRY WANTED. Good material for possible inclusion in quality cooperative volume. Enclose SASE. Editor, Box 447A, Skyforest, CA 92385.

MANUSCRIPT CRITIQUES; editing and typing services available. Fees on request. Art Resources unlimited, 56 Arbor Street, Hartford, CT 06106.

FORMALIST POET-EDITOR will critique, edit poetry, manuscripts. SASE. Query. Box 2337, Bismarck, ND 58502.

FICTION CONSULTANT. John D. McCall, 2227 20th St. NW. #402, Washington, DC 20009.

Miscellaneous

PENFRIENDS-ENGLAND-USA. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony, Box 89AM, Brooklyn, NY 11235.

BE PREPARED! SURVIVALISTS' HANDBOOK. $5.00. Julius Rose, Richland, NJ 08350.

UNUSUAL AQUARIUM FISH. Filters. Catalog 50¢ (refundable!). (313) 627-2877. Aquadiscount, 3358 Mill, Ortonville, MI 48462.

Miscellaneous

PERSONALIZED BOOK EMBOSSER . . . new low price! Dover Gifts, Box 1831, Appleton, WI 54913.

JESUS FICTIONAL! Positive proof Flavius Josephus created Jesus, authored Gospels. Booklet, $3.00: Vector, Box 6215-T, Bellevue, WA 98007.

T-SHIRTS
Production overrun printed T-shirts from schools resorts events & advertisers nationwide! All new top quality 30 day money-back guarantee
5 T-shirts $10.90 plus $2.00 postage
10 T-shirts $20.90 plus $3.50 postage
Specify size(s):S-M-L-XL Check or M.O. to
SPORTSWEAR CLEARINGHOUSE
Box 173-A3, Winchester, MA. 01890

WIDE NECKTIES NARROWED to 2" or 3" width. Send 3 ties and $12.50 to Slim Ties Company, Dept. I, 44 Monterey, S.F., CA 94131.

SAVE $50 MONTHLY ON LIVING COSTS—GUARANTEED! Unique monthly newsletter explains how. Over 1,000 subscribers. Free report. Danric, 25-A Penn, Scarsdale, NY 10583.

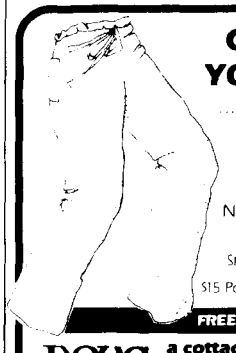
LITERATE T-SHIRTS

Virginia Woolf. Sartre. Shakespeare. Thoreau. Cheshire Cat. White Rabbit. Beethoven. Freud. Austen. Sherlock Holmes. Tolkien. Poe. Twain. Nietzsche. Bach. Rasputin. Trollope. Kerouac. Van Gogh. Da Vinci. Robert E. Lee. others.
Sizes S, M, L, XL. T-shirt: (white, lt blue, or red) $10. 4/$36. **Sweatshirt**: (grey) $17. 2/$30. **Apron**: $11. 2/$20. **Shipping**: 75¢ per piece. **Canadians** remit $US. Illustrated brochure 75¢
Historical Products, Box 220 YC **Cambridge, MA 02238**

SINGLE MUSIC LOVERS meet through sharing similar musical interests. Nationwide. Box 1381-D, Rapid City, SD 57709.

ROYAL LINEAGE CHART. Charles and Diana, Prince and Princess of Wales. Traces 40 generations through 14 centuries; 216 entries, 106 monarchs, four saints,including Charlemagne, King Alfred, William the Conqueror, St. Louis, Robert the Bruce, Catherine the Great. 17" x 22" parchment paper. $4.00. Edwin Productions, Box 2424LA, Bloomington, IN 47402-2424.

KENTUCKY PIPE TOBACCOS: *Try my 7-ounce "Kentucky* Sampler"—$7.95. Tobacco Leaf, Brighton Park, Frankfort, KY 40601.



GET OUT OF YOUR JEANS!
...and into our sturdy, pure cotton drawstring pants.
Offered in
Natural • Russet • Sky Blue
Plum • Black • Navy
State hip/waist measurements
$15 Postpaid and Fully Guaranteed
FREE catalogue and swatches.
deva a cottage industry
Box AT-6 Burkittsville, MD 21718

Merchandise

QUALITY PERSONALIZED STATIONERY is still available. Distinctive type styles, papers, inks. Portfolio—$3.50 (refundable). Pepperwood Printers, 10776A Gurley Lane, Mendocino, CA 95460.

TYPEWRITERS
SAVE UP TO 60%
FACTORY DIRECT BRAND NAMES
We sell only well-known brands—SMITH-CORONA, OLIVETTI, OLYMPIA, BROTHER, ROYAL, etc. Full warranty, packed in sealed cartons. Most orders shipped in 48 hours to your home
FOR FASTER SERVICE CALL **(609) 452-7500** FREE CATALOG
AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER CO.
745 Alexander Rd. Princeton, NJ 08540 (dept LL)

Out-of-Print Books

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free book search if not in our large stock. Write: Georgia B. Haxton Books, P.O. Box 503, Perry, OK 73077.

PERSISTENT, PROFESSIONAL, PERSONAL BOOK SEARCH. Avonlea Books, Box 74A, Main Station, White Plains, NY 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Out-of-Print Books

SPECIALIST: IN LOCATING Out-of-Print Books. Free Search. Write: Peter Woodruff, Books, Box 311, Grass Lake, MI 49240.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKFINDER, 4051 AT-Walnut, Eureka, CA 95501. Send wants or send stamps for catalog.

BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU—*International Search*. Many books in stock. No obligation. Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92672-1053. (714) 492-2976.

ANY OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK LOCATED. No obligation. Spinelli, 32 Elmwood, Pittsburgh, PA 15205.

SEARCH SERVICE. All books. Bookdealer, 39 No. Browning Ave., Tenafly, NJ 07670.

Publications

GIFTED CHILD? Don't waste outstanding talent! How to determine giftedness. What parents can do. Professional report. Guaranteed. $5.95. Meridian Publications, P.O. Box 31-A, Edwardsville, IL 62025.

WORLDWIDE ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS. 65 countries, including Kenya! Sampler: 4/$2.98. Free brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-A5, Dana Point, CA 92629.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write: Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081, or call: (215) 566-2132.

NUCLEAR ATTACK. You can survive. Booklet tells how. $5.00. Edward's, Dept. B, 4415 Fleet, Baton Rouge, LA 70809.

Real Estate

N.M. MOUNTAIN RANCH—800 acres, charming Spanish ranchhouse. Near Santa Fe, Taos, Denver. P.O. Box 767, Raton, NM 87740. (505) 445-8688.

NORTHERN IDAHO farms, ranches, retreats. Total escape in unspoiled mountain country. The Rocky Mountain Co., Box 1547T, Sandpoint, ID 83864. (208) 263-5201.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . from $7.50 acre! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment! "Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. Lands, Box 19107-YR, Washington, DC 20036.

APARTMENT RENTALS, NEWPORT AREA. Luxury, fully-furnished 1 & 2 bedrooms from $175.00 week. Air-conditioned, carpeting, dishwasher, private patio, tennis courts, swimming pool; sauna. Historic seacoast town, 30 minutes *from Providence, 75 minutes from Boston or Cape Cod.* Write: Apartments; Roger Williams College, Bristol, RI 02809; or phone: (401) 255-1000.

Recipes

YAMS FOR DESSERT! Two gourmet recipes. $2.00, SASE. Suite 416, 1133 Broadway, New York, NY 10010.

OLD ENGLISHE AND IRISHE RECIPES. Scrumptious meat and game pies, hearty stews, succulent sweets, savoury relishes. 25 wonderful concoctions for festive and family occasions. Send $10.00 to: AAL Co. Ltd., 25 Hanover Square, London W1R 9DD England.

CHOCOLATE LOVER'S RECIPE BOOKLET, unique desserts. $3.95. P.O. Box 3181, Charleston, WV 25331.

LUCIOUS, CREAMY BANANA SPLIT CAKE—extraordinary. $1.00. SASE. 921 Stewart, Winfield, KS 67156.

IRISH SODA BREAD—hearty, tasty, healthful. Best recipe. $2.00, SASE. Cathleen, Box 573, Oak Park, IL 60303.

PRIZE WINNING FUDGE BOTTOM RUM PIE. $3.00, SASE. *Bright* Ideas, Apt. 4G, 120 E. 34th St., New York, NY 10016.

HERITAGE BRANDY CARROT CAKE—Delicious, easy, *treasured by four generations.* $1.00, SASE. Village Square, Box 1571B, Princeton, NJ 08540.

HOMEMADE PASTA! 20 extraordinary recipes. Vegetarian, *meat, seafood.* $3.00. Pasta, 634 So. Williams-A, Denver, CO 80209.

GOURMET, LOW CALORIE RECIPES from chicken marsala to eggplant marinara. Send $3.00: L. Graham, 499 Littleton, West Lafayette, IN 47906.

THE ULTIMATE CHEESE CAKE: A rich, moist, delicate blend of chocolate and amaretto, a creamy delight. For recipe, send $2.00 and S.A.S.E. to: Christin's, 4 Brattle St. #306, Cambridge, MA 02138.

LATIN-AMERICAN RECIPES. 15 exotic, easy, authentic recipes. Central and South America. $3.50, SASE. L. Barone, 226 Rosemart Ave., South Charleston, WV 25303.

CHILI, CHILI, CHILI, CHILI. Our 10 best recipes, $3.75. Tenner, P.O. Box 5523, Dept. D, Snowmass Village, CO 81615.

NURSE RECIPES—Time tested by R.N.'s. Send $2.00. 252 Commonwealth Ave., Concord, MA 01742.

THE DEFINITIVE MINT JULEP, from original Mississippi Delta family recipe. $2.00. P.O. Box 40922, Memphis, TN 38104-0922.

GENUINE TEXAS barbecue, jalapeno cornbread, pecan pie. SASE. $2.00. B.J. Miller, 303 Oak Plaza, Austin, TX 78753.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recipes

TASTY BREAKFAST MUFFINS. Bake fresh every morning in your toaster oven, batter stores six weeks refrigerated. $2.00, SASE. Faul, P.O. Box 676, Bluelake, CA 95525.

DELICIOUS, SENSUAL, LIGHT. 3 unforgettable recipes. $2.50, SASE. Bennett, 20 Montgomery Place, Brooklyn, NY 11215.

Retirement Living

WORRY-FREE RETIREMENT LIVING is yours at Kirkside—a non-profit retirement home in the Catskill Mountain village of Roxbury, NY. Formerly the estate of Helen Gould Shepard, daughter of financier Jay Gould. Kirkside offers gracious accommodations, a friendly atmosphere, family-style meals, many reacreational and cultural opportunities, and 24-hour assistance for security and peace of mind. Shops, a library, churches, and a bank are within walking distance. Write: Kirkside, Dept. A, Roxbury, NY 12474, or call: (607) 326-4651.

Services

SPEAKING IS DRAMATIC! Individualized communication skills training. Develops awareness, power, self-confidence. Free brochure. John Hippely, Ph.D., 3429 Fremont Ave, Seattle, WA 98103. (206) 634-1251.

Travel

REALISTICALLY LEARN FRENCH. French cooking, and wines in comfortable French home in rural Burgundy. Small numbers, adults only. For information: "Yetabo", Pailly 89140 Pont sur Yonne, France

WORLD'S FAIR, Knoxville, TN, 1982. Rooms with breakfast in selected homes, reasonable rates. Hospitality At Home, Inc., Rt. 1, Lenoir City, TN 37771. (615) 986-7260.

ROAM THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER! Visit exotic ports, enjoy leisurely shopping, sightseeing. Relax in spacious, air conditioned stateroom with private bath—at roughly half the cruise ship fare. TravlTips Freighter Association has saved members hundreds of dollars on each trip. Membership ($15.00 year, $22.50 - two years) includes reservation service, descriptive bimonthly publication, exclusive trip eligibility. Order with check, credit card, or request details. TravlTips, Box 933-A2, Farmingdale, NY 11737. (212) 939-2400.

TRAINING CRUISES—SAILING! Five- and two-day adult training cruises. No previous sailing experience required. Some race, tall ships dates available. Narragansett Yachting, 27 Wheatfield Cove Road, Narragansett, RI 02882. (401) 789-7135.

Vacation Rentals

HIGH HAMPTON INN & COUNTRY CLUB. We're a country in 3,600 feet closer to Heaven than the sea. Spectacular mountain scenery. Private 18-hole golf course. 8 tennis courts. (Special golf/tennis package available.) Skeet & Trap. Stocked lake (bass & trout). Swimming. Boating. Archery. Stables. Hiking & jogging trails. Children's activities. Write or phone: (704) 743-2411. High Hampton Inn, 124 Rd., Cashiers, NC 28717.

JAMAICA: Beachfront villa, maid-cook, rural fishing village. Tennis, snorkeling. Pictures: Noel, 141-A Ridgefield, Hartford, CT 06112. (203) 247-0759.

ADIRONDACK LODGES ON UPPER SARANAC LAKE. Available for two weeks or a month, July through September. Everything provided for comfortable living in the quiet woods. $650-$1,700 for two weeks. Please write: Bartlett Carry Club, RD, Tupper Lake, NY.

WRITE A BOOK

Ideal hideaway house. Rural Jamaica. Modern facilities for two. $400.00 fortnite, $695.00 monthly. Hotel beach nearby. Box 18088, San Antonio, Texas 78218.

BAHAMAS—Sea Captain's house, charmingly restored, spacious, in Governor's Harbour, Eleuthera. Maid. (Toronto (416) 483-7362.)

NANTUCKET: INTERVAL OWNERSHIP. New timesharing for '82 in several very attractive locations, apartments, cottages and houses. For information contact the island firm with special experience and taste: William Pullman, Heard-Webster Assoc., Sparks Ave., Nantucket, MA 02554. (617) 228-4837.

FANTASY IN THE FOREST: Westways Inn, 1920's executive retreat, now a romantic hideaway on secluded Kezar Lake, 101 acres with fishing, hiking, boating, spectacular White Mountain views. Gourmet dining, each room unique. Rte. 5, Center Lovell, ME. (207) 928-2663.

FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION
CALL TOLL-FREE: 800-237-9851
IN FLORIDA, CALL: 813-443-7666

Answers to the April Puzzler, **"CARTE BLANCHE"**

D	R	Y	T	I	M	E	P	I	E	C	E
R	E	A	M	M	O	L	O	N	D	O	N
A	C	R	O	P	O	L	I	S	P	L	D
W	A	D	F	O	R	E	S	T	A	L	L
S	P	A	T	S	I	G	O	A	L	I	E
G	A	R	M	E	N	T	N	R	L	E	S
I	D	D	R	S	G	A	N	D	E	R	S
B	R	E	E	C	H	P	E	A	T	E	N
B	E	N	G	A	L	E	S	E	B	A	A
O	N	T	A	L	E	R	T	N	E	S	S
N	A	V	I	E	S	E	L	M	E	E	T
S	L	A	N	D	E	R	E	D	F	L	Y

Across. a. DRY (double def.) b. TIME-PIECE (pun) c. REAM (double def.) d. LO(ND)ON e. A(CROP)-OLIS (*silo* rev.) f. FOREST-ALL g. SPATS (double def.) h. GO-A-LIE i. G(ARM)ENT j. GANDERS(anag.) k. B(R)EECH l. EATEN(hidden) m. BEN(GALES)E (*been* anag.) n. ALERTNESS (anag.) o. NAV(I)ES p. MEET (double def.) q. S(LAND)ERED (*reeds* anag.) r. (brie)FLY *Down*. a. DRAWS (rev.) b. RECAP (rev.) c. DRAY (rev.) d. IM-POSE e. MOO-RING f. POI-SON g. INSTAR (anag.) h. COLLIE-R i. EN(D)LESS (anag. + D) j. P(ALL)ET k. AR(DEN)T l. GIBBONS (anag.) m. A-D-RENAL (*learn* anag.) n. TAPER-ER o. R(EG)AIN p. SCALED (double def.) q. NESTLE (hidden) r. EASEL (anag.) s. N(A-ST)Y t. BEE-F

TEACHERS...

Use The ATLANTIC in your classroom this year for only 78¢ per copy

You enjoy reading *The Atlantic*. So why not turn your reading time into lesson-preparation time. Teach with *The Atlantic* every month. We do everything possible to make *The Atlantic* a powerful teaching tool. Each monthly issue during the school year comes with a free copy of *Classroom Notes*—filled with suggestions, questions, projects . . . already prepared lessons!

FREE SAMPLE OF CLASSROOM NOTES

TEACH WITH US!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY TO: The ATLANTIC Education Program
8 Arlington St.
Boston, MA 02116

I want to look into *THE ATLANTIC EDUCATION PROGRAM*.
Send me full details and this issue's *Classroom Notes*.

Instructor Mr/Mrs/Ms _____

School/College _____ Dept. _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____

ATMN5 2

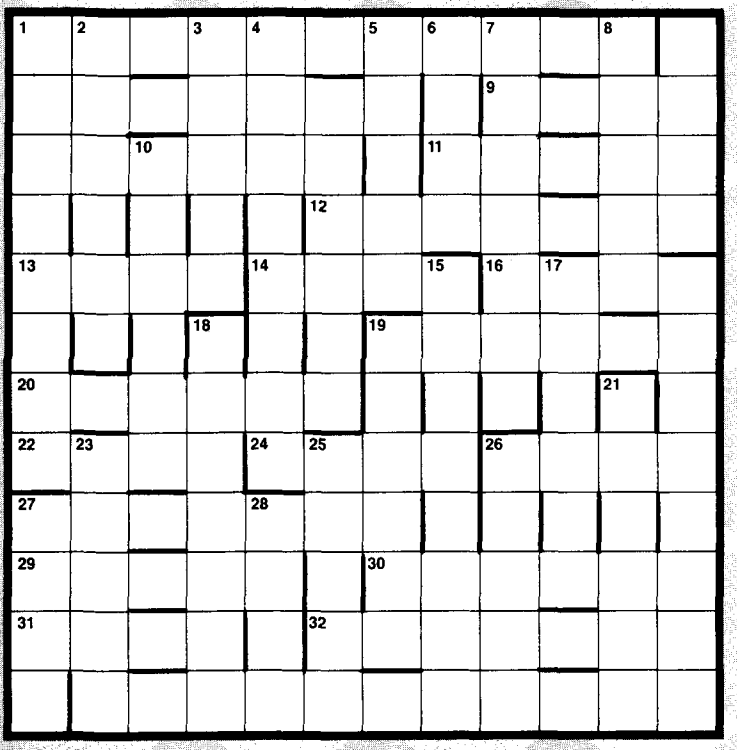
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

FIGURES OF SPEECH

The eight unclued entries are related. Clue answers include nine proper nouns; 29A is uncommon. Punctuation may be used deceptively.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 109.

ACROSS

1. "Figures of Speech" cryptic has top poser (11)
9. River in Kenya, this (4)
11. Gun loaded by one poet (5)
12. Hot atoll? (7)
13. Unusual request to a restaurant cook (4)
14. Cavity back of tooth's core (4)
16. Sailor and journalist sacked? (4)
20. Noblemen mismanaged Athens (6)
22. Snowman still standing on the 4th of April (4)
24. African or English land (4)
26. Industrial waste left in sink (4)
27. Car traveling around city back in Italian province (7)
29. Upbeat, as is about right (5)
30. Offense by a Russian region (6)
31. Fictional character who has Eliot's initials? (4)
32. King's accessories—groups of mobsters (7)

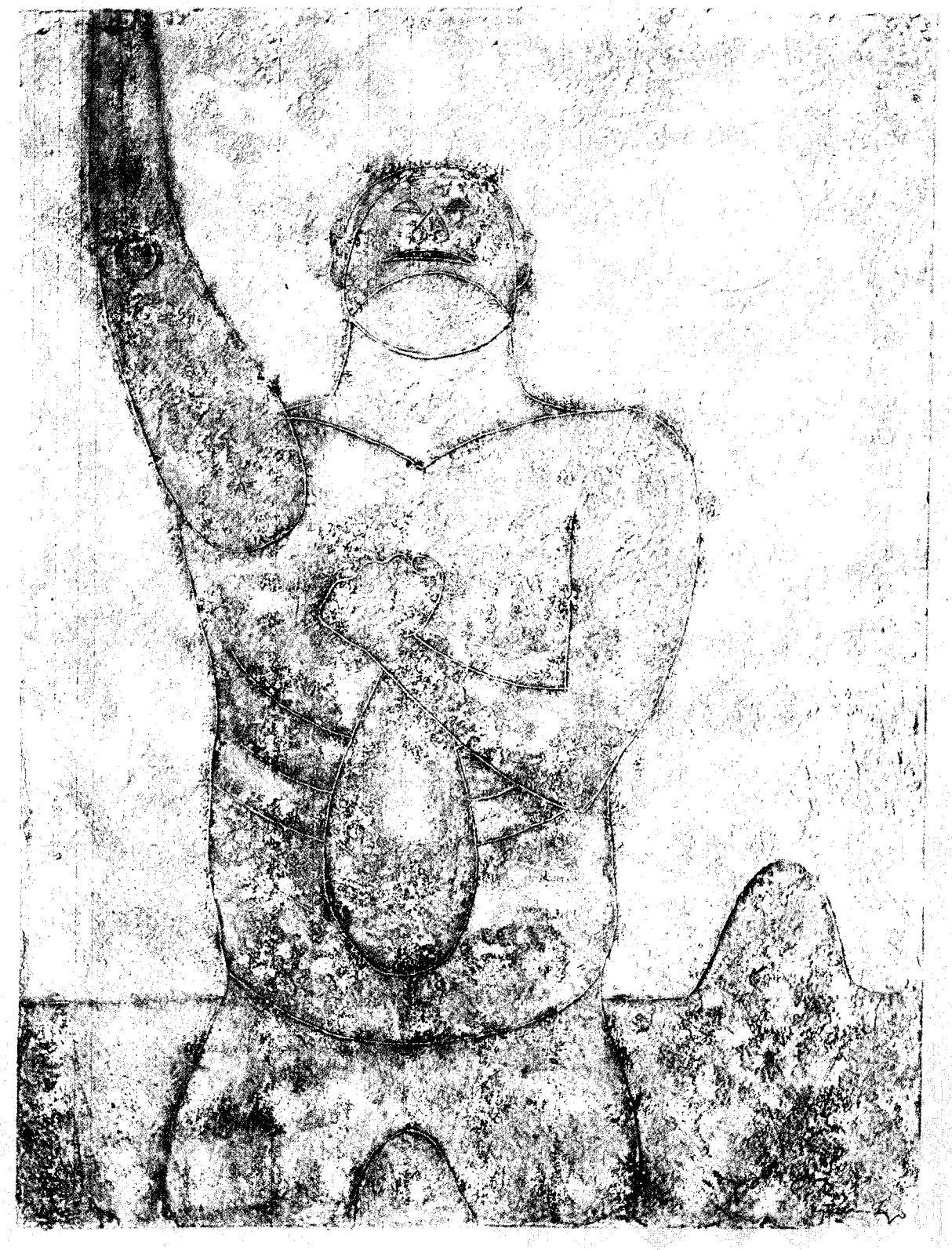
DOWN

1. Quickness brings one new clarity (8)
2. Greek badge on patriotic group (6)
3. Notes written from scratch? (5)
4. Music in honor of me and Frank—uplifting (8) (*two words*)
5. Start where a TV show is filmed? (5)
6. A town is located in the Keystone State (4)
7. Place for *Topper*'s canned laughter? (7)
8. Fancy climb to the top of Everest? (5)
10. Gold turned up in yonder passage (6)
15. Announced engagement with chief prelate (8)
17. Alien blamed for wild uproar (6)
18. Spiritual theory in Siam converted 1000 (7)
19. Cola spilled in California sewer (6)
21. Quarry outside of the cell (6)
23. Eric the Red marginally wandered (5)
25. Change Norse bills (5)
26. Tire-flattener in southern road (5)
28. Capital city of Czechoslovakia (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a reprint suitable for framing write: Container Corporation of America, Dept. AY1-203, 33 West Monroe, Chicago, Illinois 60603



one man with courage makes a majority

andrew jackson

artist: rufino tamayo

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The beauty of our filter is a quarter inch deep.
And that small recess keeps your lips from touching the tar that builds up on the filter.
Flush filters can't do that. Which is why Parliament Lights are so tastefully light.
And the source of such deep-seated pleasure.

Only Parliament Lights has the famous recessed filter.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec.'81

© Philip Morris Inc. 1982

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED